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...but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* NOVEMBER, 1892

CURRENTS OF THOUGHT, FACT, AND OPINION

A VINDICATION OF HOME RULE

W. E. Gladstone.....*The North American*

It appears to be thought that Irish Nationalists go a-roaring after power like lions after their prey. But Mr. Parnell himself proposed that the British Parliament should retain in its own hands exclusively for a certain time the power of legislating on the critical question of land; and all the Nationalists, in 1886, with readiness, concurred in a proposal which absolutely debarred the local parliament of Ireland from constructing a church establishment. For these instances of moderation they never receive a word of credit. The writer of the article supposes that the bill of 1886 gave them exceptional powers of legislation in respect to life and property. It gave them no powers whatever, except such as are possessed in the colonies by every autonomous community. The writer thinks that the rights of the American States are those which the Federal Constitution "gives" to them, and seems unaware that the powers of the Federal Constitution are exclusively powers given, or, in the language of the Constitution itself, "delegated" to it by the States, who acquired their respective sovereignties by the Declaration of Independence

and the treaty that put an end to the war. He dwells on the fact that no limitation has been placed upon the Irish, analogous to the amendment introduced into the Federal Constitution after the war of secession. If the Duke of Argyll has read those amendments, which may be doubted, he must be aware that among the fifteen articles of which they consist, there is not one which could gall the withers of the Irish Nationalism, least of all those which relate to slavery. Article XIII. prohibits slavery and involuntary servitude except for crime; and Article XV. provides that personal rights are not to be denied or abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Can even the ultraism of the duke lead him to the point of believing that they have the smallest relevancy to the case of Ireland, or that inserting them in a bill for Home Rule would be anything more than a frivolous amusement? "Our colonists," he says, "carry with them all the principles and doctrines of the common law of England." Yes, they do, but subject to alteration; and in like manner Ireland will carry with her both the common and the statute law, not to mention such statute laws as the Act of 1887, which Great Britain, repre-

For Table of Contents see second page following cover.

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sented at Westminster in 1887, has fastened upon her feeble sister. The anti-Irish imagination feasts itself upon the horrors which an Irish parliament is to enact and on the impotence of the Imperial legislature to prevent them. Let us consider the case presented to us. Thirty-five millions of Britons are to stand by with their arms folded while three millions of Irish Nationalists inflict on two other millions (such is the Unionist calculation) every kind of lawless wickedness—and this while the thirty-five millions have the entire military force of the land and of the Empire in their hands, and while the two millions who, according to the same authorities, possess the main part of the property, the intelligence, and the industry of the country, patiently allow themselves to be led like lambs to the slaughter. How reason with prophets such as these, any more than with an infuriated crowd of other days who have seized an old woman for a witch and are carrying her to the place of burning? The case of Ireland is analogous to that of the great self-governing colonies, which in all respects, except those of suffering and wrong, may fairly be compared with her. As to them all alike, these anticipations are preposterous in their absurdity and cruel in their insolence. But as it is absurd to suppose that either in the Dominion of Canada, or in any other colony, or in Ireland, a reign of terror could be established and justice trampled under foot, so it is equally absurd to suppose (and most of all in the case of a country separated from us by only a few score miles of sea) that the Imperial power would view such a state of things with indifference, and become a party to it by a shameful acquiescence. The general upshot is that Ireland generously agrees to undergo every restraint which is imposed upon the autonomous colonies, and many other restraints. They retain legislation upon trade, they deal

fence, they contribute nothing to our charges. Ireland willingly abandons all these powers and consents to bear her equal share of Imperial burdens; and under these circumstances, such is the astounding force of prejudice, there are to be found men of rank, character, and ability who denounce such a guarded gift of autonomy to Ireland as a thing monstrous and unheard of in its extent.

WHY DO WE LIKE PEOPLE?

Lillian Whiting.....*Today's*

The conditions that determine our likes and dislikes lie deeper than observation can penetrate, and it seems to be a result independent of the usual processes and one that refuses to be reduced to exact analysis. One does not like people because they are specifically rich or poor, brilliant or dull, learned or ignorant, but for some reason that goes deeper than each or all of these. Nor does one indeed care most for the people who are kindest to him and least for those less thoughtful. Whatever degree regard may assume—that of liking, of friendship, of love—it is curiously independent of gratitude. The gratitude may exist, but it is quite independent of and apart from this intuitive attraction which exists without reason and without choice. We all know people who do us good and not evil in every visible way; who are always agreeable, so far as outward words and manners go, and to whom we are and should be grateful for a thousand proffered courtesies, yet whom we instinctively hold in distrust. Often this distrust is one we will not admit even to ourselves, but all the same it is there and neither reason nor philosophy can wholly eradicate it. One fundamental truth of friendship is that one must learn to accept his friends for what they are and not demand of them what they are not. You meet one, for instance, who wins all love and confidence and makes life sweet by tender and thoughtful ministrations. Sud-

denly it occurs to you to compare this more ideal and poetic nature with the executive energy that is doing a wholly different work in the world, and you begin to wonder and to cavil at the fact that the sweet responsiveness you prize does not also add to itself the force or the effectiveness in other ways that compel your admiration of a wholly different individuality. This note carried out would end in your asking the artist to leave his day-dreams and lend a hand in executive reforms; that the meditative mystic should engage in the materialism of organized efforts; or that the man of force in affairs should betake himself solely to poetic ecstasy. Mrs. So-and-So is an admirable *raconteur*, you say; she has seen a great deal of the world and has a keen perception of its salient phases; but she has no comprehension of the spiritual and contemplative side of life; there is no poetry in her. Or of another, you feel that her nature is ideal and beautiful: an hour with her is an hour on the Mount of Vision, and then you speculatively wonder if it is not her duty to carry to club or committee something of this finer element, and if she is not lacking, in that she prefers the solitude of high thought or the society of the few to the stress and storm of the larger outlook. Thus meditative criticism runs on, and instead of enjoying the qualities that your friend has, instead of cherishing and appreciating them, you discount them because, indeed, she has not something else! Ah, it is sometimes—"Too late we learn a man must hold his friend unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end." This truth is the very corner-stone of all-enduring friendship—that one must learn to prize his friend for what he is, and not cavil at what he is not. The moment one begins to do this a whole train of discords follow. Here, for instance, is the woman born for an audience rather than for the fireside. In address or argument she is eloquent,

brilliant, and effective. She is attracted by problems of state and inspired by applause. She is full of enthusiasm for public progress. Why regret that she does not care for the communion *intime*; that she prefers the applause of the multitude to the tenderness of nearer relations? Why not enter into her life as it is, by some magic of sympathy, rather than lament that it is not something else? Why not enjoy her breadth and brilliancy and support her flights, rather than adversely criticise her tendencies which you hold draw her from the finer ministrations of life? Perhaps they are not really finer, after all. Our own convictions are so often improved and liberalized by being revised by the convictions of others. Not infrequently, indeed, is it the woman most prominently before the world, one who is apparently leading the most brilliant and satisfying life, who yet most needs the tender thought and unvarying tenderness of personal affection. It is a question if responsiveness is the quality we all most deeply care for in people. It is an affair of temperamental relation; perhaps, rather, one should say, a result of this relation. A may be responsive to B while he is not in the least so to C, and while A and C are by no means responsive to each other. It seems to be a spiritual relation, predetermined, and thus beyond the direct influence of personal contact. It is or it is not; and the persons concerned have apparently no choice in the matter. Of course there is plenty of getting on in the social world which is independent of impulse from the inner springs of feeling. Social contact is largely superficial and governed by laws of ceremonial observance. Only the barbarian is rude to persons he does not like. A high degree of civilization, while it is not necessarily synonymous with Christian feeling, imitates its code. Courtesy is not Christianity, but it simulates it. While the latter enjoins that one shall love his neighbor as

himself, the other only insists that one shall appear to do so. Nor is courtesy to be despised even if it existed only as a veneer. True courtesy implies many very real virtues—self-restraint, consideration, and patience, even if it does not comprehend love. The strong attraction of temperament asks little from rational reasons for its existence. You may realize, for instance, that it is in conversation that you find the highest social enjoyment; and still there is So-and-So who never speaks a word above ordinary commonplaces, yet whose presence is perpetual joy. He may remark that it rained yesterday and that the sun shines to-day, and still be more entertaining to you than could be the most brilliant conversational pyrotechnics of another. In fact, you only care for what he is, not what he says or does. If he sat silent he would enchant the hours for you all the same. This genuine liking goes deeper than social qualities. Nor does presence and familiarity dull the glamour or absence and time efface the spell. It is the rapture of life that is new every morning and fresh every evening. It is the glory of that light which never was on sea or land. It is the ecstasy of recognition and is due solely to intuitive insight. The loves and friendships of life are its sweetest resources. All else—work, special achievement, creative energy in any form of manifestation—minister to these. To live in the atmosphere of responsive sympathy is to live in the atmosphere of heaven, and always is it true that "A man must hold his friend unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end."

MURDER IN THE UNITED STATES

Andrew D. White at Chautauqua

Simply as a matter of fact evident from observation and proven by statistics, the United States is to-day, among all the nations of the Christian world, that country in which the highest crimes are most frequent and least punished. The records of the

press, the testimony of citizens in all parts of the country, the declarations of judges, the researches of experts, and above all, the statistics of the last census, perfectly establish this as a fact. In all our great cities and in many of the smaller cities there is a well-defined criminal class; a class of men whose profession is crime; known to be such, just as clearly as the profession of Mr. Marshall Field at Chicago is known to be dealing in merchandise and that of Mr. Evarts in New York the practice of the law. To begin with the plain statement of another fact: the number of deaths by murder in the United States is more than double the average in the most criminal countries of Europe; and this number is increasing in our country every year, and in a ratio far greater than the increase of the population. Recent statistics published in sundry journals show very clearly this great increase. We have reached very high figures, and figures evidently destined to go higher. In 1890 the number of murders in the United States was stated by statisticians to be about 4,000; in 1891 it was close upon 6,000. Now, as to the punishment of the men who commit these crimes, the men who commit these murders, the great majority of them are at large. This is shown by the fact that at the time of the tenth census there were 4,608 persons in prison charged with homicide, and in the eleventh census 7,351. This seems enormous, especially in view of the fact that here is an increase of persons held for murder of over 59 per cent, while the increase in population has been less than 25 per cent. Perhaps it may be thought that this is a necessary and even normal state of affairs in general modern society. On the contrary, no such condition of things exists in any other civilized country. Even the murder statistics of Southern Italy and of Corsica fall far below ours. It has happened to me to live for several years in various parts of Europe, including St. Peters-

burg, Naples, Edinburgh, and Constantinople, and I can testify that the European papers show no record beginning to approach our own in the number of great crimes and the impunity with which such great crimes are committed. Every daily paper, as you can easily satisfy yourself, gives records which should set us to close thinking on this subject. Some of our weekly papers, as you know, contain long records of such crimes, and part of the supply regularly purveyed to their readers more and more frequently gives accounts of wild justice by lynching. It may be said that all this happened in the least civilized States. Let us look more directly at the States that claim to be of the more civilized, and especially with the State with which we have the most to do—this goodly State of New York. About a year since the New York papers informed us that after all the jugglery and delay in the courts, seven convicted murderers whose time for execution had long gone by were still lying in the cells of Sing Sing prison. Each of these had been guilty of a wilful, cruel, brutal murder. In nearly every case the conviction had been affirmed and reaffirmed in the courts, the various courts. These cases had been marched up and down through the State and to trial after trial, from one court to another and back again among the State courts, and afterward through the Federal courts. Some of these men had been sentenced and resented, and yet, upon one pretext after another, their execution was delayed, day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year, until its effect as a deterrent upon crime seemed utterly lost. The judges and the juries who convicted them might die, but the criminals live on and seem likely to outlast judges and juries. In our own city of New York this is by no means of recent growth. We have come into it so gradually that we are hardly aware of the strength of it.

It extends back for years. A young ward "tough" in New York City glories in making himself what he calls a "holy terror," and rejoices in being paraded in newspaper outlines as "nervy" (a word that is now an addition to the English language). He loves to be pointed out as a "killer," and looks up with admiration to various eminent men in high political places in our metropolitan city, and especially to three political leaders, managers of a great political organization, omnipotent in caucuses, powerful in conventions, who first swore friendship with each other while all three were lying charged with murder in murderers' row in the Tombs prison of the city of New York. What wonder, then, at the growth of the class whose joy is crime and whose crowning glory is murder? Let us glance at the causes of this condition of things, first as to its historical development in the main. Down to about the last quarter of the last century there prevailed in the civilized countries, and especially in Europe, the greatest severity in the detection and punishment of crime. There were torture and capital punishment. Capital punishment for nearly everything, including anything above a theft of five shillings. As a result juries, as a rule, constantly violated the rules and officials frequently violated the law. So this great severity more and more defeated its own purpose. In Germany, France, and England this state of things was abolished; capital punishment was only meted out for the highest crime. A very thoughtful man has called this an oscillatory law—the pendulum did not stop in the middle of its course, but it swung from the extreme of severity to the extreme of lenity in the United States. About the middle of the last century Balzac said that murder had been made poetic by the tears that had been drivelled over assassins. Even honorable and thoughtful men, like Channing, seemed to be carried away

in this country, and lesser minds seemed to be swept from their bearings, and there came a great tide of pseudo-philanthropy; the result was the inevitable tendency in the minds of criminals that they would be virtually free against any real punishment. Following this pseudo-philanthropy in our own country, phrase-mongers peddled out the fact that society and not the individual was the criminal, and finally reached the highest point in the assertion that society had no right to punish the criminal, but its only right was to try to reform him. From sources like these there spread a sentimental sympathy for criminals, the result of which was stated by one of the best American judges. He said to me: "Taking life for the highest crime, under due process of law, seems to be the only mode of taking life to which the average American has any objections." More and more, in the place of a righteous indignation against crime and a righteous anger against criminals, there grew up a sentimental sorrow and a sentimental pity for crime and criminals. From various quarters came the cry that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him; but, often, the best thing to do is to hang him; the best thing for his fellow-men. One case was the murder of Mr. Putnam, who, entering a Broadway street-car late in the evening, found that two ladies were suffering persecution from a brutal ruffian, a former driver upon the line. In answer to Mr. Putnam's remonstrances he turned upon him and threatened him; and when he left the car in front of the Gilsey House the man went to the platform of the car and took the iron hook that was there and came up behind Mr. Putnam and murdered him then and there in the street. The ruffian had influential friends. He was tried and retried; the case was appealed, and went through all the courts and back again; but finally, after about three years of chicanery and jugglery,

he was convicted. Then came the most desperate efforts to get the governor to pardon him. One of the best lawyers in the United States was induced to write a letter asking for pardon for him. One part said that Mr. Putnam and his assailant met in an altercation in the street-car, with the result that Mr. Putnam was killed. Mr. Putnam and his ruffianly assailant were thus skilfully exhibited as two well-meaning citizens of equal standing who chanced to meet and fell into an altercation, with this unexpected result. Fortunately there sat in the governor's chair in the State of New York at that time a man with a strong sense of duty, John A. Dix. Every effort was made to move him. Men went about the streets of New York with telegrams to the governor, sent them to him, earnestly begging for the pardon of the prisoner; and they asked their friends, as an especial favor, to put their names to such telegrams, already written. Doubtless scores of the average, well-to-do, easy-going, and thoughtless citizens subscribed to these appeals. But Governor Dix stood firm against all, and the murderer was punished; though it was so late that this punishment fell short of having a deterrent effect such as it should have had. Another cause of this state of things is the weakness of jurors and juries. When a man charged with murder is brought before them, every expedient to work upon their feelings is thought legitimate. The murdered man is virtually forgotten. He lies in his grave; he has gone before his Maker; his weeping widow and orphan children, perhaps, with their whole future blasted by the murder of their breadwinner. But at the trial in the place of them are the friends of the murderer; they are allowed and doubtless prompted to make every sort of demonstration calculated to work upon the sentimentality of the jurors. Judges have frequently and recently called attention to this sort of weak-

ness. In a recent case of wife-murder Judge Martine said: "Crimes of this sort are growing more and more numerous daily, and in my judgment blame must be placed upon juries who go outside the case and travel outside of it for evidence. Jury boxes have become nurseries for crime." Those are the words of some of the best judges in the State.

THE GLORY OF THE WORLD

The Albany Law Journal

"Is life worth living?" is a query the proper answer to which might be left in doubt by the passing away of three very distinguished citizens within the last few days. One was a man venerable in years and revered for his virtues; a man of peace and belonging to the peaceable order of Friends; a man who had never been in public life, but whose patriotic and humane utterances from his closet had stirred this nation to its depths either of assent or of opposition; a poet whose songs have become household words in every cultured family, and brought consolation and refreshment to many a perturbed spirit; a Christian without pretence and without guile. Such was John Greenleaf Whittier. The second was a public moralist, whose place in this country was unique. A singular combination of elegance and force; of an æsthetic spirit which raised his contemplations to the most exquisite culture and of a stern sense of honesty and justice which made him recoil not from the repelling domain of politics; the Addison of the "Easy Chair," who touched with dainty feather the social, literary, and moral topics of the times, and the Bayard of the press and the platform, who with his single good spear held the bridge of civil-service reform against the inroads of hungry, shameless, vulgar partisans and mercenaries; the charm of whose musical voice, graceful person, and words commingling wit, vigor, and elegance, held even the ravening beasts of party hordes entranced; a

Raphael whispering words of high counsel into the ear of the earthly Adam. Who shall take, not to say fill, the place of George William Curtis? The passing of the third was not from life, but from public notice, like the passing of an exiled king. What a satire on human nature it is that the most celebrated man in this country for ten years has been a prize-fighter! Not a manly, generous athlete at that, but the type of vulgarity and degradation—a drunken, sodden, ignorant brute; a wife-beater; the terror of peaceable citizens; a great, hulking Goliath, who gained universal notoriety and three hundred thousand dollars (which he squandered in riotous debauchery) by terrifying and beating smaller men, and who on the first occasion when he met anything like an approach to his gigantic thews went down like a child and blubbered like a baby. Such was and is John L. Sullivan, a much greater celebrity in the estimation of the press and the public than the pure poet or the lofty political moralist. Probably neither of the latter earned in all his life so much money as this wretched fellow threw away in ten years; probably neither of them has left much more than the "gentleman" who trounced him netted for the hour's work of beating him. What a people we are, to have given more to the dethroned champion for ten minutes' exhibition of his phenomenal prowess than we pay to the chief justice for the labor of a year! What a people we are, at whose demand the press allots four times the space to news of a boxing contest between two gladiators, neither of whom could gain admittance into any decent society, not to say into any cultivated household in the land, than it bestows upon the immortal singing of the poet or the wise and elevated teachings of the political moralist! Even among the fair sex, we fear, Mr. Curtis, who was the very type of personal elegance, must have given place to "handsome gentleman Jim." Do not

let it be urged that this mania for bloody brutal sport is confined to the lower classes. The exhibitions at New Orleans were beyond the reach of most of the vulgar. The prices of admission were double those at the opera. Lawyers, editors, physicians (and we dare say clergymen on the sly) were there in large numbers. Many journeyed from the North and West at great expense to see the disgusting show. Even such elegant persons as Charles Sumner and Roscoe Conkling were patrons and amateurs of "the fancy." Granting that Columbus may have been a pirate and a slaver, it does not lie in our mouths to jeer at him after four hundred years, with the present showing. There is too much cruelty under our silk and broadcloth yet. Too much of the spirit of retaliation in our administration of justice. Too much violence and recklessness in our attempts to work equality between labor and capital. Too much inhumanity in the spectacle of the Long Island clam-fishers and lobster-catchers denying harbor to their unfortunate countrymen at the infected quarantine, for fear it may hurt their business. Prize-fighting seems to be peculiarly an Anglo-Saxon sport. One looks for it in vain among the French or Germans. It seems to be one of the inestimable blessings which we on this side of the ocean have inherited from the stepmother country along with the common law.

SUNDAY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

Bishop H. C. Potter The Forum

In one word, we shall get a good Sunday in America when men learn to recognize its meaning and its uses—not when we have closed all the doors which, if open, might help to teach them that lesson. It would seem as if the door of a library were one of those doors; the door of a well-arranged and well-equipped museum another; the door of a really worthy picture-gallery still another. And for what do these exist? Is it

not for their enlightening, refining, and instructive influence? In all these temples one may read history. And the story of the world and of the races that have lived in it is part of the nobler and worthier education of man. It is a part of that education which is closely allied to the highest education of all, which is his spiritual education. For in one aspect of it one cannot look at the humblest piece of human handiwork without seeing in it how patience and the painstaking study of methods and materials have married themselves in some contrivance in which the happy issue of the perfected whole is nevertheless not so interesting as the courage and ingenuity—the hard fight with manifold obstacles—that produced it. And these qualities, though they are not the finest in human nature, are among them. Courage and patience and the steadfast purpose that will not be beaten; industry, the studious questioning of the forces of nature, or the clever harnessing of them to the harder tasks of life—all these are qualities that need, undoubtedly, still other and nobler qualities to inspire and direct them. But surely it can be no incongruous thing to teach men to think, to observe, to compare—in one word, in any inferior realm of knowledge to know; even though they will still need supremely to be taught to know in the highest realm of all. And this would seem to indicate that, consistently with the scrupulous observance of Sunday as a day of rest, a great assemblage of the achievements of human art and industry might wisely be made a silent school-room of the progress of human civilization. Let the Columbian Exposition proclaim by the hush of all its varied traffic and machinery—no wheel turning, no booth or counter open to buyer or seller, no sign or sound of business through all its long avenues, and better still, by its doors closed till the morning hours of every Sunday are ended—that the American people believe in a day of rest.

CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY

ALFRED TENNYSON

William Winter..... New York Tribune

Tennyson is dead. The best of all the poets since Byron has ended his career. He dies at a great age, passing away in his eighty-fourth year—a noble mission completed and a beautiful life fulfilled. That mission was to develop in himself great character and soul, and, by means of their perfect expression in the finest and the most victorious form of art, to aid humanity in the achievement of spiritual progress. Most of the poets have perished prematurely. To Tennyson was allotted ample time for the accomplishment of all that it was in him to accomplish. He attained, under the happiest conditions, to a full development and maturity. He has not left unsaid anything that it was within his power to express. Sorrow for his death is natural and it will be universal. He was deeply loved, and he will be long and tenderly mourned. But sorrow for a bereavement so obviously inevitable will be chastened by the remembrance that in a mortal condition of being there was nothing left for him to do, and that his release—worn as he was and burdened with years—must have come to him as a kindness and a blessing. To the home that is darkened thousands of hearts, all over the world, will send their silent tribute of sympathy; but outside of the poet's immediate circle of friends—conscious now only of their personal affliction—the supreme feeling of the hour is that of grateful pride in the majesty and purity of his character, in the splendid affluence of his genius, and in the permanence of his fame. The worth and the rank of other poets, in this generation, are disputed and discussed; but the worth and rank of Tennyson are not questioned.

Such a fact is not without its special significance. The word of a poet is precious precisely in so far as it expresses, not his heart alone, but the heart that is universal—the passion, the emotion, the essential life of humanity at its best. A word that is said for the hour disappears with the hour for which it is said, but when the soul of nature has spoken, its message becomes an essential part of human experience and dwells in the memory forever. Tennyson is the poet of love and of sorrow, of passion and of affection, of pageantry and of pathos, of sublimity and of faith; and especially he is the poet of destiny and of will. The range of his vision is very broad. His glance is penetrating and deep. His voice is not the echo of the age in which he lived—however he may have been disturbed by the conflicts of that age—but it is a voice proceeding out of the elemental source of things and uttering absolute truth in words that are beautiful, and final, and perfect. The reader of Tennyson finds that his own spirit—his essential experience, his discontent, his aspiration, the inmost fibre of his being—is expressed for him, with a fulness, a passionate sincerity, and an artistic beauty that he could never hope to reach and that satisfy him fully, and lead, and guide, and strengthen him. The human mind—glad and thankful in the presence of much good, but not blind to the existence of much evil—has never yet succeeded in proving that everything will finish well, nor has it ever yet succeeded in illuminating the way in which that consummation is to be obtained. Nevertheless, it believes in the ultimate triumph of good. This conviction is adamant in the poetry of Tennyson. His distinctive note, un-

doubtedly, is the pathetic note. "I shall never see thee more, in the long gray fields, at night." The evanescence of man and of all his works is steadily present, and even when the trumpets are at their loudest the low sob of the organ is heard, in its solemn undertone of warning and of lament. Yet this is a poet who rests calmly on the strength of human will and looks without fear into the eyes of death. Such a poet is a leader and a comforter of the race, and it is right and natural that he should have its love and homage. The thoroughness, and the wise, far-sighted patience with which Tennyson developed his mind and ascertained and exercised his poetic faculties offer a lesson of supreme value in the conduct of intellectual life. No one of the poets has manifested more—few authors, whether poets or not, have manifested so much—of the grand stability that consists in sane continence and poise. With Tennyson genius was not delirium. His works give no sign of that feverish straining after effect, that strenuous reaching upward for an object or an idea, that flurry of wild endeavor and painful and abortive fuss, which are characteristic of a petty mind. He was born great, but he so nurtured and trained and disciplined his powers that he steadily increased in greatness. He made his intellect broad and he kept it holy, in order that the revelations of nature and of the spiritual world might flow through it as through their rightful channel. He was not warped from his true course by the influence of other men or by any consideration of popular applause and the idle fancies and fleeting caprice of mankind. He was not that sentimental and mushy demagogue, the poet of the people; he was something far higher and better than that—he was the poet of man. Like Wordsworth—his illustrious predecessor, with whom, in the attribute of stately individuality and the circumstance of temperamental isola-

tion, he was kindred—he took his own path. There was once a time when Tennyson received nothing but ridicule and neglect; and then presently came a time when he received an homage amounting to idolatry; but during neither of those periods was his serenity disturbed. The ideal of lofty, inflexible character and pure and perfect manliness that his poetry continually presents was the unconscious reflex of himself. His magnificent ode upon the death of the Duke of Wellington, one of the best poems in the language, thrills and trembles with profound and passionate exultation in the reality of virtuous strength and moral grandeur. Such as King Arthur is, in his immortal pages, so was the poet in life; and the shining words of Shakespeare might always have been used to denote him:

"Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee."

Disquisition upon Tennyson's creations in poetry might proceed without limit. The transcendent attributes of power that his works disclose are the heart and the imagination. Their vitality of feeling—never shown in discord or tumult, but always present, like the central heat of the sun—is colossal; and looking back upon the current of his years and the incessant fertility of his achievement, it is nothing less than marvellous that such intense emotion should have kept itself alive in this poet through so long a life. He wrote, indeed, a few weak things toward the last; but almost till the end his voice was a clarion and his pen was fire. In his poem of Locksley Hall Sixty Years After there is the same strain of noble and impassioned feeling—loftier, grander, more predominant and more august, if anything—than burns in the Locksley Hall of his vigorous and splendid youth. He needed not to go out of himself for his inspiration. The flame leaped from within. The altar was never darkened and never cold. Every influence that ex-

perience and the environment of his life could liberate became tremulous with sensibility and eloquent with divine meaning the moment it touched his mind. It was as if the wandering breeze derived warmth and fragrance and endless melody from only sweeping the strings of the harp that had been placed to receive its caress. He was an example, furthermore, of that miracle of nature, the renewal of the elemental poetic power. At a time when it seemed, with the death of Byron, that the last poetic voice was hushed and that no word more could ever be said, suddenly the genius of Tennyson sprang into light, and the world was dowered with a literature of poetry essentially and absolutely new. The poetry of Tennyson, while never eccentric, is unique. It has indeed been widely imitated—as he himself observed, when he said that “All can have the flower now, for all have got the seed.” But the hand of the master remains unrivalled. The blank-verse of Tennyson possesses a rich quality of music and an indescribable potency of movement that are his own. He used many of the old forms of versification, but he beautified every one of them that he touched. The stanza of *In Memoriam* occurs in Ben Jonson; but Tennyson gave it a grace and flexibility and copious and sonorous music far beyond Jonson’s reach. In the invention of new forms he was remarkably ingenious, but it is notable—as in *The Lotos-Eaters*, *The Two Voices*, *Margaret*, and many more—that with Tennyson the form seems always to be the inevitable sequence of the thought. In other words, every fibre of his art was pervaded with inspiration. He has shown that the most delicate and beautiful refinement of mechanism, in the use of language, is not incompatible with boundless feeling; and thus he had made intolerable and impossible henceforth all the poetry that consists in mere soulless form. Alike to literature and to life the services that Tennyson has

rendered are those of perpetual blessing, and the world is nobler and better and the life of coming generations will be sweeter and more beautiful because he has lived and written.

THE POET LAUREATE

E. C. Stedman.....New York Tribune

In the death of Tennyson we have lost, bearing in mind his combination of the expression of beauty with the expression of thought, the greatest and most national of English poets since Byron. Before all others he was the representative poet of the imperial Victorian period—as much so as Pope, with his lesser genius, was the poetic leader of the less historic Queen Anne’s time. The Victorian period, so far as its distinctively idyllic art and literature are concerned, ended, we might say, with the third quarter of our century, though the aged queen still holds the throne, having outlived her own time. Browning, the only one of Tennyson’s compeers equal to him in intellectual power, seems to me rather the forerunner of a new era than the representative of his own. For all his striking but peculiar dramatic quality and his lyrical gift so fine at its best, I do not think he was a greater poet than Tennyson; since he became utterly indifferent to the expression of beauty, and his thought might prove to be really no profounder, to have no more insight, than the noble thought of Tennyson—if expressed with the latter’s matchless clearness and simplicity. The purest artistic excellence of the recent English muse took its note from the exquisite early lyrics, ballads, and idyls of Tennyson. They seemed, besides, just as original as exquisite at their date of production; and before all poets of the English-speaking world had caught their method. Who can forget how their charm and novelty thrilled us when they slowly made their way to the American public of forty years ago? No one who did not begin with Tennyson before

the date of Maud, and then follow him along, can fully understand his influence—or do justice to the force and richness of his song. His minstrelsy blended the truth to nature, the high elevated thought of Wordsworth with the unrivalled style derived from Milton and Keats. Yes, if art in English poetry was reborn with Keats, it was confirmed and matured by Tennyson. The latter's blank-verse—and that greatest of all measures is the test of an English master—is just as individual, is just as characteristic, as the blank-verse of Shakespeare, of Milton, or of Wordsworth and Bryant. In fact, then, he added a fourth order of blank-verse to our rhythmical architecture. His shortcomings were just as manifest as his greatness, but not out of keeping with the spirit of his age. In imagination he certainly fell short of Wordsworth's most elevated mood. He failed, over and over again, in dramatic efforts, and the generally undramatic tenor of his work was confirmed by his lifelong seclusion—his intimacy with nature rather than with man. In sweep and fervor and superb intensity he was less than Byron—and show me any poet of our time who is not! But in the synthetic and even combination of poetic equivalents of a high order, and in artistic perfection, united, as I say, with a certain intellectual breadth and wisdom, he excelled either of those two predecessors, and, I think, his more dramatic compeer. His art had one quality rarely absent from the greatest art. He appealed to both the select few and the multitude, on one side or the other. It has been unnecessary, at all events, to establish schools and classes, in his life-time, for its interpretation. In Memoriam alone would place him above all others as the chief and characteristic Victorian poet. It embodied, with noble and serene harmony and with a then unwonted but most effective form, the newest learning, the most advanced speculative

thought, the tenderest emotion, and the most intelligent religion and aspiration of the years when it was written—and that date was the very culmination of the period and of the ripeness of his own genius. It showed his broad, progressive studies; his innate religious mould. Tennyson was, in thought and faith, conservatively liberal—of the school of Maurice, Kingsley, and the like. English above all! English in phrase, person, knowledge of and love for out-door nature, truth-telling, loyalty, impatience of bearing. Above all, too, fitted to be England's laureate. In spite of my extreme Americanism and republicanism, I confess that I have never been able to comprehend why some of our most honored literary friends have deplored his acceptance of an hereditary title—have declared that it lessened either his independence or his greatness. For Tennyson was not a democrat, but a liberal conservative. He was not a republican, but a constitutional monarchist; not an American, but an Englishman. All that he was he was by birth, breeding, conviction. As a liberal yet conservative Englishman, attached to the government of his own realm, why should he not accept the highest mark of eminence which the realm could bestow upon him? Why should not a poet be the founder of his house, under the system to which his countrymen are loyal, as well as a soldier or a statesman? The acceptance of a title, snobbish and disloyal as it would be on the part of an American, was perfectly consistent with Tennyson's self-respect as an Englishman, a laureate, and a constitutional monarchist. He has gone in the fulness of years and glory, and the feeling of light and love that made youth beautiful for us is revived for a moment as I think of what he was, and then fades with "the days that are no more." Who can guess what time must pass—whether it is to be counted by decades or by centuries—before the old realm will see

itself so bravely and faithfully expressed, and at its best, by a national minstrel in enduring song?

ERNEST RENAN

The Christian Union

M. Renan died at an early hour on Sunday morning at the Collège de France, where so many of his brilliant lectures were delivered. He had been seriously out of health for some time past, but the illness which ended his life, in his seventieth year, was of brief duration. His devoted wife was at his bedside, his children were about him, and in spite of great suffering his death was peaceful, and his face was described as ineffably serene and conveying an impression of power which it failed to convey in life. Educated for the priesthood, a student of Oriental languages from early youth, Renan possessed also a brilliant imagination, a sensitive mind, and great literary talent. There was nothing of the real priest in him. He lacked spiritual insight and the high qualities which go with it, although the beauty of his style and the fervor of his temperament sometimes seemed to simulate these finer gifts. He had intellectual, but he lacked moral, earnestness; he was in no sense a prophet, and he had no deep sense of the necessity and the supremacy of the moral elements in the individual and the nation. His *History of Israel* reveals wide knowledge and has very great charm, but it misses the secret of the Jewish race because Renan could not comprehend the tremendous grasp of moral principles and the insight into spiritual verities which were the peculiar possession of the greatest Hebrews. Few books have been so widely read as the *Life of Jesus*, and the secret of its popularity is not difficult to discover. As a romance, bathed in an Oriental atmosphere, touched with poetic fervor, it has great charm; its glowing periods remind one of Lamartine, but not of the Gospels. The Christ of the temp-

tation, of the purified Temple, of the abashed scribes and Pharisees, of the mysterious and awful agony of Gethsemane, is not in Renan's fascinating idyl of a human life. Renan comprehended the composure and sweetness of great religious natures, but he did not know the sources of their peace, nor did he understand the fiery struggles through which it was achieved. He was an indefatigable student and a scholar of great and rare accomplishments, but his scholarship was at the mercy of his temperament, and his imagination was more potent than his devotion to fact. There was a vein of sentiment in him, a poetic sensibility, an impressionability which fitted him to record passing moods and phases of nature and of life with rare delicacy and charm; but these very qualities loosed his grasp on the greater realities of life. His influence on many of the younger French writers has been marked, but it has been essentially a dilettante influence; it has not stimulated originality. It has contributed that charming ripeness which often accompanies decadence; it has done nothing to reinvigorate French earnestness or re-establish French ideals. There are passages in Renan, it must be added, which have an unpleasant flavor because they seem to betray a mind not wholly pure. As a man of letters Renan is more likely to be remembered than as a teacher of morality or a critic of religion, and his contemporary influence will probably entirely eclipse his posthumous influence. He sang in beautiful prose the decay not only of Christianity, but of the old order and the old ideals in France; he did not see that Christianity was taking on new and powerful life about him, and that France was swiftly reviving within herself elements of moral earnestness and national power which she has not had for a century. Renan was a dilettante in spirit, and dilettanteism never yet interpreted the moral and spiritual life of man.

CURRENT VERSE

DARE-THE-WIND

Alice Williams Brotherton.....The Century

"Western people have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian has stepped."—J. J. PIATT.

Blue Grass dancing to your shadow
Lightly swaying o'er the sod,
Do you spring up in the meadow
Where an Indian foot has trod?

And is this the mystic sun-dance,
Feathery-crested Dare-the-Wind?
Or the thank-reel for abundance
Of tall maize in stacks to bind?

Doughty brave, afraid of no man—
Ha, your blade is tipped with red!
'Tis the blood of dusky foeman
In some old-time battle shed.

Light and lissome, tall and slende
Pluméd chieftain of the soil,
Ay, you dance the war-dance furious
Ere you dash into the broil.

Silent, Dare-the-wind, and sulky?
Come, your secret have I found?
You're the ghost of Indian warrior
Sent to guard yon Indian mound.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Cameron GrantThe Aberdeen Gazette

To-day "the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning to the sea,"
For him, their singer pure and good,
Who has passed, silently,
Beyond the sunset and the shift
Of things we still must dare.
Calm in the thought he could "not drift
Beyond God's love and care."

The singer of the fatefullest hour
 His country had to pass,
 Who saw the future's golden flower
 Not dark as in a glass,
 But from the strife of earth did raise
 His soul where voices cease,
 And had the courage still to praise,
 Who saw beyond them—peace.

So long as liberty is loved,
 And bud and blossom blown,
 And simple thought and aim approved,
 And honest life is known,
 So long shail Whittier lift his face
 O'er some of larger view,
 And keep mid greater names his place,
 Because his heart was true.

MIRAGE

Clinton Scollard....."Songs of Sunrise Land"

"Behold, behold the palms!" we cried;
 Our lips were parched as though by fire;
 Forward we spurred with swinging stride,
 In madness of desire.

"There will be water cool!" we said,
 "And shade to shield from blazing heat;
 What bliss to bathe the burning head,
 And oh, the rest, how sweet!"

But suddenly—the palms were gone!
 A scorching breeze our swart brows fanned;
 Before us still stretched on and on
 A blinding waste of sand.

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

Archibald Lampman Harper's

No wind there is that either pipes or moans;
 The fields are cold and still; the sky
 Is covered with a blue-gray sheet
 Of motionless cloud; and at my feet
 The river, curling softly by,
 Whispers and dimples round its quiet stones.

Along the chill green slope that dips and heaves
The road runs rough and silent, lined
With plum-trees, misty and blue-gray,
And poplars pallid as the day,
In masses spectral, undefined,
Pale greenish stems half hid in dry gray leaves.

And on beside the river's sober edge
A long fresh field lies black. Beyond,
Low thickets gray and reddish stand,
Stroked white with birch; and near at hand,
Over a little steel-smooth pond,
Hang multitudes of thin and withering sedge.

Across a waste and solitary rise
A ploughman urges his dull team,
A stooped gray figure with prone brow
That plunges bending to the plough
With strong, uneven steps. The stream
Rings and re-echoes with his furious cries.

Sometimes the lowing of a cow, long-drawn,
Comes from far off; and crows in strings
Pass on the upper silences.
A flock of small gray goldfinches,
Flown down with silvery twitterings,
Rustle among the birch cones and are gone.

This day the season seems like one that heeds
With fixed ear and lifted hand
All moods that yet are known on earth,
All motions that have faintest birth,
If haply she may understand
The utmost inward sense of all her deeds.

MANKIND: SOCIAL AND PHILANTHROPIC

HOW TO TOUCH THE UNEDUCATED

Neva Thompson..... *The Christian Union*

One of the newspapers, commenting recently on the trial of a man named Sliney for the murder of a Mr. Lyons—a murder committed in one of the lower wards of New York City—says that the small boys who succeeded in getting into the courtroom looked upon Sliney as a hero. They gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the prisoner, and when he, in testifying in his own behalf, stated that he saw the brother of the murdered man killing him and shut the door, and went away because he thought it was the authorities' business to find out if a murder was going on, the small boys present fairly gasped in admiration. When the murderer, who at one time admitted his guilt, denied it, he really fell in the estimation of these hearers. It is these false standards of bravery, of courage, of manhood, of truth, of dignity, that the worker among the street-boys must understand, in order to work successfully. The reason that boys' clubs do not succeed better than they do is because the workers allow themselves to be constantly shocked, and manifest it in the presence of the boys. With their entire ignorance of any standards but those of their class, the boys resent this spoken or unspoken criticism. There has appeared, during the last few months, in the Brooklyn Eagle, a series of articles supposed to depict the doings of the young men and young women in a section of the city where the police are constantly on the alert, or supposed to be; where the chaperon is unknown; where the utmost freedom of intercourse is permitted between the young of both sexes; where familiarity with the internal workings of a ten days' prison is not considered

a disgrace. Looking at this series of articles from one side, the thoughtful reader is depressed to find that in this day such articles should be given space because there is a demand for such matter. On the other hand, they are written with such minute knowledge of the stratum of society whose doings they depict that, as a study in sociology, they are infinitely more valuable than *Society as I Have Found It*, or the columns of space given up to the doings of the upper ten thousand. It is almost to be hoped that these articles will be gathered in pamphlet form and circulated among the people who are trying to affect the end of society which they depict. How is it possible to make girls understand that shouting on the street, speaking without an introduction to a young man, dressing so as to cause the passer-by to look a second time (the girl taking the second look as admiration, when probably contempt, amusement, or pity prompts it), are not right? How is it possible to make this girl understand that she is violating all the laws of her own nature by such conduct, when her first recollection is of the front doorstep of the house in which she lived as her nursery, when her mother strained every point when she was a child to put lace or embroidery or plush on the outside, without any regard at all as to what was underneath it, or left her so unclothed that the idea of having her body entirely covered would seem strange and unnatural? How is she to be made to understand that shouting on the street is not the thing for her to do, when the street has been her only playground in all her life, whether that life be expressed by ten years or thirty years? What right have those who work with her to measure her by

their standards? This does not mean the lowering of the would-be friend's standards, but it means patience. When girls are shut up in factories eight hours a day, it is rather difficult for them not to find some physical expression for the life that is in them. As a usual thing, the quiet girl is the girl of low vitality, whose physical forces are at such a low ebb that she has no inclination for activity of either voice or muscles. What we need is a thorough appreciation of the needs of that end of society, and not a rigid ideal, the result of our own bringing up. It takes infinite patience and the infinite love in which we share to deal with the boys and girls of this strata of society. It is impossible to preach all the time, because no reason is seen for this constant criticism which the preaching implies. Recently a number of girls disturbed an entire neighborhood, which has heretofore been very quiet, by their behavior going to and from their work, and at the noon hour, when they were allowed to go out in front of the factory. Especial effort was made by some ladies to change this condition of things, and it required close study of some weeks and the exercise of much self-control and patience before any impression was made, and then all were not alike affected. It finally occurred to one of the ladies studying this group of girls that if they could be furnished with reading-matter at the noon hour, they probably would be perfectly quiet and well-behaved; that what they wanted was to have their attention taken up, and that the noise and the running and the screaming that had proved an annoyance were in reality only physical expression and animal spirits not better employed. Magazines were distributed to the girls, and probably never before in the history of that very striking paper, *Life*, were copies used as tracts. One of the ladies chanced to have about a dozen copies of *Life*, which she had been saving for a boys' reading-room. It occurred

to her that *Life* might be sent on a missionary tour, and so the copies were given to the girls gathered in a shady angle formed by the walls of a house. Ten of these girls sat for three-quarters of an hour laughing in a perfectly harmless and quiet way over the reading-matter and pictures. When the one o'clock whistle blew, instead of going into the factory in a wild state of excitement, completely exhausted by their physical efforts, they walked quietly in at the door, looking as cool and as self-possessed as it was possible for girls in thick woollen dresses or dresses stiff with sugar to look on a day when the thermometer ranged at ninety-three. What thousands of us need who are studying that end of society is to become more familiar with its social code, with its social standards, and to make due allowance for the difference. It is well to remember that Peter and Judas, John and his brother, associated hourly with Christ for three years. One betrayed him, one denied him, and two let ambition bring disturbance into that divinely guarded human circle. Yet all but Judas became teachers whose words and works have raised men into fellowship, have brought a consciousness to men of the divine Man. Shall we ask more, shall we expect more, as the result of our efforts, unsystematic and intermittent as they are, than Christ received after daily and hourly contact and influence?

CHOLERA AND CLEANLINESS IN RUSSIA

E. B. Lanin.....The Fortnightly

The Russian people are as pliant and malleable as the purest gold, or, to use their own picturesque expression, may be twisted into a ram's-horn by the meanest of their masters. But even to this capacity there are certain well-defined limits. A raw peasant can, at a pinch, be suddenly changed into a brave soldier, a skilful mechanic, a pious priest, or a desperate conspirator, but he cannot, without a miracle—which religion

occasionally performs—be metamorphosed into a clean, tidy citizen. Cleanliness, like the pursuit of virtue, or a liking for caviar, is an acquired taste whenever peculiar climatic conditions have not rendered it an absolute necessity. But the Russian's inveterate repugnance to it seems to have become a condition of his very being—a sort of counterpart in his physiological apparatus to space and time in the intellectual mechanism of all humanity. Not only does the average Russian indorse Lord Palmerston's view that dirt is beautiful in its proper place, but, going much further, he holds that its proper place is wherever it happens to be found, while he frowns upon cleanliness as a sort of moral delinquency, freedom from which is to be cultivated as a virtue and enjoyed as a pleasure. Like Eliphaz the Temanite, he cries out in the fulness of his heart: "What is man that he should be clean?" "The loss of wealth is loss of dirt," sang the old English bard, at a time when the close relation between cleanliness and godliness was less clearly discerned than at present. "The loss of dirt is loss of wealth" seems to be the motto of the Russian people, writ large in their habits and frankly proclaimed in their proverbs. "The snow, though white," says a common Russian adage, "is not toothsome; but the poppy, though black, is the food of Boyars." "The wolf and the bear," says another proverb, "are healthy, and yet *they* never wash." The love of the people for their hot bath—a sort of national institution—seems to rebut his assertion. In no part of Europe are public baths so common or so accessible to the lower order as in Russia, and probably no other people makes so frequent use of them. But the contradiction is only apparent. The attraction of the bath, which is in very many cases a gigantic nest of loathsome disease-germs, an abomination in the sight of angels and of men, consists not in the subordinate soap and water, but

in the hot vapor beloved by the Russian alike in his hovel, his church, and his bath, in which he generally steams himself until his skin resembles the jelly called *kisell*, and occasionally till he faints. Nor is it unusual for people who regularly patronize these steam-chambers to dispense entirely with the services of the washerwoman, allowing the articles she may have cleansed and renovated to moulder in dust away. The Russian loves uncleanness for its simplicity and also for the feeling of unfettered homeliness it confers. "Our affection for dirt," says one of the most celebrated journalists of the day, "is a Pan-Russian trait." "So thoroughly accustomed are we to filth," exclaims the most respectable journal in Russia, "that many people go so far as to doubt whether any useful end could be furthered by annihilating it." This view, like most popular notions on such subjects as fall within the mental range of the crowd, has been enshrined in the tenets of the various native sects with which Byzantine Orthodoxy is honeycombed. The latest prophet arisen in the land, Count Leff Tolstoi, is at one with the earliest in his endeavors to raise uncleanness to the rank of a sacramental rite by conferring upon it the approval of philosophy and the sanction of religion. His disciples, less reserved than their master in their advocacy of his doctrine, and much more thorough in reducing it to practice, are occasionally called upon to suffer for their conviction. One of the most estimable of them all, after having been repeatedly warned in vain, was recently dismissed from his situation in a first-class shop in St. Petersburg for literally poisoning the atmosphere and driving away customers and colleagues in consequence of his studied violation of those elementary canons of personal hygiene which even four-footed animals may be trusted to observe. Influential friends had much difficulty in getting the severe but

righteous sentence rescinded, and still greater difficulty in shaking the resolution of this Russian Joseph Labre and inducing him to sacrifice the dictates of a curiously warped conscience to the health of his fellows, the interests of his employers, and the welfare of his own family. It is only just to remark that these and kindred unæsthetic practices owe but their sacramental character, not their origin, to religious prescriptions like those of Count Leff Tolstoi. Every hamlet, village, town, and city, every hut, house, and palace bears profound traces of this national characteristic. Even in St. Petersburg the inhabitants of the enormous buildings which harbor more inmates than many an European village, live as if their first duty in life were to propagate disease-germs as the insects propagate the pollen of flowers. Describing a typical inmate of one of these typical houses (the house of Prince Vyazemsky, near the Hay-market), a man who has laid by a very fair provision against the rainy day, the *Novoye Vremya* casually remarks: "He never has his linen washed. Whenever he puts on a shirt, he puts it on for good, and wears it till it drops in shreds off his back." Much has been hoped from the outbreak of the cholera; and if lethargy were the cause of the evil, the remedy might be trusted to prove as efficacious as it would be cheap. But as we have seen there are more potent factors at work than mere torpor; besides which the lower orders lack the education necessary to enable them to grasp the relation between filth and infection, cholera and foul water. Infection and contagion are unmeaning phrases to the people whom Mr. Stead is pleased to look upon as idyllic "brown sheep," blissfully grazing on the pastures of the shepherd-Tzar, and who now explain the outbreak of the cholera as the result of the diabolical machinations of English enemies, who, under pretence of distributing alms to the hun-

gry peasantry, visited the famine districts last year and bribed mercenary Russian physicians to work the unholy spell. Relations, friends, and even perfect strangers will drink together out of the same vessels with and kiss the lips of those whom they see to be suffering from most loathsome diseases, without manifesting repugnance at the sight or entertaining fear for the consequences. And, apart from the question of squeamishness, this is perfectly intelligible, seeing that disease and death, in the theological system of the Russian people, are positive entities created by God and let loose by Himself, by evil-minded men or by the devil, in the same way as the lethal shafts of Apollo were aimed at the offending Greeks. The *mooshik* is as incapable of comprehending the nexus between dirt and disease as of discerning the causal relation between tides and the moon. That the Creator of the universe, when minded to send the cholera to chasten His people, should allow His inscrutable plans to be thwarted by dint of mere mopping and scrubbing of houses and streets, which are no filthier than ever they were before, seems to them an impious thought; its expression in words rank blasphemy. The prayers of priests and the counter spells of country lasses ploughing the village in the dead of the night, are the legitimate means of moving Heaven and restraining hell; and the failure of these is a sure sign that further attempts in this direction would be tantamount to flying in the face of Providence. Another difficulty in the way of sanitation is the cost. In the present position of affairs in Russia money, though somewhat less scarce than wholesome air and innocuous water, is infinitely more prized than either. It has been calculated by qualified experts that the sanitation of peasants' huts—which after all is but the first and least important step toward improvement—cannot possibly be effected for less than seven

roubles (about 15s.) each, a sum which no sane *mooshik* would dream of parting with for the sake of lessening a danger which he deems imaginary. The sanitation of towns, cities, and rivers would involve an outlay exceeding that caused by the famine; and a year after its completion the work would be as thoroughly undone as Penelope's web was wont to be in the early hours of the morning. But far more decisive than all other difficulties is the vastness of the undertaking combined with the incapacity of those who, under the present system of political elimination, are alone qualified to execute it. Were each sanitary commission a Hercules disposing of an Alpheus and a Peneus, none of the present generation would live to see the work accomplished. The stables of Augeas were neglected for only thirty years; whereas the towns, cities, and rivers of Russia have not been cleansed since the Scythians and the Turanians ran wild throughout the country. There is no periodical casting of the slough in Russia, such as is practised in all other lands, not excepting the settlements of comparative barbarians. Not only is the sanitary state of the people and their surroundings disgusting, but the most cautious handling of the subject has a strong tendency to become equally so. To take the question of food and drink, for instance, it is as much as one can do to keep the subject within the broadest limits of the proprieties of language. The startling facts brought to light by the famine are still in the recollection of every reader, some of whom have not yet ceased to wonder how a Russian peasant can vie in omnivorousness with the ostrich, the shark, the shipwrecked mariner, and go on living and laboring as before. Any foreign visitor to the two capitals, who strolls down the Glutton's Row, glances at the sickening objects laid on the filthy tables standing under wooden sheds, all which an energetic sanitary officer or fire from heaven or

from hell should speedily destroy, and notes with which what ravenous appetites this loathsome food is devoured by men and women, boys and girls, will have considerably increased the army of hideous visions, which, in moments of despondency, rise up to people "tragic shadows' realm of sound and sight" and make one long to flit into some less wretched world than ours.

IMMIGRATION

Francis A. Walker.....Yale Review

In two important particulars the people of the United States exhibit the influence of opinions, originally formed with good cause, but from which all reason has now disappeared. One of these concerns the removal of the tree-covering of the soil. Within regions of earlier occupation, the work of denudation has been done only too well; while a half-score of treeless States have been added to the giant league. There is scarcely one single material requirement of our continued prosperity as a nation more imperative than that the wholesale destruction of the forest shall cease; and that some part, at least, of the extravagant waste of the past shall be repaired. Another popular notion from which all reason has disappeared is that regarding immigration. There was a time, long ago, when every able man coming to our shores, however poor or ignorant, if not vicious or criminal, brought an added strength to our young nation. In those earlier times, the arrivals at our ports constituted a real, substantial gain to our population. There is doubt, however, whether in the later stages of this mighty movement from the old world to the new, the foreign arrivals did not constitute a replacement, rather than a re-enforcement of population. For awhile there was a coincidence which was very extraordinary, statistically speaking, and was also highly suggestive, between the falling off in the rate of native increase and

the rise in the rate of foreign immigration. Later, however, the correspondence ceased, and the higher the tide of immigration rose, more and still more shrank the domestic birth-rate. Of late a considerable change has passed over the feelings of our people regarding immigration. Not only have the enormously increased arrivals of the past few years not excited such jubilation as would have greeted them at an earlier period, but they have excited apprehension and alarm on the part of thinking members of the community, and even by the less thoughtful have been viewed with something like distrust. Some leaders of labor organizations have declared themselves opposed to further indiscriminate immigration; and further evidences of alarm have come from various quarters; still the nation as a whole remains largely under the spell of the old ideas. The consideration which has chiefly moved the popular mind to change has had reference to the effect of the vast increase of foreign arrivals on the labor market. A few years ago free public lands offered every new-comer a home and a farm for the seeking. This scarcely allowed a labor problem to exist. To-day tracts of arable public lands are few and far between; and this is having a marked effect in keeping immigrants at the ports of arrival, and in swelling the operative populations of manufacturing towns. Already, too, the decline in agricultural prices is fast taking away the strongest support which the remuneration of mechanical labor in the United States has had in the past. Immemorially with us it has been the competition of the farm with the shop which has brought up and kept up the rate of wages. It would be surprising if the labor leaders did not take alarm at the addition of upward of five millions of foreigners to our population within ten years. But it is not in increase of the number of immigrants that the chief danger to the public, politically and industrially, is

found. It is the character of the new arrivals. A very serious change has taken place in the character of the immigration to our shores. Even in the countries long familiar to our passenger-lists, it is among the least prosperous and thrifty that the emigration agent finds his best recruiting ground. But the worst feature of the situation is found in the appearance of vast numbers of immigrants drawn from the nations of southern and eastern Europe; peoples that have had the worst of it in the race-wars of centuries, peoples that have the least possible adaptation to our political institutions, and have shown neither the capacity nor the disposition to rise above the lowest plane of industrial life. As conditions are, there is nothing to prevent every stagnant pool of population in Europe, from Ireland to the Ural Mountains, being completely drained off into the United States. The swelling current will naturally continue so long as there is any difference of economical level; so long as the broken, the corrupt, the abject think that they might be better off here than there. There is grave reason to doubt whether these people are capable of responding to the opportunities and incitements of their new condition. In many of our cities, great colonies are being formed of such immigrants, each nation by itself, receiving no impulse from the general community, and entirely devoid of any sense of responsibility to public sentiment beyond that of their own quarter. Even in many rural districts, extensive colonies of the same isolated and self-sufficing character are forming.

SPECIAL LIBRARIES

E. E. Hale.....*The Boston Commonwealth*

The new number of the series of Bibliographical Contributions, published at Cambridge, contains a very valuable calendar, as it may be called, of the special resources of many of the public libraries of the United States. The variety and richness of

these collections will surprise, I believe, even those who are well informed on the subject. It was as long ago as March, 1889, that the Library of Harvard College sent a circular letter to every library of ten thousand volumes and upward in the United States, and to such smaller ones as were thought to contain material of value. This circular expressed the wish of the Library of Harvard University to publish a list of the principal libraries, with notes in regard to special collections which might be of public interest to students. It was not possible to edit the replies received at that time, but in the last spring the work was resumed, and we now have a great deal of the information which has been collected. Undoubtedly subsequent numbers of the Bibliographical Contributions will do much to complete a series which has now very great value to students. It is one of the advantages of our system, in which we really have no metropolis for America, that every State has its own pride; and it might almost be said that in every large State there are two or three centres, each of which has its local ambition to be remarkable for something. It will happen, then, that some person of wealth or public spirit, in a neighborhood as yet unknown to literature or science, will provide for the local library of that place a collection which he has fallen in with, perhaps by accident in his travels, which remains there. Such a collection is absolutely useless to students at large until its fame has extended so far that a student may correspond with the librarian who has it in charge, or may visit the place himself. Some libraries have been founded distinctly with the idea of drawing students from a distance; when Mr. Peabody founded the branch of the Peabody Institute which is at Baltimore, he said distinctly that he wanted to have there books which men of letters could not expect to find in the ordinary collections in

their neighborhood. And the trust has always been administered with a desire to bring together there such collections. One has only to look over the index, which is full, to get curious illustrations of the way in which information and books are now hidden in quarters where one would least expect to find them. Thus you would not naturally go to Minneapolis for a collection of documents and manuscripts bearing on the Life-Saving Service of the United States. I am afraid you would not go to Yale College for a collection of eighteen hundred plays illustrative of the progress of the French drama, or for old English plays to the Sutro library in San Francisco. But you are glad to know that you would find there twenty thousand Mexican pamphlets bearing on the Mexican war of independence. The careful student knows that, if he wants to study Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, he must go to the Lenox Library; but you can hardly expect that a gentleman arriving from Europe, wishing to follow the traces of Bunyan which he could find in this country, would "of native impulse" know that these books were to be found there. I doubt if an average reader would go to Pittsfield for a file of the *Boston Advertiser*, running back to its foundation. The small public library of Providence contains ten thousand titles on the history of slavery and the Rebellion. And, speaking in general, the convenience of having in hand an index of nearly two thousand titles, referring to as many different subjects, which shows at once in what collection those subjects are fully illustrated, is a convenience which will be appreciated by all workingmen. For chess, for instance, you would go to the Philadelphia library; for lichens, you would go to Amherst College; for North American languages, to Wellesley. A man might be quite well informed with regard to the city of Washington without knowing that, besides the Congress Collection, there are six-

teen special collections, connected mostly with different departments of the government, which are accessible to any persons who really need to work in them. It is to be hoped that future numbers will give a full account of the Congress Library, of the American Antiquarian Library, and of the Bancroft collection at San Francisco.

COURTESIES OF THE RIALTO

Emma Moffett Tyng.....Harper's Bazar

That humorous and expressive phrase of Josiah Allen's wife, descriptive of the wave and surge of the summer throng at a great American spa, need not have been so limited, since it pictures the restlessness of modern life everywhere, with its desire, its curiosity, its eagerness to see, to get, to hear, to know. "To and fro, and fro and to." The stretch of the thoroughfares, the circuit of the shops, the round of pictures and plays; the little trips and the long journeys from north to south, seeking the sunlight, the softness, the fruits and the flowers; from south to north for the crystal of the wave, the strength of the mountain breeze, the lead of fashion, the touch of music and of art; across the ocean—round the world; pilgrimages up and down, east and west; arctic cliffs, African deserts, German forests; Western plains, a ceaseless tide, a varied company. It all seems to lie, somehow, in the line of growth, an education to broader interests, an impetus to personal development, that cult of the practical man and woman of to-day. The broader civilization, the fuller experience, the touch-and-go of those from afar, with exchange of thought and methods of life, have brought a new ordering of ways, a new measure of dues. The personal prominence, peculiar privileges, the credits and traditions of local prestige, are not omnipresent; associations are, many of them, left behind with the bric-à-brac, the tapestries, and the cedar closets. The citizen

of the world moves in a larger plain, breathes a freer air, must learn a wider sympathy. There is a demand for the courtesies of the immediate occasion, the amenities of the hour, the balance between strangers which tests the fibre of gentleness and good-breeding with a measure beyond that of the hearth-stone or the circle of "one's own set." Conventionalities, after all, hold but little of the spirit of the individual; they meet only the letter of the social code. Exchange of obligations between those of equal grade is a matter so clearly defined that a lapse or offence is freely interpreted as an intended breach, or a confession of unpardonable ignorance. The things that are Cæsar's are rendered with no grudge of tribute. The double measure, the over-gauge of effort and hospitality, is usually accepted as a bid for precedence, an aim for leadership. But the new philosophy of life, the pressure of nature, the call of pleasure, has swept outward from narrow circles and the intrenchments of quiet home centres into the grand Rialtos of the world, the rounds of traffic and trade, the crowded avenues, the brilliant boulevards, ablaze and aglitter, where the song never dies and the lights never fade. Each has here equal right of foothold and place, equal need of consideration and service; as the old Quaker quaintly put it, "Friend, thee has yet to learn that thee counts just one in this world, and no more, and I must ask thee to give more room to thy neighbor." The turns and adjustments, the daily rub and contact, develop character, color and impress mind and manners. The habit and tone of the outside life, the bearing of the hotel *salon*, the circle of the auditorium, the press of the shop, the crowd of the railway compartment or the steamer's deck, come to be the fair measure of calibre and spirit. In due turn the principle, the sympathy, the personality of the *voyageur* create an atmosphere, establish the *entente cor-*

diale, or excite the bristle of the quills. Comrades of the hour, the day, the week, chance companions indeed, with no certified claim upon each other, but with power to make or to mar the comfort, lighten the tedium, add to and share the brightness. That brilliant repartee accredited to old John Randolph of Roanoke when, in passing his political adversary, the latter exclaimed with spleen, "I never give the sidewalk to a scoundrel," he replied, "And I always do," lifting his hat and stepping from the curbstone, held in it a depth of wisdom, and was worthy of a better cause. "I never speak to strangers, never make advances," is by far too much the creed of exclusiveness and reserve. The instinct that would protect from familiarity and aggressiveness can surely trust something to natural acumen and discernment. The opportunity for influence, for good-will, asks rather for the guidance of the Moorish proverb, "If there is any good thing I can do, let me do it now, for I may not pass this way again." It is a long journey through the various stages of the world, and the clasped hands and locked lips give but little spirit of cheer on the way. The *code mutuel* between strangers is one of varying dependence, not of distrust and suspicion. Places are shifted with each turn—in front to-day, behind to-morrow. "I have made my purchases, and am only waiting for my change; you can have my place." "There is room for another to sit, I know, in the length of this car, but why should I move unless I am pressed?" "Do you wish to buy to-day, madam?" The stock is shown with grudge and reserve; the shopping, a mutual service and profit, becomes a dread and a duty. A woman may wear, if she will, plumes that tower like those of Henry of Navarre, or an aureole brim whose circle make a broken and tantalizing picture of the tableaux at the play for those behind, who have paid equal

price for place. The love-song of Isolde, the death-triumph of Tristan, may be broken and destroyed by the chaff and gossip of the moment; there is no "law to prevent it," save that unwritten law of reciprocity—the balance of one to others—which has not yet emphasized itself. The woman whose mind is beyond herself, whose thoughtlessness or whose vanity is not supreme, may in time establish a guild whose members sacrifice convenience to principle; with whom the low theatre bonnet, the twist of velvet, the cluster of flowers and laces, is a silent token of deference and obedience to a creed of higher culture and consideration. In the court theatres of foreign cities, notably at Dresden, individual taste and judgment are not given license. Bonnets and wraps are required to be left with the attendant at the cloak-room, and are as rigorously excluded from parquet and boxes as in our country they are forbidden to mar the circle of the ballroom. The intuition comes with the occasion, the ready suggestion of fitness to the circumstance. Shylock and Antonio give each other but short shrift when hazarding the chances of golden argosies; the "coat and the cloak," the going of "miles twain," is hardly asked for or expected in the stir of personal seeking; but the morning greeting instead of the indifferent stare, the offer of a chair, the unused book, the very recognition of existence, these are small demands that have a time and place. The good Samaritan is always in the heart of every crowded company, or faring along the way, but one has not always the deep wounds that bring him to the front, though the heart may be faint and sore from silence and isolation. That is a pleasant custom in the Old World, the bow of parting to those left behind when a traveller descends from the compartment of the railway carriage. "Adieu, monsieur! Bonjour, madame!"

THE WORLD'S FAIR

ART LESSONS IN THE FAIR

The Century

We confidently assert, on the evidence of all the most experienced judges of art whom it has been possible for us to consult, that the Chicago Exhibition will far surpass even the Paris one of 1889 when considered in its entirety and for its artistic interest. A much more beautiful, scholarly, and monumental type of architecture has been adopted for its main buildings; accessory works of an ornamental kind will be more numerous, more imposing and more original, while at least equally artistic in character; greater care is being taken that harmony of effect shall not be injured by the aspect of minor works of utility or decoration; and the neighborhood of the great lake, and the novel and skilful way in which expanses of water and varied plantations have been made the basis of the plan of the grounds themselves, will much more than compensate for the absence of a rushing river like the Seine and a dominating hill like the Trocadero. The Eiffel Tower is a marvellous, an interesting, and hardly an ugly structure; but it is not an artistic structure. It did not conflict with its surroundings at Paris. But anything resembling it—anything remarkable chiefly for size or for mechanical ingenuity—would look painfully out of place on the Chicago grounds. This fact suffices to prove their higher degree of beauty; and the fact that no conspicuous structure appealing in any way to mere curiosity, or to the love of the new or the marvellous, has been contemplated by the authorities at Chicago, proves how seriously and wisely artistic a spirit is controlling the great enterprise. Those who fail to see the exhibition of 1893 will fail to see the

most beautiful spectacle which has been offered to the eyes of our generation. But those who have time to see only its general aspect, without studying any of its collections—wonderfully interesting though these will be—will have seen the very best of it. When we remember what a great impulse was given to the popular love of art by the collections shown in the exhibition of 1876, what may we not expect as a result of the stately, beautiful, and truly poetic panorama of art that will be unrolled before the eyes of the nation in 1893? It will show for the first time, to scores of thousands of Americans who have never travelled abroad and can scarcely hope to do so, what is the meaning of the word beauty, what is the significance of the word art. It will convince them, as nothing else but long and intelligent foreign travel could, that beauty is an enjoyable thing, that art is a thing worth striving for and paying for. Indeed, no amount of foreign travel could teach this lesson so clearly as it will be taught to the average American by the plain fact that all this stately splendor was thought worth getting and worth paying for by hard-headed American business men, and for a merely temporary purpose. One constantly hears expressions of regret that buildings and sculptures so costly and beautiful should be destined to last for a few months only. But, in truth, their transitory character will vastly augment their missionary power. Even the most ignorant may dimly understand that it is worth while to take pains and spend money upon a result which is to be for all time; but at Chicago they will be told that this is worth while even for a result of almost ephemeral duration. But it is not merely the un-

travelled American, wholly ignorant and neglectful of art, whom the exhibition will profit and instruct. Cultivated Americans think well of their fellow-countrymen in many directions. But as a nation we have as yet too little faith in our artistic capabilities—too little respect for the American artist, too little belief that the nascent love of the public for art is genuine, vital, and strong. The Columbian Exhibition will prove to the most doubting and critical spirit that American art exists, that it is capable of great things, and that it can do great things in a way distinctively its own. Had Chicago equalled Paris it would be greatly to our credit; but it has surpassed Paris. Had it produced a beautiful exhibition in imitation of the Paris Exhibition, it would again be much; but it has conceived an entirely different ideal and carried it out on entirely novel lines. We shall have an exhibition more dignified, beautiful and truly artistic than any the world has seen; and it will be entirely our own, in general idea and in every detail of its execution. It will convince all cultured Americans, we repeat, of the vitality and vigor and independence of American art; and we believe its effect upon the vast public which will view it will convince them of the genuineness of the nascent American love of art. Of course the learning of these great lessons will quickly react for good upon the American artist, opening to him wider fields, creating for him a more sympathetic public, exalting him to nobler ambitions, inspiring him to more strenuous efforts, deepening and strengthening his self-respect and his respect for art as a valued factor in the life of the nation. So wisely have the architectural types for the chief buildings been chosen that, we believe, they will do much to determine the lines of our architectural work in the future; and, at all events, no artist who visits Chicago can fail to learn the great lesson that in harmony and

fraternity of effort lies our best hope of a noble artistic development. We shall not speak of the great effect this exhibition will have in increasing the respect of foreigners for the people of the United States. This seems to us a very minor point in comparison with the effect it will have upon ourselves. Its national will be of far more vital importance than its international effect. What we chiefly wish to lay stress upon is its claim upon Americans as a very beautiful spectacle, and, still more forcibly, its claim upon Americans as a very instructive spectacle. It will delight their eyes as nothing else has ever done. It will teach them the nature and value of art as nothing else could do. And it will affirm and increase their faith in those democratic institutions which once more, in a new field, have proved themselves capable of a magnificent, an unrivalled achievement.

A HINT AS TO DECORATION

Mrs. Van Rensselaer.....The Chicago Times

Unfortunately I, too, am a layman, an amateur, one who has no real right to meddle with aristocratic matters, except after they have become tangible results. When, some weeks ago, I spoke of the coming decoration of New York it was chiefly to say that it ought to be put into the hands of artists—that artists ought to do as much of it as possible, and ought to advise the public with regard to doing the rest. I may now repeat what I added then in the way of more detailed suggestion—that in foreign cities on similar occasions very good use is made of heavy ropes and wreaths of foliage and of oriental rugs; that contiguous buildings ought to be decorated according to some general harmonious scheme, and that a few big and telling ornaments are always better than a great many small ones. But the only advice that I really ought to give is that if a printed guide is wanted the one that a committee of New York artists is prepar-

ing for use in our city would doubtless prove as helpful in Chicago, and that, if practical assistance is wanted, the great corps of artists working upon the Fair grounds should be applied to. Of course I know that, in the language of New England, they are "that druv" with their own special tasks that it is a sinful shame to suggest any addition to the responsibilities. But I do not doubt that they would bear their last straw with patriotic courage if, for example, it took the shape of a request to appoint juries to decide upon the merits of competitive designs for street decoration, after the example set by their less busy comrades in New York.

THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD

Buffalo News

The main building, or as it is strictly termed, the building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, is a wonder among the wonders. It was designed by George B. Post, of New York, who is known in Buffalo as the designer of the Erie County Savings Bank building. This is the largest building ever erected by man. It covers 1,687 x 787 feet of ground space, or 31 acres, and cost \$1,750,000. Two of the biggest pyramids could be placed side by side within it. The next largest building in the world, St. Peter's at Rome, could be set up in it and viewed from the galleries as an exhibit. The Auditorium is one of the most notable buildings in the West, extending from Michigan Street to Wabash Avenue, but it and 19 more of the same size could be set down under the roof of the Manufactures' Building. I had the good fortune to visit this building while workmen were still engaged on the roof trusses, and they looked like spiders and flies up among the massive beams and girders. The central hall is a room of a fraction less than 11 acres, without a supporting pillar under its roof. The iron and steel in the trusses of this building would build two Brooklyn bridges. It is

theoretically possible to mobilize here the largest standing army of the world, that of Russia. There are 40 carloads of glass in the roof. The lumber in the building represents 1,100 acres of average Michigan pine trees. The building will be provided with 10,000 electric lights.

JAPANESE ART AT THE FAIR

Georgia Cayan.....The Inter-Ocean

In Kyoto we visited the studio of Namikawa, the greatest artist in cloissonné ware in all Japan. The Japanese name for this ware is shippo yaki. Namikawa was formerly a nobleman in attendance at the Court of the Mikado. His skill and love of art had led him to apply himself solely to his chosen occupation. All work is designed by himself alone, and nothing that is not perfect is allowed to leave the work-room. Not more than fifty pieces, large and small, are ever completed in a single year by him and his assistants, and sometimes the number is much smaller. All of his work is practically beyond value, and so highly prized that it is doubtful if at present there is a single specimen of the artist's ware in America. There are two other artists of the same name, one located at Nagoya and the other at Tokio, both pupils of the master, and, according to a Japanese custom, bearing his name. But the master is in Kyoto, and his works are priceless. In his studio we were shown two immense vases, replicas of two made for and now in the emperor's palace. They are for the fair. Two workmen have been constantly engaged upon them for the past year and a half, and expect to be another year yet in completing them. They are covered with most exquisite detail work, sharply defined by hammered copper wire. When all is done, there is still the risk of fracture of the enamel in the firing, and it is certain that if they are not absolutely perfect, Namikawa will not allow them to be

shipped here. Neither his wife nor himself could speak any English and we but little Japanese; but "Hakurankwai, Chicago," caused them both to beam with good nature; and after we had partaken of tea, kneeling in the Japanese manner while drinking it, we were shown many pieces of small ware, which were beautiful and artistic beyond description. The artist in Tokio has invented a new kind of cloissonné, whereby he almost entirely discards or completely hides the copper wires to hold the pattern. We saw one representing a cherry-tree, the trunk of which was outlined by wires in bold relief, while the blossoms and leaves were soft and feathery against the background. The process is not known outside of this studio. He also reproduces old parchment pictures in a most delicate and exquisite manner, with tints of the ivory background preserved. We were shown a screen which was intended for the fair, but which the artist feared to send on account of the dryness of our climate, which would tend to check the material and destroy the article. The Japanese garden at the fair will be a revelation to the gardeners as to what may be done in prescribed quarters. While capable of beautifying nature on large scales, it is surpassing what the Japanese can do with the diminutive. Four feet square is a boundless vista to them and capable of great things in landscape-gardening. We have seen a parklet eight inches square in which there was growing dwarf shrubbery and flowers, and which was diversified with ponds, bridges, hills, paths, summer-houses, lanterns, and all necessary to the beautiful in the little. We wandered one day in a maple grove where no trees were more than an inch and a half high. We have seen dwarf pines six or eight inches high that were 125 years old, and others a foot high known to have existed for 500 years. Cherry and plum trees are cultivated in dwarf

form for sake of the blossom only and not allowed to come to fruit. All Japanese are anxious to send to the fair something which will add to the honor of their country; but we found they were sorely afraid of enormous customs duties which might be charged by this country. We assured them to the contrary, as far as our limited knowledge extended, but were not sure how much ground they had for their fears. We were able to describe to them the lovely location which had been set aside for them—the island in the lake—and which coincides so thoroughly with their artistic natures. They have, notwithstanding their poverty, gone into this preparation for the fair with great zeal, and already their appropriations for expenses is one-third larger than contributed by England. All Japanese have a great desire to come to America, and we were besieged with applications to "please bring them over." They are an imitative race, and with the primitive means and clumsy tools at their command will successfully duplicate any work of other nations. Their methods seem to us as always beginning wrong end to, but the result is perfect. I could continue almost indefinitely describing what will be seen in the Japanese exhibit. A gallery of figures carved in wood, wonderfully life-like, and commemorating incidents and people, like Mme. Tussaud's in London; articles of bamboo and paper, of which materials it is said the Japanese can make anything under the sun; carved ivories, wonderful photographs, handsome lacquer-ware of new and surprising designs, elaborate embroideries, silver and bronze work—in fact, everything which the Japanese can make, and all of which are novel to this country, will be placed upon that little island, and show to the civilized world how far beyond them partially civilized Japan has gone in all the works of peace and industry.

LYRICS AND SONNETS

RAIN-SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD

William H. Hayne.....The Christian Union

Before the advent of the rain
The mocking-bird was still,
Drowsed by the languor of the leaves,
The warm air of the hill.

But now above the brightening green
He sings a silvery strain,
Born of the plaintive tenderness
And rhythm of the rain.

TO LUCASTA

Richard Lovelace

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind;
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more

SONG

Maurice Gordon... ..The Traveler's Record

Sweet! you loved me yesterday,
And I swore by yea and nay,
That the moon might shift her place,
Stars go wandering through space,
Sunsets lose their gracious hue,
Ere I ceased to care for you!

Then I praised you, grave and gay.
Darling! that was yesterday.

Sweet! the moon shines as of old,
 Stars their wonted places hold,
 Sunsets' hues are unestranged,
 Only you and I are changed!
 Love existed but to die:
 Who's to blame, dear, you or I?
 Who's to blame? Ah, who can say!
 Would that it were yesterday!

THE WEST WIND

J. E. P. The London World

Oh, full of promise is this sonsie wind!
 Oh, debonair, and young, and crowned with gold
 Is the sweet world he's courting free and bold!
 See, at his call the hedgerow swift is twined
 With honeysuckle bloom; and, lo! we find
 Hid in her nest the thrush, her love-tale told,
 Waiting fruition; while the sparrows scold
 About the martens' homes all softly lined.

He whistles loud, and music fills the ear;
 He smiles, and straightway flowers spring to birth;
 He laughs, and men are to each other dear;
 He touches with his hand the fruitful earth,
 And, yielding him the harvest of the year,
 She gives him all her best, nor heeds the dearth!

AT END OF LOVE

The Late Philip Bourke Marston The Independent

As one who, dying in some alien place—
 Some Northern land no lavish sun makes bright—
 Dreams in the silent watches of the night
 How once it fared with him by other ways,
 Through large blue eyes and deep, warm Southern days;
 And seems once more to see things out of sight,
 And hear old sounds that bring back old delight,
 Yet is aware, the while, what words Death says—

So now, at end of Love, I ponder still
 On all Love's glory which was once mine own;

And sweet elusive visions come to fill
 My dreams with beauty, and some long-lost tone
 Thrills through the dark; but in the dawning chill
 I wake, I wake—and know I am alone.

OFF THE ISLE AUX COUDRES

Duncan Campbell Scott.....The Independent

The moon, Capella bright and Hercules
 Silver the river's gray, uncertain floor;
 Only a heron haunts the grassy shore;
 A fox barks sharply in the cedar trees.
 Then come the lift and lull of plangent seas,
 Swaying the light marsh grasses more and more,
 Until they float and the slow tide brims o'er;
 And then a rivulet runs along the breeze.

Oh, night! thou art so beautiful, so strange, so sad!
 I feel that sense of scope and ancientness
 Of all the mighty empires thou hast had
 Dreaming of power beneath thy palace dome;
 Of how thou art, untouched by their distress,
 Supreme above this dreaming land, my home.

AT MIDSUMMER

Louise Chandler Moulton.....The Cosmopolitan

The spacious Noon enfolds me with its peace—
 The affluent Midsummer wraps me round:
 So still the earth and air that scarce a sound
 Affronts the silence, and the swift caprice
 Of one stray bird's lone call does but increase
 The sense of some compelling hush, profound,
 Some spell by which the whole vast world is bound
 Till star-crowned Night smile downward its release.

I sit and dream—midway of the long day—
 Midway of the glad year—midway of life—
 My whole world seems, indeed, to hold its breath:
 For me the sun stands still upon his way—
 The winds for one glad hour remit their strife—
 Then Day, and Year, and Life whirl on toward Death.

PRACTICAL SIDE OF LIFE: SCIENCE: INDUSTRY

THE SALT INDUSTRY OF CHESHIRE

The Speaker

The recent conflict between the Salt Union and their workmen at Winsford and Northwich, the disturbances, and finally the happy solution of the difficulties by the mediation of the Bishop of Chester, have drawn attention to one of the most interesting districts in England and to one of her most important industries. In the early tertiary period a chain of great salt lagoons extended from the Mersey to the Bristol Channel. It was not an arm of the sea, but a series of lakes, into which perhaps at times of high tide and strong westerly winds the sea still flowed, but which were also periodically flooded with rain-water carrying down with it large quantities of mud and rolled stone. At some time unknown these lakes were elevated and dried up, leaving pans of salt rock of the average depth of 100 feet, sometimes extending to the thickness of 180 feet. Then the surface sank once more, and the salt rock was buried under Keuper marls to the depth of 30 feet. Then recommenced a second epoch of salt lagoons with a second elevation and drying up of these lakes, leaving a second series of pans of salt, forming a seam of 63 feet thick. Finally the whole subsided and was covered up in gypsum, marl, and rubble, to the depth of 120 feet. At Northwich the total depth from the surface to the bottom of the lower seam of salt rock is 300 feet. A curious phenomenon exists in connection with the upper seam, which is that over it lie what are locally termed "brine-runs" about 67 feet below the surface and about 50 feet above the upper salt bed. These brine-runs are, in fact, the surface water that has penetrated to the salt rock through

the permeable upper strata, and has taken up as much of the salt as it can hold in solution, consuming, in so doing, a corresponding amount of rock. Some, but not all, of these brine-runs are in connection. At Newbridge wells, on the Weaver, it is noticed that when the works lower down the river cease pumping, after a while an overflow of brine ensues and rises up their wells. The brine seems to accumulate, overflow an underground barrier, and feed another brine-run. The brine may be said to be a vast underground salt sea with its creeks and inlets. It lies solely over the upper salt rock, which is less pure from mud and rubble than the lower salt rock, which latter seam is alone worked for rock-salt. Of rock-salt there are not many mines, for the demand is limited. For the salt artificially derived from the brine the demand is practically unlimited. There are other brine-runs in Europe besides those of Cheshire, but none are comparable in strength. The Cheshire brine contains 25 per cent of salt, whereas sea-water contains but $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It may be seen at once that it is vastly more economic to evaporate the brine from the wells than that from the ocean. Where, as in France and Portugal, the sun acts as the evaporator, there Cheshire salt cannot compete; but Cheshire salt has not only the home market, but the East Indies, the United States, British North America, and Africa, which it supplies. In order to reach the brine, shafts are sunk. The approach to the underground reservoir is suspected directly a hard crust, locally termed "beany metal," is reached. Directly this has been pierced, up the shaft surges the brine, driving the workmen before it. The shaft having been driven into the

reservoir, a pump is let down, and this entirely depends on the supports at the surface. The lower end is in the brine, and though it may be rested at first on the upper salt rock, yet as this is speedily consumed by the water, it is soon left hanging in space. In sinking the shafts through the bowlder clay it is found that the whole of it is charged with water; consequently it is necessary to line the shaft sides to keep this water from getting into contact with the salt. No sooner does the pump begin to work than the brine reservoir is set in motion. Water dissolves the salt and holds it in solution, it does not mechanically sweep it away and hold it in suspension like mud. The brine is drawn off by the pump; thereupon fresh water percolates through the drift, reaches the rock, and takes up more salt, converting itself into brine. The more rapid and extensive the pumping is the greater amount of salt rock is dissolved and carried away. After a while the rock is almost completely removed—not completely, for it is never pure salt—and then the natural result ensues, a subsidence of the surface of the land over the artificially produced vault. The results of these sinkages in the surface are most serious. Whole fields, orchards, streets, churches, houses are let down into the earth and their sites are converted into lakes—not salt, for the brine is far heavier than fresh water. But to return to the manufacture. When the brine has been pumped up, it fills a reservoir open to the air, bricked and cemented, and from this main reservoir the several pans are fed from which the salt is obtained. The pans for table salt are about 30 feet long by 22 feet wide and 18 inches deep. Fires are lighted under the pans at one end and the flames and smoke are carried the whole length of the pans, and beneath an adjoining “stove house.” As soon as the brine begins to boil and give off steam, immediately fine crystals of salt are

formed on the surface at the further end from the fires. Men, locally termed “wallers,” are employed with long rakes to draw the crystals to the side, when a mass like snow is drawn out on the rakes and shaken into “tubs”—wooden shapes in which the salt hardens. These tubs stand on what is called the “hurdles”—a floor with openings in it between which the water can drain away. Unless the crystals, as they form, be drawn off, they sink to the bottom. After the tubs have been filled the salt is “stoved”—taken to the hot chamber, where it becomes completely dry and gives a metallic ring to the finger that strikes it. The very fine table salt used now is made by crushing the salt after it has been made into shapes between revolving discs of metal and passing it through a sieve. No brine is absolutely pure, and the pans have to be “poisoned” to purify the salt. The poisoning consists in putting a little soft soap or calf’s-foot jelly into the pan before it boils. The scum thus produced collects the impurities, and it is taken off with a wooden skimmer. Besides this, the chloride of lime or gypsum, which is in solution along with the chloride of sodium or salt, sinks and settles in “scale” at the bottom and on the sides of the pans, and has to be removed with chisel and hammer once a week. The “wallers,” or men who rake the brine, work in almost complete nudity; indeed, clothing would be intolerable, owing to the heat and the density of the steam. They are a remarkably healthy set of men, and do not suffer from pulmonary or zymotic diseases. The wallers go to their work about 6 A.M., and are succeeded in the evening by a night gang; but in some cases the whole work is completed at 4 P.M. The men are paid 2s. 1½d. or 2s. 3½d. per ton for making this salt, but they have to clean the pans of scale without pay. The “butter salt” is salt that has not been stoved. It is not put into moulds, but shot into barges or loaded

in trucks on the line. A pan will make 51 tons of "handed squares," *i.e.*, moulded salt, 80 in a ton, each, when dry, weighing a quarter of a hundredweight. There are various kinds of salt made. The finer the crystal the more rapid the boiling. Bay salt, where the crystals are large and coarse, takes many days in formation. The salt is either conveyed away by train in trucks or by barges locally known as "flats;" and the Weaver Valley Canal is the great highway for the traffic of salt. At one time the manufacture of salt was in the hands of private individuals or small companies, but of late a Salt Union has been formed which has bought up most—not all—of the private ventures, and is endeavoring to engross the whole of the salt manufacture in Great Britain, with the result that it will control the output and rule the price of salt, not for England only but for America and India as well.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR BRAIN-WORKERS

Wilton Tournier.....*The Christian Union*

Frequently we read of some splendid professional or business man dropping out of life through nervous prostration. Indeed, the number who succumb to this growing malady has increased alarmingly of late, and the death-rate of those who commit suicide is also on the increase. Eminent medical men agree that this is chiefly owing to overworking the brain and the neglect of bodily exercise, hence irritability and sleeplessness through the inability to stop thinking at night. Finally, if no remedy is sought, the faculty of the imagination breaks away from the will. Mind-activity pushed too far impairs the general health and endangers the brain, which, when overworked, is unable to recuperate by nutrition; then, if the nervous forces continue to be pushed, the body breaks down and the symptoms of nervous prostration appear, and many so afflicted die of exhaustion, Bright's disease, etc.,

who would live to old age if physical strength were not squandered and vital forces wasted. The best preventive against the growing malady of nervous prostration is judicious habitual physical exercise. Constant and regular exercise is necessary for all brain-workers—the middle-aged as well as the young. Gladstone, the famous English statesman on whom the hopes of a nation depend, is alive to the value of physical training. By earnest physical exercise he has built up a strong and healthy body and keeps it in a condition to resist disease. Exercise aids digestion, improves physique, clears the mind, and gives grace and assurance. The fundamental functions of the body are the functions of the heart and lungs; and as the welfare of the body depends largely upon those functions, it is well to use means to develop and strengthen them, which can be done by proper physical exercise; by so doing better oxygenated blood is carried to the muscles, and conditions created which develop the nervous system. One hour of earnest daily exercise is necessary for the brain-worker, for a lack of muscular activity entails a reduced activity of the heart which frequently proves fatal.

ROOKWOOD POTTERY

Maude Haywood.....*The Ladies' Home Journal*

Probably there is no distinctively native industry of which Americans have more right to feel proud than that being so successfully carried on at the Rookwood Pottery in Cincinnati. It is a standing testimony to two important facts in the development of the national life and character. In the first place, being entirely local in origin and growth, it is in itself a decisive proof of the real existence of an artistic element essentially American. And secondly, in having been founded by a woman, it is a witness to the important and active share taken by women in the work of this country, a privilege pe-

culiarly American, and not paralleled except in comparatively rare instances in the nations of the Old World. On the other hand, the proudest boast of Rookwood is that in no sense can the manufactory be said to own anything of the principles of its existence to outside sources. Its development and growth, as in all true life, has been from within, although the founders have, of course, from time to time, as it seemed expedient, made use of foreign talent or profited by the discoveries and experience of foreign art. Hence an originality and an individuality in the work produced impossible under any other conditions, and thereby, also, has the pottery claimed and proved its right to existence on the highest and truest art principles. Asking nothing from without and employing for material clay brought from their own Ohio watershed, shaped into simple but artistic forms, decorated with flowers modelled direct from nature and enriched with those wonderful and now well-known glazes, in less than ten years from its foundation this hitherto comparatively obscure pottery bore away the honors of an international exhibition, and commanded the wonder and admiration of Europe, where the vases there shown for the first time bore their part in an added revelation to the Old World of the unguessed-at powers and possibilities of American industrial art. The situation and exterior of the original pottery were, perhaps, about as unsuggestive of the work carried on within the walls of the factory as any place could possibly be. Although the city of Cincinnati has gained for itself the reputation of being the art city of America, it does not certainly possess to the eyes of an ordinary observer the characteristic appearance of an art centre. The city, which lies in a valley surrounded by hills, is composed almost entirely of factories and business houses, the dwellings of the better class being nearly all situated on the heights within the suburbs,

but outside the city proper. The old factory where all the ware has been produced until within the last few months is situated at a railroad crossing overlooking the Ohio River at the rear. The original building was an old school-house, which stands now just as it appeared when first taken into use by Mrs. Storer, the foundress of Rookwood. As need required the building was added to, and grew much in dimensions, but, of course, both in character and size the place has been for some time entirely inadequate for the purpose to which it was devoted. Last year a new manufactory was completed in every way suitable and worthy both in architectural design and interior arrangements for the requirements of the manufactory. Its situation is most picturesque. It stands on one of the eminences just outside the city, and is reached by cars raised by hydraulic power up the steep incline. The view looking from the windows of the building over toward the city is very fine, and the varied atmospheric effects visible thence from time to time suggestive of Turner's happiest efforts. The building itself, as one approaches it, is very decorative in character, and the huge kiln chimneys, as forming a very necessary part of its construction, give to the whole a certain suggestive individuality not unpleasing from an artistic standpoint. The grounds have been laid out with a view to the cultivation of the flowers employed in the decoration of the pottery. Within, no pains have been spared to make the building all that it should be, with due regard to its artistic possibilities, but above all aiming that the accommodations and conveniences shall be as perfect as modern improvements and actual experience of the requirements of the pottery can make them. The new kilns have been built so that they may be heated by means of oil, vaporated by air pressure, which ignited makes a gaseous flame, giving a steady and equally distributed heat; by this means it is hoped

that the results of the firing may be more certain and reliable than by the old methods. The details of all the arrangements could hardly be interesting to any except those actually engaged in pursuit of the art, but a visit to the pottery, where strangers are always welcome, could not fail to be a delightful and instructive experience to any who may have the opportunity of making it. In these days of mechanical manufacture, when steam or electric engines and all kinds of noisy but labor-saving contrivances do most of our work, there is a peculiar attraction about a pottery where, after the clay is pounded and mixed, all the work is carried on directly by human hands. After the clay is prepared, the vases are thrown on the potter's wheel, a most fascinating process to watch when done skilfully. When thrown or cast the ware has next to receive the modelled decoration characteristic of the pottery manufactured here, and in order to preserve the pieces in the proper degree of moisture during the subsequent processes they are placed in a damp house, until having passed through the hands of several artists they are ready to be dried, which must be done very thoroughly preparatory to the first firing. When the form of the piece is satisfactorily made the coloring is next laid on, while the ware is still damp. Sometimes the design is wholly in relief, and in other cases portions of the design are flatly painted. Only about five colors are employed, and usually the utmost simplicity is maintained in applying them. At this point the ware is baked in the kiln for a period of about twenty-eight hours, and after the first firing it is described as "biscuit." It has to be dipped in the glaze and given another and a lighter firing before the piece is finally completed. Sometimes two glazes and a third firing are required. Although every step of the process, from the first shaping of the clay, bears a more or less important share toward the per-

fection of the finished piece, nevertheless it is certain that in the secrets of this glazing lies much of the wonderful and peculiar beauty of the Rookwood ware. By its means the most varied and exquisite effects are obtained, unsurpassed for richness and brilliancy. Most of the ware is very highly glazed and deep in color, but lately experiments have been made resulting in the manufacture of pieces having a light ground and dull finish and designed mostly for table use. The usual decoration of the ware is in flowers, treated in a naturalistic manner, the motives being copied directly from nature. A few figure pieces have been made, but not very many, so far, and the subjects have been mostly grotesque or humorous, some of Caldecott's drawings having been utilized with happy effect. Occasionally small animals, such as field mice and also insects, are introduced, being treated naturally. It must, however, be remembered that in reality the glory of the ware lies greatly in the beauty of the color and glaze, which is impossible to adequately represent in black and white, however accurately the designs may be rendered. A fact of which the pottery may justly boast is that not only is the rule adhered to that no piece should ever be duplicated, but also the standard of excellence is kept very high, each piece being the subject of individual study and made as perfectly as possible. The story of the origin and rise of the pottery, which is nowadays widely known, is not only interesting, but should be both instructive and inspiring to the country of its foundress, Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer. It is often said, and well said, that what has been done may be done again. In the history of Rookwood the principles and reasons of its success may be very readily traced. It is undoubted that the key-note to that success lay in the first instance in Mrs. Storer's personal character. She is an artist by nature, with an intense love for the work which she under-

took and which grew up so wonderfully in her hands. She comes of one of the old Cincinnati families, whose history may truly be said to be bound up in the life and interests of the city itself. She received her art training originally at the local art academy, which owed much to the patronage and bounty of her father, Mr. Longworth. Unlike many other rich American women, Mrs. Storer preferred the pursuit of art to any other occupation or amusement, and she had the opportunity and means of gratifying her tastes. Without any idea of the ultimate development of her scheme she started to make pottery, simply for her own enjoyment, in a small school-house, no longer required for its original purpose, situated, as before described, on Eastern Avenue, in Cincinnati. Only a few were at first associated with her, and they were greatly aided by a practical potter, Mr. Bailey, who has continued in the works ever since, through all its rise and growth. It is not to be wondered at that he seems to recall with especial affection memories connected with the early days of the manufactory. Although almost from the first the ware was sold and the enterprise conducted on business principles, yet it will be seen that the undertaking was started and carried on more for and in a love of the art than from any mercenary consideration. The same spirit has been maintained to a greater or less extent down to the present day, and is a further explanation of the well-merited success of the pottery. Later, as the business grew and widened so greatly, Mrs. Storer gradually withdrew from the more active management of it, contenting herself with using her interest and influence in the art department, to which the president of the pottery, Mr. W. W. Taylor, who joined himself to its interests in 1883 attaches no small value, attributing much of the peculiar character of the Rookwood success to her influence as a woman and an artist. In the new

building a room has been reserved for her private use in experimenting. The pottery is now formed into a company, comprising fifteen shareholders, people not only of wealth but more or less lovers of art, who are able and willing to uphold the best interests of the manufactory, while not altogether neglecting the question of pecuniary benefit. The management and direction of the works are entirely in the hands of the president, Mr. Taylor, whose practical business ability, united to his artistic judgment and his enthusiasm, is manifested by the increasing prosperity of the undertaking. The watchword of the pottery is improvement always. Experiments are being constantly made, and the day rarely passes in which something new is not either learned or discovered.

THE GIANT CUNARDER

The London Times

The largest vessel save the Great Eastern that has ever been built will be launched on the Clyde, from the yard of the Fairfield Company. She is one of two new liners that have been ordered for the service of the Cunard Company, and she is to be called the *Campania*. It is expected that she will be completed in time to make her first trip to New York in April next, immediately prior to the opening of the Chicago Exhibition. The *Great Eastern* was 692 feet long by 83 feet broad. The *Campania* will be but 92 feet shorter and 8 feet narrower, and will, when fully loaded with cargo, passengers, and stores, have a displacement which is estimated at over 19,000 tons. This is a displacement by at least 3,000 tons greater than that of any ship, merchant vessel or man-of-war, now in existence. It is anticipated that upon her trials, when loaded to a displacement of something over 14,000 tons, she will attain a speed of 23 knots, or nearly 26½ land miles per hour; and she will, not improbably, exceed even this. Upon her voyage she is to

make a continuous speed from port to port of 21 knots, or 24.1 land miles; and this speed is tolerably certain to be improved upon after she has made a few trips. It is understood that her weight, upon the day of the launch, will be 9,000 tons. Her engines are ready for her, but no part of them will be put on board until she is in the water. The machinery consists of twin phosphor-bronze screws, driven by two pairs of triple-expansion engines, each capable of indicating up to 15,000 horse-power. Each engine has two cranks and five cylinders. There will be 12 double-ended boilers, each with eight furnaces, and there will be six stokeholds. The funnels, two in number, will be the largest ever made. The launching of so huge a vessel will present considerable difficulties, as the river at Govan is narrow. The Campania will be sent into the water obliquely with her stern down stream, will then be towed up the river to a basin in which, with care, she can be turned round, and will finally be taken to a specially prepared jetty close to the launching ways, and will there be completed for sea. Excepting only her rudder, she is entirely of British construction. The rudder, formed of a single steel plate, is so wide that no British firm possessed the necessary machinery for rolling it, and the work had, in consequence, to be intrusted to Krupp, of Essen.

THE PRINTING OF "THE TIMES"

Edmund Vincent..... *The English Illustrated*

We are now in a position to give a rough sketch of the men concerned in producing, choosing, and arranging the matter, apart from advertisements, which appears in the Times. They are the editor, an assistant editor, foreign director, and the so-called city editor, though here again the word "editor" is to my mind misapplied. There are x leader-writers, there are six or seven sub-editors, and midway between them and the printers are the readers. There are

also x special correspondents, y reporters, assigned to districts and peripatetic, and z semi-attached reporters. In the United Kingdom there is a local correspondent of every town of importance; in every country in the world almost is an accomplished gentleman entitled to call himself "our own correspondent." Of these M. de Blowitz is the type and the ideal. No mystery puzzles him, no effort is too great for his unrivalled memory, no subject is so serious but that he can write upon it or dictate upon it in a style which always charms. The world may laugh at him now and again, but it is with the indulgent laughter accorded to a European favorite. Even now I have omitted the full staff of reporters in the House of Commons, who enable the Times to give practically the only complete report of debates published daily in England, and the law reporters, barristers all, including men appointed to each circuit, at the head of whom is the most indefatigable and the most humorous of men, the favorite of bench and bar, who has always a kindly word for a struggling junior and a merry anecdote for the jaded leader. Still there remain the multitudinous reviewers, the dramatic critic, the musical critic, the art critic, the gentleman who makes the turf his study, the yachtsman, the rowing critic, the observer of cricket. The names of gentlemen of this class are indeed legion—they are as numerous as the pursuits of men. The management of this great organization is conducted by Mr. Arthur F. Walter, with the invaluable assistance of Mr. Moberly Bell. It may readily be imagined these gentlemen have abundant occupation. Advertisements, sales, correspondence with men at home and abroad in the service of the paper, and a thousand matters besides come within their purview; but they do not allow the world to pry into their business or into their manner of conducting it. They have been heard to observe, however, that

the world thinks it knows more of the details of the business of the Times than the whole of the Times staff put together, and that none of the statements made concerning its circulation are even near the truth. Thus much, however, may be known. The circulation of the Times is among prosperous people who can afford to buy what they want. It is a better medium, for example, for the advertisement of a grouse-moor, or an estate for sale, or a yacht, or a carriage, than for an advertisement of a costermonger's cart or a second-rate public-house. Advertisements come to it not because its circulation is known to be large, which it is, but because its constituency is eminently prosperous. It must, moreover, be borne in mind that the circulation of the Times is very much larger than the numbers published. It has been computed that on an average every copy is read by about five persons.

THE PARTRIDGE

John Burroughs.....The Youth's Companion

An interesting incident to me the past season was seeing, on two occasions, a partridge sitting upon her nest in the woods. It was an incident which one does not witness every season. One of the partridges had come up out of the dense woods and nested near a path on the edge of a large cemetery. A bevy of school-girls, after wild flowers in May, first discovered her. Their skirts almost brushed her before she stirred. Her nest was at the foot of an oak a few yards from the open ground. She could command the approaches in all directions and fly whichever way she chose. My friend and I approached to within a few yards of her and stood and regarded her to our hearts' content. Her color so blended her with surrounding objects that she was practically invisible. On such occasions the bird is as motionless as a stone till she springs from her nest and is off on booming wing. We did not disturb her this time, but with-

drew as gently as we had approached. The brood was soon out and off, and I hope prosperous. The other partridge was sitting upon her nest in the woods near an old road but little used. As it was late June, it was probably her second attempt at rearing a family. This is the more probable as she was sitting upon only five eggs, when from twelve to fifteen are the usual complement. Indeed, it may have been her third attempt. Under the guidance of Martin, who lived near by, we approached and observed her from the road a few paces away. Martin had a task to pilot our eyes to the exact spot. One had to pass his eyes over the ground as he passes his hand over a table in the dark to find a pin. She, too, was at the foot of a tree, but the red leaves and the gray bark and brown fragments of wood were all copied in her plumage. Presently we made her out, and then we wondered we had not seen her before. After some moments we took a few steps toward her, when she went humming away. As she left the nest, she fanned the dry leaves so with her wings that several of them sprang up and settled upon the eggs, quite covering them. I have observed this before. It is probably the result of design on the part of the bird. The nest is usually little more than a depression in the dry leaves, but its simplicity may be the result of a shrewd wisdom. If the bird ran from her nest before taking flight, she would seem to run less risk of breaking her eggs by the sudden withdrawal of her feet from among them; but in that case they would not be covered up by the leaves, as they usually are when she takes flight directly from the nest. Martin kept his eye on this nest for me, and noted what time elapsed after the young were out of the shell before they were led away by the parent bird. One morning he visited them at nine o'clock, and the young were just out, as they were still moist. Apparently they had all hatched at the same

time. At noon he visited the place again and found the nest empty; the brood was a few yards away. So brief is the period of helplessness of these creatures! After they can run they have little need of wings. The tactics of the mother and their own wit and protective coloring shield them most effectively. As you come suddenly upon them, does the mother bird flee and tell her young to follow? Not a bit of it. She springs up with spread wings and tail, and would fain fill the space all about you with her presence and the sound of her wings and voice. She makes herself just as conspicuous and noisy as possible, and sets every dry leaf in commotion all about her. Under cover of this bluster the young scatter and hide in a twinkling. Before you have got over your surprise they have vanished like spirits, and the parent bird, lame and halt and apparently blind, flutters along before you, tempting you to stoop and pick her up, till she has lured you a few yards away, when she suddenly recovers herself and is gone. Seeing how you have been fooled, you return to the spot and search for the young; but I have never known a person to find one under such circumstances. I once caught one by refusing to have my attention diverted by the mother and concentrating it on the young. One of them squatted amid the leaves which its parent's wings had set in motion, and I picked it up, when it squatted in the palm of my open hand. After they can fly, the brood when disturbed scatter in all directions. The mother gives the signal, when up they all spring like an explosion. Union may be strength, but the young partridges know it is not safety for them. Later in the fall, when full grown, they will, on being flushed, usually all take the same general direction. The hardness and the cunning of the partridge will probably insure its continuance in our woods in the face of all the guns and traps that are brought

against it. It takes advantage of every circumstance. Think of it plunging beneath the snow and passing the night there, snug and warm; or of sitting down and letting the falling snow bury it! When the hunter or walker comes upon it at such times, there is a sudden explosion in the snow at his feet as if some kind of frost cannon or mortar had been discharged, and he sees the brown missile go humming through the woods before him. When the partridge cannot get food upon the ground it can get buds upon the trees. Birch buds are its favorite, and when it wants a change it visits in the early morning the apple-trees in the orchard or the wild apple-trees in the remote pasture. It is said that the complacent way in which the partridge allows itself to be snowed under sometimes brings it to grief. The storm changes to rain before morning, and then as suddenly it becomes cold and freezes, thus forming a crust beneath which the luckless bird is imprisoned. I have never seen anything of this kind, and cannot believe that this shrewd bird is often caught napping in this way. The partridge has a cunning enemy in the fox, but I am convinced that Reynard does not often have this choice morsel for his dinner. The oldest hunters report having seen but little evidence of this fact. The hawk, too, rarely surprises it. I remember that once when I was a boy, on returning from the hay-field at noon, we found a partridge, nearly grown, at the edge of the woods, with its head partly torn off, evidently by the stroke of a hawk. Nests are probably more often broken up by crows and skunks. The partridge is pre-eminently the game-bird of this country. It abounds almost everywhere, and it is always a challenge to the best skill of the sportsman. The hunting of it is full of surprises and disappointments. It is a kind of bitter-sweet pleasure, and hence about the most tonic pastime the country affords. What country boy

has not been fired with the ambition to kill a partridge—to outwit and bring home this hardy game? He has not won his spurs as a gunner till he has killed his grouse. How many autumn days have I, as a lad, scoured the woods in quest of this bird, and how few of them have I, all told, brought home with me! Probably not more than half a dozen in all my life. The country boy does not hope to shoot it on the wing in true sportsman fashion; this is a feat almost beyond his belief. He hopes to see it on the ground or in a tree and kill it before it takes flight, and once in five or six years, if he is diligent, he will do so. The first time I ever carried a gun alone into the woods I killed my first partridge. The gun was an old flint-lock musket, which my father had loaded for me. The partridge was upon the ground beside a small fallen tree; and she was evidently a kind-hearted bird and wanted to give the boy a chance. She jumped upon the trunk of this little tree three or four rods from me and began to walk back and forth upon it with spread tail and elevated ruff, and uttering some chiding note, as if to say, "Now, little boy, now fire away." I could not hold the old musket out at arm's-length, so I sat down by a small bush, rested the gun upon a twig, took aim, and began to pull the trigger. I felt it begin to yield, and in half a breath expected the crash to come, when the twig broke and let my gun down upon the ground. Still the game kept promenading up and down the prostrate tree, jerking her tail and threatening to be off if I fooled much longer. I lifted the gun to another branch, took aim again, and pulled desperately. The gun was discharged and the grouse lay fluttering upon the leaves. I carried it home in great pride. Mother cooked it for me, and it was a part of my fare on the first journey I ever made out of my native county. This experience convinced me that the partridge was a very easy bird to

kill; but it was years before I killed another one, and it was not because I did not make the effort to do so. I did not find another bird so sceptical of my ability to injure it.

SOME ADVENTURES OF A NECROMANCER

Chevalier Herrmann.....The North American

It is certain that every prestidigitator since the world first knew of necromancy has met with accidents, and although I have been singularly lucky in this direction, I was fooled once and in a very peculiar way. I paid a visit to the Paris Bourse before the asphaltum pavement had been put down around the square upon which that great monetary institution stands. The square was then paved with a regular block pavement, which, owing to the great travel, was frequently out of repair. While inside the edifice I had seen the stock-brokers and heard them howl in their frenzy of speculation, and my mind had wandered off in altogether a different direction after I got out and stood on the broad granite stairs of the temple of Mammon with a few of the stock-brokers, friends of mine, who had gathered around me and asked me to "do something." A gang of workmen stood directly before us, and one of the stock-brokers said, "Why don't you play a trick on them?" I thought I would. I walked down the broad stairs among the pavers and extracted from under one of the cobble-stones a 100-franc gold coin, which is about the size of one of our double eagles. Instead of being amazed, the paver simply looked at me and said, "*moitié*," meaning half. There was a law, at least at that time, in France, that the finder should have half of anything found. I naturally did not want to give up half, and I thought it would be a good thing to find another coin, so as at least to show the fellow that it was a trick, and straightway I put my hand down again and brought out a five-franc piece. The paver looked at

me again, his face wreathed in smiles, and once more he said, "half," which would be 52½ francs—rather a good day's earnings. Well, as I did not seem willing to give up half, as he wanted, he began to talk loud. I then changed my tactics, explaining to him that it was a trick; and to illustrate it I picked up a five-centime coin of the reign of Louis Philippe (an old pocket-piece I happened to have with me), but even this failed to satisfy the workman, and his wild gesticulations and loud talk having collected more than 500 or 600 people around us, I thought it best to compromise with him. But no, he would listen to no compromise; he hung to his rights tenaciously, and I was compelled to give him half, not alone of the 100-franc piece, but of the five-franc piece as well, and then he insisted upon having even half of the ten-sou piece. It takes either a very stupid fool or an exceedingly clever man to get ahead of a prestidigitator, and of the two I am inclined to believe that the fool is by far the more dangerous. In 1863, when this country was engaged in its great conflict, I happened to be in Constantinople, and the sultan offered me the sum of five thousand dollars in good Turkish gold, which I finally made up my mind to accept. Toward evening a gorgeously uniformed escort came to my hotel and I was driven to one of the great palaces overlooking the Golden Horn. It was April, and one of those lovely evenings that one sees in the Orient as one looks across the beautiful waters that divide Europe from Asia. I was brought into a room, and in a few seconds all my handsomely uniformed escorts vanished. The scene around me, however, was so beautiful that I scarcely noticed their absence, until two Turks, each six feet high, and dressed in the garb of the primitive Arabs, stood before me. One carried a chibouk beautifully scented with rose-water, while the other had in his hand a little gold salver, upon which

were bits of charcoal ignited, a gold coffee-pot, and a tiny cup and saucer. The Turk carrying the pipe moved it slowly from side to side, and I saw that the bowl of it was filled with golden-colored tobacco. The whole room was perfumed by the smell of it, and such an aroma I knew could only come from the leaf grown on Mount Athos, the purest and most fragrant tobacco in the world. All this, of course, was very beautiful to me, and I felt that I could really enjoy a whiff of the tobacco, but at the same time a lingering suspicion came into my head that there might be just a little bit of opium or some such drug in my pipe, and that instead of my doing a little sleight of hand for the sultan, the sultan was going to do a little sleight of hand with me. Sultans have been known to amuse themselves in that way. My mouth really, as I have said, watered for a puff of the golden weed, and the pipe looked tempting, with its amber tip and its bowl beautifully carved with Arabic designs. I made all kinds of gesticulations to the pipe-bearer that I did not want to smoke. He pushed the pipe, however, upon me, being extremely polite all the while, but still acting with a persistency that showed me I had to do something. After I had taken one puff, which I thought was sufficient, the other Turk handed me from the golden salver a very fine porcelain cup filled with ebony-black Mocha coffee. The tobacco was delicious, the coffee very tempting, but for some reason my heart beat against my ribs, and the suspicion darted through my mind that I was about being drugged. Quick as thought I took the cup in one hand and the pipe in another, then presto! change! both vanished through the air and two small snakes appeared in my hand. The look of amazement and astonishment that settled on the faces of the two Arabs was indescribable. They looked up at the ceiling, magnificently painted by some celebrated French artist, they looked at

the rug, which was thick and of the finest of the Orient, then they looked at me with even more astonishment, then they salaamed before me as they would have done before their ruler, and both of them got out of the way about as quickly as I had made the pipe and the cup of coffee disappear. While I was laughing inwardly at their speedy disappearance, one of the chamberlains entered and gave me to understand in French that I was to appear before his august sovereign. He led the way to a magnificent hall gloriously decorated with all the emblems of Orientalism, and I was shown to a raised platform covered with red carpets and hung around with damask draperies. The room was one of those open rooms that are so well known in Turkey, in which there are no doors, but great big circular arches on all sides hung over with silken curtains. The first thing I did when I got on the platform was, naturally, to look for my audience, but only one person sat in the middle of the room, an elderly, portly gentleman with a nicely trimmed black beard and a red fez. I at once recognized his august majesty, the sultan of the Ottoman Empire, and he in return, with a twinkle of his coal-black, brilliant eye, gave me a sign of recognition, which I supposed was a signal for me to proceed. From every arch and opening in the walls, however, came faint whisperings, which intuitively told me that while my audience in the front consisted of only one, there were a number concealed behind every bit of silk and every pillar. I afterward found that I had appeared before over five hundred persons, including the entire harem; and I may as well say I did not like it. There is a magnetism that a large and enthusiastic audience fills me with. Everything goes smoother under such conditions, while to have a secret audience watch me, and only one man in the front, makes me ill at ease. I was a very young man, and it was my

first appearance before so powerful a potentate. I went through a number of experiments, which seemed to please the sultan very much. He paid as much attention to me and was as anxious as a small boy, and I could see in the twinkle of his eye that he was trying to fathom the mystery of my black art. He failed, however, and before I left Stamboul I was commanded to appear before him on his pretty yacht, which usually takes him every pleasant evening from Constantinople to the opposite shore of Asia. On this magnificent pleasure vessel I also had an experience. During the passage we became more familiar, and I was brought into close contact with the sultan and noticed that he had a most magnificent watch, which he consulted and handled as if it were the apple of his eye. This, of course, was a good thing for me, for, as I was performing before him personally, it was not etiquette to take anything from the audience. I therefore asked him to take out his watch and show it to me, which he did. I then said, "Will your imperial majesty allow me to throw the watch overboard?" He laughed at first, but a second afterward his brow darkened, and he looked just a little bit as if he were offended with me for making the request. "If," said I, "I do not return the watch to you exactly as you give it to me, you can put me in irons for the rest of my life if you want to." The peculiar angry look that for a second had passed over his face vanished, and while all of his attendants stared at me and expected the sultan to have me arrested at once, he seemed to take it seriously, and I have no doubt that if I had not returned the watch I would have been put in irons. The sultan, however, was a brave man, and after looking me straight in the eye with a piercing glance for a second, handed the watch to me, and I instantly threw it into the rippling waves of the Bosphorus. The yacht careened over,

for every individual, from the cabin boy on the forecastle to the sultan himself astern, rushed to the side and looked overboard after the watch. I felt that if anything went wrong with this trick I certainly should be put in irons; but I called for a fishing-line, and instead of showing my anxiety at once proceeded to do a little fishing, while every one looked at me, not so much with astonishment as with pure disbelief in my ability to recover the watch, which was not only one of the things in the world the sultan liked, but was worth a great deal more than any watch I myself had ever seen. My fishing, however, happened to be prosperous, for in a few minutes I drew up a little shiner and landed him safely on deck. I brought it before the sultan, took out my pocket-knife, ripped open the fish, and presented the watch to his majesty, in, of course, exactly the same condition as it was when he handed it to me. Turks, as a rule, are not very demonstrative, and I found in after-life that to make a Turk laugh heartily is impossible. They smile, look pleased, and with their daintily pointed nails pick their beards, but on this occasion every Turk, from the sultan and his blue-blooded pashas to the sailors in the forecastle, sent up one howl of delight that floated over the beautiful Golden Horn and re-echoed from the hills of Asia. You may guess how I did this, and I was very much pleased with myself, for the whole entertainment was a great success.

SALARIES OF TEACHERS

Charles F. Thwing.....Harper's

The interest of the people of the West in education is indicated in no better way than by the test of the dollar. The financial measurement of interest may be applied with the greatest accuracy and significance to the salaries paid for instruction, and also to the cost of the education of each pupil. The average salary a

month paid each man teaching in the public schools of the United States is \$42.43. The lowest below this average is the salary paid in those States known as the South Atlantic States, beginning with Delaware and ending with Florida, which is \$28.11. The next lowest is represented in the States of the South Central Division, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, which is \$40.59. Above the average of \$42.43 is found the salary paid in the North Central States, \$43.09, and also the salary paid in the North Atlantic States, \$48.20. The furthest above it is the salary paid in the extreme Western States, which is \$64.81. The highest average salary paid a month in any State to a man teaching in the public school is to be credited to Massachusetts, \$108.88; but the next highest salary paid is that found in Colorado, \$95.21. A study of the figures of salaries paid to women who are teachers in the public schools exhibits a similar result. The average salary each month paid in the United States is \$34.27. The States of the South Atlantic fall below this standard with an average of \$27.07; of the South Central Division with an average of \$33.45; of the North Atlantic Division with an average of \$32.46; and also of the North Central Division with an average of \$34.07. But the States of the extreme West rise above this standard, showing \$56.62. It is thus made evident that women teaching in the schools of all the Western States, beginning with Ohio, receive an income considerably larger than that which their sisters receive who teach in the States of New England, in New York, and Pennsylvania. Colorado pays its teachers more than Massachusetts; Ohio gives its teachers twice as much as Maine; and the teachers of Illinois receive more than twice what the teachers of Vermont receive.

CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

BLESSED ROSES

Rosalie Childs The Traveler's Record

Each Mother-Heart a garden is:

See, in the midst there grows

For him, the best-beloved child,

The lovely secret rose.

O Rose of Joy!

Each Mother-Heart a garden is:

"O tell me, mothers gray,

How fares it with the dearest hope,

Now childhood's fled away?"

Poor Rose of Joy!

Each Mother-Heart a garden is:

By faith and prayer they're kept,

And he is the beloved child

For whom the heart has wept.

Blest Rose of Pain!

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Richard Henry Stoddard The Independent

When hands that pen the books we love

Grow cold and drop the pen,

Their loss to us is far above

The common loss of men.

What the sword leaves undone, the sword,

Or soon or late, will do;

Potent till to its sheath restored,

And old things are made new!

Not so when pens like his are still,

For none like his remain;

Nor loving hands with lettered skill

To touch the heart and brain.

A man to whom rare gifts were lent—

But manhood first of all;

And that so strong he was content

By that to stand, or fall!

A humorist, not a satirist, he:
For whoso loves his kind,
As he did, from contempt is free,
And bitterness of mind.

Scholar and gentleman in one,
Considerate, generous, just—
The best that was in him lives on,
And blossoms from his dust!

What Sidney's fame was his shall be—
A gracious name to men,
With more than Sidney's chivalry,
And more than Sidney's pen!

THE WIND OF DEATH

Ethelwyn Wetherald

The wind of death, that softly blows
The last warm petal from the rose,
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-night has come to breathe on me.

There was a time I learned to hate,
As weaker mortals learn to love;
The passion held me fixed as fate,
Burned in my bones early and late,
But now a wind falls from above—

The wind of death, that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

There was a time my soul was thrilled
By keen ambition's whip and spur;
My master forced me where he willed,
And with his power my life was filled,
But now the old-time pulses stir
How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath!

And once, but once, at Love's dear feet,
I yielded strength, and life, and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete:
The wind blows loves like leaves apart

The wind of death, that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.

O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee.

AMARANTH

J. B. London World

I wonder if in Paradise to-night,
Walking in flowery fields of Asphodel,
You sighed awhile amid the amber light,
Remembering the gold gray glow that fell

Over the branches of the *lebbek* tree,
And rose-pink grew the dusky twilight sky,
When, whispering love's eternal troth to me,
Your voice sank down into a soft sad sigh;

And in the bliss we could not deem it vain,
Wiled by the desert's languorous breath,
To turn our faces from the destined pain,
And cry for respite from the doom of death,

Wild prayers unanswered, like the most we crave
Across the dear, dead hopes of weary years;
For Southward you passed to your Indian grave,
And Northward I to unavailing tears.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HISTORY AND DISCOVERY

THE NEW BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Boston Transcript

The temporary door swung open and then shut. The visitors were in the vestibule of the new Public Library. The outside world, with its varying opinions (cultivated or otherwise) concerning the exterior of the building, was shut out, and there was opportunity to go on from calmness to pleasure and from pleasure to enthusiasm in a hasty visit of two hours to the halls, rooms, and recesses of the great building. The vestibule has color enough of such restrained suggestions of a rose as are found in Tennessee marble. It is a simple, almost severe vestibule, a sort of æsthetic breathing-place before coming into the main hall. Adjectives are easily rattled off, but it is not easy to express the satisfactory charm of this hall, even in its unfinished condition. On swishing the sawdust from the covered floor, a portion of the white Italian marble, with the ornamentation of the breccia, is shown. Another dusting away of the protective sawdust, and this inscription is seen, set into the marble in bronze in a circular form: "The Public Library. Founded A. D. MDCCCLII. This Building Erected A. D. MDCCCLXXXIII." A little further on is the trustees' seal (also in bronze) on the marble floor, and all surrounded by the signs of the zodiac in a great circle. But in a hasty visit who could stop for the sweeping of sawdust from crabs and scorpions, however charming, when, by looking up, there is to be had a lively delight in the beauty of a mosaic ceiling of marbles of all creation, with the names of our famous dead on the penetrations of the arches, and on the pendentives of three bays on either side? There are six names

on the hall ceiling. The first on the right is Peirce, and the first on the left is Hawthorne. It was intended that the name of Franklin should be opposite that of the great mathematician, but there was a witch-like Salem-bred mistake made; so Benjamin Peirce's name (between its conventionalized mosaic birds) faces Hawthorne, the other Salem-born man, whose birthday was five years earlier in the century, and whose name goes down to fame between conventionalized goats. It is a whimsical comment, but it is possibly just as well that the names of Franklin and Peirce are not opposite, for there might be people who would think that trustees of the Boston Public Library meant to apotheosize the Pierce whose first name was Franklin. Nobody will quarrel with the name of Adams, opposite that of Franklin. The names of Longfellow and Emerson face. In the first bay on the right are the names of Sumner, Garrison, Phillips, Mann; in the second, Bowditch, Gray, Agassiz, Rumford; and in the third, Stuart, Bulfinch, Copley, Allston. In the first bay on the left the names of Prescott and Motley only appear at present. In the second, Story, Choate, Shaw, and Webster lend honor, and in the third, Parker, Channing, Mather, and Eliot. Several styles of lettering are being tried for these names, and the too assertive forms now in evidence in the bays are to be changed. In the confusion of the hall it is good to see quite close, leaning about studio-fashion, St. Gaudens' beautiful boys, and Philip Martini's striking relief of Boston, the hill and sails on the bay. There are sample columns of marble in the hall, too, awaiting choice for the great supports upstairs, and at the stair begin the Siena walls, the sunshiny

marble whose perfect shades Mr. McKim went to Siena to choose. Up marble stairs, board-covered now, we mount past a crouching lion at the turn, too well covered now even to risk a twist of the lion's tail. We pause before going on to Bates Hall, to step out upon the balcony, and look down into the beautiful court where the arcade columns from Tuckahoe support arches and cornices of white Georgia marble, and the sun will shine down upon the beautiful fountain designed by Martini—the gift to Boston of the architect (who, by the way, has refused to have his name inscribed upon the outside of the building, as some of the trustees wished). There is even another side, it is said, to the matter of the inscription of the firm's name in the famous acrostic, which is erased. Most of the world's great buildings have a little architectural chaff, a sly joke of the sort, somewhere. These things may be found in Rome, and Paris, and New York. In this case, certainly, Mr. McKim's firm name should be signed as a painter signs his picture, or a sculptor his statue; but so far the architect has refused to have his name on the building. It is pleasant to guess at the complete beauty of the court when it shall be done, and its likeness to its prototype, Brumanti's Cancelleria in Rome, is made more clearly manifest. One has a vision of summer readers sitting about on benches in the sunshine, and of winter readers, too, finding warm corners out-of-doors with the hundreds of birds who flock to this court, to enjoy the sunshine in chilly autumn days or cold ones of winter. The Boston book-worm must be forgotten when the new library is opened, and give place to the joyous book-bird, which already perches gayly about in the deep windows, and peeps inquiringly into the librarian's room, or the stack-rooms, with their ninety windows, which have been amusingly described as windowless by some one who failed to count the ninety windows in that stack-room.

The stack-room is the place where the books are kept—the phrase explains itself even to the lay mind. It means a great deal in library parlance. It is especially noteworthy that nowadays, when libraries are used more after dark from September to June than before dark, the plentiful use of electricity in a stack-room is more imperative than an overwhelming amount of sunshine. And the condensed sunshine will be more plentiful in these rooms which go on and on to fireproof windows that would shut up like a flash if any neighboring building should catch fire. It is for protection against fire that the back of the library is of brick, too. There are dwellings in Blagden Street too close against the library to risk the more combustible granite on the side toward the Athletic Club and the Harvard Medical School. The building is impressively fireproof; to come upon a bonfire of workmen's litter on one of the terracotta floors is startlingly convincing evidence of that. Before visitors are taken to the stack-room and come into a realizing sense of all that is in the last sentences, there is the upper hall, which will receive the most beautiful mural decoration to be had in the world. Then into Bates Hall, where iron rafters wait the transforming of art that will make them arches ornamented with decorative plaster—which the workmen are now making ready in the big, bright room. Special library hall—possibly to be called Sargent Hall?—is to have its walls made beautiful by paintings by John Sargent, and E. A. Abbey will make permanent the quest of the Holy Grail on the walls of the delivery room. Pneumatic tubes will flash your cards up and down a book-railway and transfer your books. Modern labor-saving methods combine with beauty at every turn of the building. It is exciting now to go up and down open-iron unfinished stairs, and balance over places like oubliettes on your way to one of the

periodical rooms (described by an amusing person as a "crypt"), a room bright with six large windows and two small ones, and certain of more light still when the light walls get in their effect. That is a striking thing about apparently dark corners of the Public Library—the way they light up when finished. There is, for instance, one little darkish stairway whose walls have lately been given a white coat, and though it is the only place in the building that has not outside light, nobody needs a lantern now to go up and down. The hasty visit included a walk through the librarian's rooms; a visit to the trustees' room with its second outdoor room, the loggia in the architectural separation of the main building from the stack on the Blagden-street side; and a second lingering to enjoy the beauty of the inner court. Then out and away across Copley Square, turning at the corner of Clarendon Street to get a last look at the strong building that grows on you the better you know it, and confirms for itself the comment of a Greek—long honored as a resident Bostonian—that a liking for the new Public Library is a test of a person's culture.

LITERARY NETHERLANDS

The Critic

Little Holland is a great land of books and readers. "A little corner with a little book," as we read on the Gertrudenberg portrait of the Dutch monk, Thomas à Kempis, who wrote the most famous book after the Bible, is still many a Dutchman's ideal of happiness. I find bookshops in all the small towns, and in many of the villages, as well as in the large cities. I find, too, that the booksellers are among my best friends and cicerones when utterly alone in a strange place. Most of the places, however, in Netherland have a friendly look; for one familiar with New York and New Jersey finds here the originals of the names he first learned at home. Further, in the local bookshops of the

country, from Winschoten to Flushing, one feels at home as he greets so many works of American authors. These are either turned into Dutch or left untranslated. Just now the whole dominion of the little girl-queen, Wilhelmina, seems plastered over with the lithographic advertisements of De Neger-Hut, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's name is everywhere. The Dutch, like the Americans and unlike the English, spell the black man's name with one g. Mark Twain is, of course, a standard, and also a promoter of the sale of slang dictionaries. George Kennan seems to be widely read. In the abundant literature of socialism, with which *ism* the Netherland is deeply inoculated, Mr. Edward Bellamy's name and book are prominent. Bret Harte and "the man from Texas" literature appear to be popular, and Cooper is a standard author. Occasionally other American writers, such as Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, are found translated; while Motley, in both the original and the vernacular, is seen in the shops and houses. Usually, however, the Dutchman prefers to read a standard author at first-hand. The educated Dutchman, and still more the Dutch woman almost as an invariable rule, reads four languages, and is many thousands of cases speaks them also. These, in their order, are Dutch, French, English, and German. The long occupancy of the country by the armies of their great neighbor, and the fact that French has been the polite language of the cultured here since the time of the Crusades makes a knowledge of it a necessity. It sometimes happens that larger editions of French books are sold in the Netherland than in France, while in the two Low Countries (Belgium and Holland) as compared with France, this is frequently the case. "Foreigners will not learn our language, so we must learn theirs," say the philosophic Dutchmen. Germany, being their next-door neighbor, the

German is usually attacked first. This, however, is a sort of military necessity. Outside of technical and professional studies, German is probably much less read than English. In thought, manners, customs, and language—and I am giving the cultivated Netherlander's opinion rather than my own, which fully agrees with it—the Dutch are much nearer to the English than to the German. "A wider ditch than the North Sea separates us from the Germans," remarked a Leyden gentleman to me.

AN UPROAR OF SONG

Olive Thorne Miller.....The Independent

The bird music of Colorado, though not so abundant as one could wish, is singularly rich in quality and remarkable for its volume. At the threshold of the State the traveller is struck by this peculiarity. As the train thunders by, the Western meadow lark mounts a telegraph pole and pours out such a peal of melody that it is distinctly heard above the uproar of the iron wheels. This bird is pre-eminently the bird of the mesa, or high tableland of the region, and only to hear his rare song is well worth a journey to that distant wonderland. Not of his music could Lucy Larcom say, as she so happily does of our bird of the meadow:

"Sounds the meadow lark's refrain
Just as sad and clear."

Nor could his sonorous song be characterized by Clinton Scollard's exquisite verse:

"From whispering winds your plaintive notes
were drawn."

For the brilliant solo of Colorado's bird is not in the least like the charming minor chant of our Eastern lark. So powerful that it is heard at great distances in the clear air, it is still not in the slightest degree strained or harsh; but is sweet and rich, whether it be close at one's side in the silence, or shouted from the housetop in the tumult of a busy street. It has, moreover, the same tender winsome-

ness that charms us in our own lark song; something that fills the sympathetic listener with delight, that satisfies his whole being; a siren strain that he longs to listen to forever. Even after months of absence, the, bare memory of the song of the mesa will move its lover to an almost painful yearning. Of him indeed Shelley might truthfully say:

"Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
ground."

Nor is the variety of the lark song less noteworthy than its quality. That each bird has a large *répertoire* I cannot assert, for my opportunities for study have been too limited; but it is affirmed by those who know him better that he has, and I fully believe it. One thing is certainly true of nearly if not quite all of our native birds, that no two sing exactly alike, and the close observer soon learns to distinguish between the robins and the song-sparrows of a neighborhood by their notes alone. The Western lark seems even more than others to individualize his utterances, so that constant surprises reward the discriminating listener. During my two months' bird-study in a delightful cañon-hidden grove at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain, one particular bird-song was for weeks an unsolved mystery. The strain consisted of three notes in loud, ringing tones, which syllabed themselves very plainly in my ear as "Whip-for-her." This unseemly and most emphatic demand came always from a distance, and apparently from the top of some tall tree, and it proved to be most tantalizing; for although the first note invariably brought me out, opera-glass in hand, I was never able to come any nearer to a sight of the unknown than the sway of a twig he had just left. One morning, however, before I was up, the puzzling songster visited the little grove under my win-

dows, and I heard his whole song, of which it now appeared the three notes were merely the conclusion. The performance was eccentric. It began with a soft warble, apparently for his sole entertainment; then suddenly, as if overwhelmed by memory of wrongs received or of punishment deserved, he interrupted his tender melody with a loud, incisive "Whip-for-her!" in a totally different manner. His nearness, however, solved the mystery; the ring of the meadow lark was in his tones, and I knew him at once. I had not suspected his identity, for the Western bird does not take much trouble to keep out of sight, and moreover, his song is rarely less than six or eight notes in length. Another unique singer of the highlands is the horned lark. One morning in June a lively carriage-party passing along the mountainside, on a road so bare and bleak that it seemed nothing could live there, was startled by a small gray bird, who suddenly dashed out of the sand beside the wheels, ran across the path, and flew to a fence on the other side. Undisturbed, perhaps even stimulated by the clatter of two horses and a rattling mountain wagon, undaunted by the laughing and talking load, the little creature at once burst into song, so loud as to be heard above the noisy procession, and so sweet that it silenced every tongue. "How exquisite! What is it?" we asked each other at the end of the little aria. "It's the gray sand-bird," answered the native driver. "Otherwise the horned lark," added the young naturalist, from his broncho behind the carriage. Let not his name mislead; this pretty fellow, in soft, gray-tinted plumage, is not deformed by "horns;" it is only two little tufts of feathers which give a certain piquant, wide-awake expression to his head, that have fastened upon him a title so incongruous. The nest of the desert-lover is a slight depression in the barren earth, nothing more; and their eggs harmonize with their sur-

roundings in color. The whole is concealed by its very openness, and as hard to find as the bobolink's cradle in the trackless grass of the meadow. Most persistent of all the singers of the grove beside the house was the fellow-warbler, a dainty bit of featherhood the size of one's thumb. On the Atlantic coast his simple ditty is tender, and so low that it must be listened for; but in that land of "skies so blue they flash," he sings it at the top of his voice, louder than the robin song as we know it, and easily heard above the roar of the wind and the brawling of the brook he haunts. Before me at this moment is the nest of one of these little sprites which I watched till the last dumpy infant had taken flight, and then secured with the branchlet it was built upon. It was in a young oak, not more than twelve feet from the ground, occupying a perpendicular fork, where it was concealed and shaded by no less than sixteen twigs, standing upright, and loaded with leaves. The graceful cup itself, to judge by its looks, might be made of white floss silk—I have no curiosity to know the actual material—and is cushioned inside with downy fibres from the cottonwood tree. It is dainty enough for a fairy's cradle. The wood-pewee, in dress and manners nearly resembling his Eastern brother,

"The pewee of the loneliest woods,
Sole singer in the solitudes,"

has a strange and decidedly original utterance. While much louder and more continuous, it lacks the sweetness of our bird's notes; indeed, it resembles in quality of tone the voice of our phoebe, or his beautiful relative, the great-crested fly-catcher. The Westerner has a great deal to say for himself. On alighting, he announces the fact by a single note, which is a habit also of our phoebe; he sings the sun up in the morning, and he sings it down in the evening, and he would be a delightful neighbor if only his voice were pleasing. But there is

little charm in the music, for it is in truth a dismal chant, with the air and cheerfulness of a funeral dirge—a pessimistic performance that inspires the listener with a desire to annihilate him then and there. This bird's nest, as well as his song, is unlike that of our wood-pewee. Instead of a delicate, lichen-covered saucer set lightly upon a horizontal crotch of a dead branch—our bird's chosen home—it is a deeper cup fastened tightly upon a large living branch, and—at least in a cottonwood grove—decorated on the outside with the fluffy cotton from the trees. Even the humming bird, who contents himself in this part of the world with a modest hum, heard but a short distance away, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains may almost be called a noisy bird. The first one I noticed dashed out of a thickly-leaved tree with loud, angry cries, swooped down toward me, and flew back and forth over my head, scolding with a hum which, considering his size, might almost be called a roar. I could not believe my ears until my eyes confirmed their testimony. The sound was undeniably the characteristic drone of the hummer, but strong and harsh in an extraordinary degree. The Western ruby-throat has other singularities which differentiate him from his Eastern brother. It is very droll to see one of his family take part in the clamors of a bird mob, perching like his bigger fellows, and adding his excited cries to the notes of catbird and robin, chewink, and yellowbird. Attracted one morning by a great bird outcry in a dense young oak grove across the road, I left my seat under the cottonwoods and strolled over toward it. It was plain that some tragedy was in the air, for the winged world was in a panic. Two robins, the only pair in the neighborhood, uttered their cry of distress from the top of the tallest tree; a catbird hopped from branch to branch, flirting his tail and mewing in agitation; a chewink or two near

the ground jerked themselves about uneasily, adding their strange, husky call to the hubbub; and above the din rose the shrill voice of a humming bird. Every individual had his eyes fixed upon the ground, where it was evident that some monster must be lurking. I expected a big snake at the very least, and putting the lower branches aside, I, too, peered into the semi-twilight of the grove. No snake was there; but my eyes fell upon an anxious little gray face, obviously much disturbed to find itself the centre of so much attention. As I appeared this bugaboo, who had caused all the excitement, recognized me as a friend and ran toward me, crying piteously. It was a very small lost kitten! I took up the stray little beastie, and a silence fell upon the assembly in the trees, which began to scatter, each one departing upon his own business in a moment. But the humming-bird refused to be so easily pacified; he was bound to see the end of the affair, and he followed me out of the grove, still vigorously speaking his mind about the enemy in fur. I suspected that the little creature had wandered away from the house on the hill above, and I went up to see. The hummer accompanied me every step of the way, sometimes flying over my head, and again alighting for a minute in a branch under which I passed. Not until he saw me deliver pussy into the hands of her own family, and return to my usual seat in the grove, did he release me from surveillance and take his leave. The yellow-breasted chat, the long-tailed variety belonging to the West, delivers his strange medley of "chacks" and whistles, and rattling and other indescribable cries, in a voice that is loud and distinct, as well as sweet and rich. He is a bird of humor, too, with a mocking spirit not common in his race. One day, while sitting motionless in a hidden nook, trying to spy upon the domestic affairs of this elusive individual, I was startled by the so-called "laugh"

of a robin, which was instantly repeated by a chat, unseen, but quite near. The robin, apparently surprised or interested, called again, and was a second time mocked. Then he lost his temper, and began a serious reproof to the levity of his neighbor, which ended in a good round scolding, as the saucy chat continued to repeat his taunting laugh. This went on till the redbreast flew away in high dudgeon. Why our little brothers in feathers are so much more boisterous than elsewhere

"Up in the parks and the mesas wide,
Under the blue of the bluest sky,"

has not, so far as I know, been discovered. Whether it be the result of habitual opposition to the strong winds which, during the season of song, sweep over the plains every day, or whether the exhilaration of the mountain air be the cause—who can tell?

A VISIT TO THE BROWNING PALACE

Frances J. Dyer.....*Harper's Bazar*

It was an audacious proposal, but it quickly crystallized into action, and the result made a two-starred day in the summer's saunterings. We had been drifting about in Venice, captives to the influence of the complex spell which she lays on every stranger. We understood now why Howells exonerates the writers who have "committed sins of omission and made Venice all light, color, canals, and palaces." We knew we should find the palaces dingy, and the narrow canals full of floating garbage. We had been disillusioned in advance, and yet on the very evening of our arrival Reason capitulated to Fancy, and we echoed the words:

"There is a glorious city by the sea;
The sea is in the broad and narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt seaweed
Clings to the marble of her palaces."

With Owen Meredith we chanted,

"And I glide and I glide
Up the murmuring tide."

We looked through the lens of Long-

fellow's imagination, and saw the vision of a

"White phantom city whose untrodden streets
are rivers,
And whose pavements are the shifting
shadows of palaces and strips of sky,"

totally oblivious of filth and fleas. We discerned no dinginess upon the beautiful Della Salute, no tarnish upon the mosaics of San Marco, because our eyes were holden with the memory of F. Hopkinson Smith's exquisite water-colors. We recalled, too, his incomparable word-painting of this "white swan of cities," in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, and recognized the trace of his pen and brush upon palace and piazza, bridge and canal, gondolier and peasant. In short, we saw not the actual Venice, but the ideal creation of Byron and Ruskin, of Howells and Longfellow, of Mrs. Oliphant, and the host of other writers and artists who have painted the charms of this unique city. We had floated by moonlight down the Grand Canal when the heavens above and the waters beneath were ablaze with silver and crimson light. We had listened to the strains of soft Italian airs borne over the rippling waves, mingled now and then with the sweet notes of an Ave Maria or the thrumming of a guitar under some balconied window. Or perhaps the weird cry of a gondolier broke upon the stillness, followed by the musical dip of his single oar, and the sight of his funereal craft shooting like a black spectre from beneath an over-arching bridge. We were bewildered, fascinated. During the glamour of these dreamy days one of the party remarked, "Go to now; let us visit the Browning palace." The proposal was like a wind from the Western prairies. Its audacity restored our identity as Americans, the consciousness of which had been lost. A note was quickly despatched to the Palazzo Rezzonico, asking if the favor of viewing the rooms were accorded to tourists able

to present proper credentials. With a promptness which rivalled our own, and with the grace which characterizes all small courtesies granted by English people, came a charming note giving the desired permission. We sallied forth from our modest pension, glided down the Grand Canal, and soon alighted before the immense structure of marble, four stories high, in which Robert Barrett Browning and his American wife make their home. The first object to attract the eye after entering the magnificent sculptured hall is a large bronze statue representing Jupiter changed into a serpent, the work of Mr. Browning himself, whose paintings and sculptures everywhere adorn the spacious rooms. Ascending the marble staircase, we were conducted by a servant through a series of splendidly decorated apartments, with inlaid floors, and ceilings frescoed by the old masters. What opulence of costly tapestries and old carved furniture, of rare bronzes and choice paintings, of malachite and ivory, and all manner of artistic creations! Suddenly we came to a little recess, where we paused as before a shrine. The space was finished in pure white, and garlanded with flowers. In the centre was a bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and on the wall, in gold letters, was an inscription giving the dates of her death and that of her gifted husband. Beyond is the library, a room no less rich in associations than in its wealth of books and its priceless art treasures. Here is the table on which was penned *Casa Guidi Windows*, and other poems, together with all the massive carved furniture brought from the old home in Florence. On the tables were presentation copies of works from famous authors the world over, with autograph inscriptions on the fly-leaf. A superb edition of the *Portuguese Sonnets*, bound in tree calf and elegantly illustrated, bore the imprimatur of an American publishing house. A profusion of portraits and busts arrested

attention, but nothing fixed the gaze more than the portrait of Mr. Browning, painted just before death by his son. It is of life size, and represents the poet standing in a graceful position, wearing a brown overcoat, with the cape thrown back. The circumstances under which it was painted give additional interest to the picture. During an unexpected visit from his father, Mr. Browning said one morning, "Father, you are looking so well now that I really wish to paint your portrait." The result was most satisfactory, and on seeing the completed representation of himself, he laughingly remarked, "Ah, a wise son maketh a glad father!" The following day he went to his room never to leave it again until carried forth to his burial. One great charm of the Palazzo Rezzonico is its homelike air. Buildings of this class usually have barren and stately interiors, with no suggestion of human activities. But here there are tokens of a family life and delightful social relations. The nymphs and water-sprites on the ceiling often look down upon friendly groups taking tea together in the splendid salon. Easy couches and open books and sheets of music on the grand piano all indicate a home as well as a palace. A few days later we stood in reverential silence by the grave of Mrs. Browning in the old Protestant cemetery in Florence. On the plain marble mausoleum is the simple inscription: "E. B. B. OB. 1861." We could not help wishing that the last name, at least, had been written out in full, because tourists experience so much difficulty in finding the place. No guide-book, so far as we could discover, mentions it, and local guides shake their heads in stupid wonder when one tries to explain what he wishes to see. For this reason every visitor to the son's palace in Venice feels a thrill of peculiar pleasure in knowing that the priceless treasures associated with his mother's life and writings are safely enshrined within his home.

ART, MUSIC, AND DRAMA

THE RENAISSANCE

John Addington Symonds.....The New Review

It is difficult, I repeat, to understand the passion for scholarship at the time of the revival. We begin to comprehend it, however, when we reflect that in scholarship lay what Michelet so aptly termed the discovery of man and of the world. The new learning involved a vivid sense of historical continuity, of the unity of the human race. Studying the poets, philosophers, or orators of antiquity, modern men regained a belief in the dignity and vigor of the human intellect. It was no longer possible to pretend that mankind lay under a curse, or that God's handiwork in nature had been ruined by the malignity of an evil spirit. The brilliancy and weight of the classics contrasted strangely with the obscurity and feebleness of mediæval thought. Pagan antiquity appealed more strongly to the reason and the imagination than did the Fathers and the schoolmen. The poverty and vagueness of monastic literature became grotesque beneath the clear light beaming from the flawless forms of Greek and Roman art. This contact of the modern with the antique mind was not only startling, but stimulating and quickening at the same time. It involved a long and arduous effort of the brain and will, which, carried on through several generations, acted like a powerful gymnastic. First came the labor of accumulation. Every corner of Europe and the East was ransacked for manuscripts. These were purchased, transcribed, placed in private libraries. Then followed the labor of interpretation. Provided as we are with commentaries, encyclopædias, all sorts of aids to knowledge, we cannot comprehend the difficulties presented to these pioneers of learn-

ing by the Greek philosophers, the Greek historians, by Athenæus, Lucian, Aristophanes. They had to store their memories with the whole of classical literature in order to elucidate a single author. What was more, they had to wrestle with defects in their own intelligence. Owing to the humanistic tradition, which has now lasted through five centuries of sustained investigation, it is comparatively easy for us to enter into the thought of Plato, to put ourselves at the point of view of Lucretius, to know what Sophocles or Pindar was aiming at in art. Imagine how enormous the task must have been for a Filelfo, a Poggio, a Beccadelli—struggling with languages imperfectly acquired, dazzled by the flood of light poured suddenly upon their intellectual dungeon, imbued with the misty fancies and puerile conceptions of the Middle Ages! It is no wonder that in the first stage humanism should have been uncritical and credulous, slow to distinguish the successive periods of antique literature, imperfectly sensitive to differences of style. Far more amazing is the shrewdness of intuition displayed by men like Ficino, Pico, Valla, than their not infrequent lapses into error. This first stage was also the period in which chairs of literature, as distinguished from the elder arts and faculties, began to flourish in the universities and schools of Italy. The professors of the new learning attracted larger audiences, and commanded higher pay, than the doctors of divinity or law. Those subjects still remained in mediæval gloom. The light of the revival radiated from expounders of classical poets and orators. These men possessed the secret of the new method, the magic of the new revelation. In the ab-

sence of printed books, erudition had to be orally disseminated. The professor became a vagrant, passing from town to town, dictating his lectures upon Cicero in one place, his lectures on Herodotus in another, repeating the same course in each new town where learning flourished, and leaving on his track a multitude of notes accumulated by thousands of more or less intelligent listeners. This was the way in which learning and the passion for antiquity were diffused by men like Filelfo and Chalcondylas. The earliest folio edition of a Juvenal or Martial, where the poet's text is embedded in a vast morass of commentary, gives a good notion of their professorial methods. The second stage involved a classification and sifting of the now accumulated materials. Public libraries were founded. Style received a more particular attention. Greek authors were translated into Latin, and Latin authors into Italian. Scholars of the magnitude of Poliziano emerged—men, that is to say, who combined the multifarious erudition of their predecessors with good taste, facility in handling both the learned languages, and some amount of critical discrimination. The third stage was emphatically the period of printing. It is one of the mysteries of what we call the Renaissance, that just when the modern nations were rousing themselves from sleep, and the modern spirit was starting on its tireless course, that mechanical invention, the printing press, stole silently into existence. Another mystery of dissimilar but cognate nature is the discovery of the New World. The printing press has universalized knowledge and rendered thought imperishable. The discovery of the New World has opened the whole globe, dispersed knowledge over every continent, fused all the branches of the human race in a community of intercourse. We may be optimistic or pessimistic, sanguine or despairing, with reference to these things. In

neither case can we shut our eyes to the extraordinary fact that during the last year of the fifteenth century the press began to work and the furthest oceans became accessible. The course of history may be traced, but cannot be criticised. The invention of printing and the circumnavigation of the globe were both necessary to the development of the modern world as this has actually taken place. And both happened simultaneously in the prime of the Renaissance period.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF MULREADY

Lady Dilke *The New Review*

After this he sat for some time without speaking, and I respected his silence, till suddenly I saw him put his hands across his eyes and turn his face from the light. "I cannot see," he said; "this has come once or twice lately—a dimness over my eyes. I can see nothing." Then quite low, as if to himself, he murmured, "It is to be expected now—but it is very distressing." It was some time before I could go to him again, and then it seemed as if the weary white look in his face, which of old had been only transient, were become permanently fixed. It was a sultry day in July, and the studio window was open to its utmost stretch. He was very sad, and talked almost wholly of his early days; he referred to a drawing he wished me to see, and got up to look for it, but it was in a portfolio placed beneath several other portfolios. He made a half effort to remove them, would not let me help him, and came back wearily, saying, "We will look at it another time." A few minutes later he paled strangely, gasped, and said, "Give me your hand, my child; I must lie down." When he was on the sofa I went for water to the little dining-room on the ground floor, for I knew we were alone in the house—he had opened the door for me himself. By and by he recovered a little, enough to smile and speak, if not to move. Later on the servant came back and then I had to go. On the

threshold of the room I turned round for one more look, and I saw what I had never before realized, and I knew the thought that had been in his mind when he made his sketch in illustration of Tennyson's poem, *Life and Thought are Gone Away*; that sketch, in which one sees the painter lying dead in his studio, was actually before me. The familiar tools were standing idle in the spacious room; to the right, his favorite group of Cupid and Psyche, and beneath the open window, where the leaves fluttered against the sky, the straight, hard couch on which lay the motionless body of my dear old friend. I never saw him again.

ACTORS AND AUDIENCE

Frederic Febvre.....*The New Review*

Alexandre Dumas has said in his beautiful play, *Antony*: "The spectator who would follow with an actor the development of the passions can follow only so far as the limitations of his own nature permit." It is a statement the truth of which I have often experienced myself, for, when the situation has once been developed it seems as if the spectator and the actor are in perfect communion—thanks to that invisible chain which is called interest; once let that interest diminish and the chain becomes weakened; should indifference bring with it its sworn comrade, boredom, the chain will break. There is yet another reason why the Parisian public are often discontented and disappointed spectators. I have mentioned one point—that the strength of the impression produced by the author draws from his audience all the sense of tenderness or passion with which nature has endowed it. Consequently it forms in its own mind a strong, if unconscious determination; namely, to construct according to its temperament, its moral tendency, its desires, its tastes, a piece of a different character from that actually before it, and thus to create a *dénouement* for its own satisfaction of which the author has

never thought. Hence arises lively disappointment; the audience preferring—much preferring—the piece which it imagines to that which the author has conceived. Hence I might formulate this axiom: there are as many *dénouements* as spectators. As an instance I will quote the words of a servant whom I had sent to see *The Lyons Mail*. "Well," I said to him, next day, "did you believe *Lesurques* guilty?" "Certainly," he answered; "he is the same man in disguise." Here was a *dénouement* which was certainly never foreseen by the authors of this play, which was written expressly to aid in the rehabilitation of *Lesurques*! The mention of this character leads me to England by affording me an opportunity here of expressing to Irving the unbounded admiration I feel for his superb rendering of the parts of *Dubosc* and *Lesurques*. I return to the comparison which I am drawing between the English and the French publics. The English playgoer comes to the theatre with a faith in it, and with no preconceived ideas. He wishes to be amused or interested. He is satisfied with the fare which is to be put before him; he does not dream of anything further, nor wish to be more clever than the author; he accepts in perfect good faith the latter's conclusions—that is to say, his *dénouement*. In 1871, when the *Comédie Française* was in London and I had a free evening, I studied my 'cross-channel comrades. Thus I had the good fortune to see several times a little comedy which was being played by my friend Bancroft, then the manager of that delightful theatre, the *Prince of Wales*. The scene of this piece was laid in a park on a gloomy autumn day; the rain and the wind were bringing down the yellow leaves from the trees, and in the midst of this scene, very gracefully and very simply, two lovers were squatting under an umbrella and saying a thousand pretty things to each other. It was a delicious piece of acting, and the public applauded

it to the echo. With us this would be impossible, except, perhaps, at the Théâtre Libre. But in an orthodox theatre one would hear laughter and whisperings, and somebody would say, "What an absurd idea! fancy making love under an umbrella," and a thousand other small witticisms. In another comedy (*Ours*) played at the same theatre, a very talented actress, of great note on our side of the channel, Mrs. Bancroft, used to make a pudding with her own fair hands, while a serious comedy scene was being played, and the public, who knew well enough that nothing turned on the pudding, kept its eyes fixed on the cunning confection, although it did not in any way heighten the interest of the situation. With us a critic would have been bound to say next day, "We don't go to the theatre to see cooking done." Yet there is art in it all; in different measure, perhaps, but there it is, under the umbrella which seems so ridiculous to us, and in the white flour and chopped raisins which rolled under the taper fingers of Mrs. Bancroft. I must say a word of the naturalism which prevails in the *mise en scène* of English theatres, and I may, perhaps, be permitted to mention here that when our colleague Fechter took the management of the Lyceum he was the first to bestow the same care and the same historical accuracy on the *mise en scène* as on the costumes and accessories. I am happy and proud to make this claim to honor for my dear and lamented colleague, the peerless creator of the *Dame aux Camélias* in Paris, and of the Corsican Brothers and Pauline in London. As to the difference which exists between the position occupied by French and English comedians, I can only say that the latter, when he has attained success, occupies a vastly superior position to the most fortunate among us. M. Samson and M. Régnier have never earned the immense sums realized by Mr. Sothorn—a second-rate artist, if I

may trust the critics and his former colleagues. Furthermore, in England no prejudice attaches to the career of a dramatic artist, the most striking proof of which is that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to accept an invitation to breakfast with the Bancrofts. The more scenery there is the more is the action diversified. M. Montigny, the late manager of the Gymnase, was in this matter a master incontestable and uncontested. His principle was first of all to encumber the whole scene with furniture and properties; he took upon himself the task of helping the actor to disentangle himself from this mass of huddled knick-knacks. Thanks to the science which Montigny possessed in so marked a degree, order was established little by little, and the chaos which at first seemed to be a hindrance to the movement of the characters became a pretext sometimes for a telling attitude, sometimes for ingenious business. Every dramatic author has his own peculiar way of dealing with this matter. Emile Augier had the greatest contempt for what he called "running round the furniture." He tolerated scenery, but did not desire it. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, without any prejudice either for or against, has utilized it to obtain some wonderful effects by making it subservient to the elucidation of his situations—but always by the most simple means, for he has in everything a great horror of mannerism. Octave Feuillet, with his indifference to all movement, was content to indicate in an admirable manner the dress and the speech of his characters—but then what a reader he was! Sardou is the master of all—for he is at once a matchless stage manager and a comedian of the highest order. What an advance has been made in comfort between the days of Molière and the present time, when the spectator who to-day penetrates into the house in the Rue Richelieu, after admiring the vast stage, can enjoy the use of the

public *foyer*, unique of its kind, where so many various masterpieces have been collected! What an advance from the cressets or chandeliers filled with dips on ordinary occasions and with wax candles when the king did his comedians the honor to visit them! Facing the *foyer* is a door where stands an usher. Be so good as to enter, dear reader, and here we are within the temple of Melpomene and Thalia. This corridor, which we are about to traverse, hung with portraits, leads to the abode of the general manager. We continue our walk, and here we are in the committee room. The members of the Reading Committee are met round a large table covered with a green cloth: M. Jules Claretie, the general manager; M. Got, *doyen*; the humble author of this paper, *vice-doyen*; MM. Mounet-Sully, Worms, Laroche, Coquelin *cadet*; and three supplementary members, MM. Prudhon, Silvain, and Bartet. The piece has just been read to the committee by the author himself who retires, while its merits are being canvassed, to the general manager's room. Then the members will give their opinion in order of precedence, a general discussion will ensue, and finally a vote will be taken. The general manager directs the voting if any take place. His vote assures the reception or refusal of the piece presented. Each member records his vote on a form, signs it, and when the result has been ascertained, the general manager withdraws to his room and conveys to the author the decision of the committee. In this same room the affairs of the society are discussed by what is known as the committee of administration. This committee is composed of MM. Jules Claretie, Got, Febvre, Mounet-Sully, Worms, Laroche, Coquelin *cadet*, with MM. Prudhon and Silvain as supplementary members. Part of its business is to decide on the admission of merely salaried members as members of the society, that is to say, as partners. In taking leave of the *foyer* I cannot

resist retailing a personal incident. One evening we were playing Octave Feuillet's *Le Sphinx*. In this piece I played the part of a rich, fashionable, amusing Englishman. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the performance. I had had the pleasure of doing the honors of our house to his Royal Highness several times previously, and he desired, in his never-failing good nature, to give me a mark of his approval. After the second act he entered the artists' *foyer*, to which his presence had attracted a crowd of visitors, and, in the presence of everybody, his Royal Highness was good enough to say to me, "My sincere congratulations, my dear M. Febvre. I am delighted with your Englishman of the period, and I am personally grateful to you for not having made him speak with that indescribable accent which it is customary to employ in such cases. You have paid us a delicate compliment by making him express himself in most correct French." "I had such good models," I replied, with a bow, "that I had only to keep them in mind." The Prince bowed slightly in his turn and said: "There is only one thing to which I can take exception—and that is merely a detail of your toilet—your cane! Your cane is not good. Will you do me the pleasure of accepting mine?" So saying his Royal Highness offered me the Malacca which he held in his hand, and which I knew he had always used during his travels in India. As he withdrew the Prince added, "You will use it on the stage." In the next act, in obedience to his Royal Highness's wish, I did the honors of my precious souvenir from the heir of England in public. When the papers told this little story the next day I had to barricade my door against the numerous would-be purchasers. When I visited England again the following year, and had the honor of paying my respects to his Royal Highness, he asked me, smil-

ing, "Have you brought the cane?" "The cane rests after its travels on two velvet supports, which bear the arms of England. It is safe from envious hands in my country house, and I treasure it as a glorious witness of the generous sympathy which your Royal Highness has ever evinced toward me." Since that time I have often heard, as I entered a room, this remark from some one who is pointing me out, "That's the man who has the cane."

THE SHINNEDOCK ART SCHOOL

Phillip Poindexter.....Frank Leslie's Weekly

The growth of the art school in the Shinnecock hills has been quick but at the same time so gradual that it must be considered as a movement—a development rather than a spontaneous springing up. At first there were a few students who boarded around and painted in a general way out of doors under Mr. Chase's direction. The number grew so rapidly that it was found necessary both for teacher and pupils that there should be a concentration. This resulted in the building of an art village on the edge of the Shinnecock hills. There are half a dozen or so very quaint cottages in the village, a picturesque windmill, and a large, barn-like building for a general studio, where the classes meet for instruction and for the criticism of the work done by the pupils. A few miles further along there is a large building which was formerly the school itself, but it is now called the Art Club, and at this some two score young ladies live the summer through, happy in their companionship and their young enthusiasm. Of this club I may say something directly. Near the club is Mr. Chase's new and beautiful home, in which he has built a studio only less lovely than the famous place he has so long occupied in West Tenth Street, New York. Mr. Chase gives two days each week to his pupils,

and these two days are busy and interesting. Of those who come for his guidance there are students of all degrees, from the full-fledged artist, who has set up a studio and hopes to sell the canvases beautified therein, to the novice who knows only the first principles of drawing and is anxious to work in oil or with colored pastels. Every Monday morning all the pupils gather in the large studio. There is a large easel, some seven feet high and twelve feet long, and with two sides, on which students' sketches are displayed. While Mr. Chase is occupied with the pictures on one side the other side is prepared with new canvases for his inspection later on. Each pupil will have from one to six canvases for inspection and criticism, the whole representing the work of the past week. The master starts out with his morning's work without any preliminary lecture. He merely asks: "Whose are these?" pointing to the sketches in the upper left-hand corner of the easel. "Mine," will come a response in a timid feminine voice from one part of the room or the other, and a once fair hand, now tanned to a rich brown by sun and wind, will be held up, and Mr. Chase will identify the owner of the sketches he is about to criticise. Criticism is better, of course, when the critic does not know whose work he is passing judgment upon, but in a case like this such a course of procedure would not be either practicable or just. Some of the students, as before pointed out, are mere novices, and some are so proficient that their canvases have hung upon exhibition walls and public criticism been challenged by offering works of their brushes for sale. What would be a most excellent sketch for one pupil, therefore, would be shockingly bad for some others. It is necessary, therefore, for the master in his criticism to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

IN DIALECT

SHEPHERD'S VIEW

Hugh Haliburton.....The National Observer

[NOTE.—The Care and the Sorrow, the former overshadowed by the Hills of Dolour, are two tiny *amnes fabulosæ* that unite their tribute to the Devon just under Castle Gloom: their united stream forms the Dolour Water.]

Where Sorrow sings to Saddleback
An' Dolour glooms on Care,
There stude a ferm abune the glack
That's noo a ruin bare.

And here amang his feedin' sheep
The shepherd lo'es to lie,
An' earthward tak his simmer peep
To see the warl' gang by.

Oot-owre the carse the Devon winds
Or shelters in the shaw;
The Forth wi' silver border binds
The lowland far awa'.

An' cultur'd lands between them lie,
Wi' tafts and crafts bestrewn;
An' here an' there weel-pleas'd ye spy
A couthie kintra toun.

But cultur'd land or kintra toun
Is last to tak' the ee
O' upland Shepherd, lookin' doun,
Wha's dream is o' the sea.

Aff to the firth his fancy skips;
Where, if the day be clear,
He sees the sails o' silent ships
Rise up, an' disappear.

O mony a day he lies his lane
On Saddleback to spy,
Thro' a' the lazy afternune
The loiterin' ships gang by.

As fairydom wi' a' its imps
 Seems to a human carle,
 Sae looks to him his canny glimpse
 Into a lower warl'.

PLANTATION PARTING HYMN

Ruth McEnergy Stuart.....Harper's Bazar.

Oh, shoutin's mighty sweet
 When yer shout when yer meet,
 An' shek han's roun', an' say:
 "Bless Gord fur de meetin'!
 Bless Gord fur de greetin'!"
 Shoutin' comes mighty easy dat a-way.

But ter shout when yer part,
 An' ter shout f'om yo' heart,
 When yer gwine far away, far away,
 Wid a lettin' go han's
 An' a-facin' strange lan's,
 Shoutin' comes mighty hard sech a day.

"Glory" sticks in yo' th'oat
 At de whistle o' de boat,
 Dat cuts lak a knife thoo yo' heart;
 An' "Hallelujah" breaks
 At de raisin' o' de stakes
 Dat loosens up de ropes ter let 'er start.

But ef yer fix yo' eye
 On de writin' in de sky,
 Whar de "good-byes" is all strucken out,
 An' read de prormus clair
 Of another geth'rin' there,
 You kin say far'well, my brothers, with a shout.

Den shout, brothers, shout!
 Oh, tell yo' vict'ry out,
 How neither death nur partin' kin undo yer.
 Look fust at yo' loss,
 But last at de cross,
 Singin' glory, glory, glory hallelujah!

TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, SPORT, AND RECREATION

THE CZAR AT HOME

Frank G. Carpenter Syndicate Press

The czar never spends his summers in St. Petersburg, but he comes to the city about once a week, and it will be surprising to Americans to know that he drives about quite like an ordinary citizen. I saw him on the Nesvki Prospect, which is the Broadway of St. Petersburg, a few days ago. His carriage was a rich dark-blue landau, and he drove without outriders, the only sign of his rank being his liveried coachman and footmen. Down at Gatchina you may see him almost any afternoon walking about the palace grounds, and now and then taking a stroll outside of them. He may have a guard about him, but if so it is invisible, and as far as I can see his majesty has fewer attendants than the other monarchs of Europe. The most of our information concerning the czar comes from England, and the English newspapers disseminate more false reports about public men and matters than any other newspapers in the world. They represent the czar as spending his whole time trembling in his palaces. They say he is a tyrant and a sensualist and that he never has a peaceful moment. The truth seems to be just the reverse. Of all the people I have met in Russia, including many enemies of the czar, I have not found one who could say anything against his private character. All say that he is a brave and conscientious man and his relations to his wife and family are the models for the empire. I saw the Sultan of Turkey at Constantinople a year or so ago and the contrast between him and Alexander III. is striking. The sultan is a lean, fallow, nervous fellow with a frame and face for all the world like that of Jay Gould. He

lacks, however, Jay Gould's nerve, and as I looked at him I could see by the way his eyes restlessly wandered from one part of the crowd to the other that he was afraid of assassination. He had a troop of about 7,000 soldiers about him and General Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, sat in the carriage by his side. Nevertheless he trembled as he passed along on the way to worship at the mosque and he inspired me rather with pity than with respect. I was told at Constantinople that he feared to go to bed at night and that he often sits up until daybreak. He had his watchmen always about him, and in the towers of his palace there are guards who are ever on the lookout. The czar has nothing of the coward about him. He looks like a monarch, and every inch of his six feet four is kingly. The Romanoff family from which he comes has always been noted for the splendid physiques of its members, and Alexander III. is a giant. He stands six feet four inches in his stockings and he weighs 250 pounds. His biceps are as big around as the ordinary man's leg and his strength is prodigious. He can take a horseshoe, I am told, and bend it double in his hand, and he can take a gold coin the size of a dollar and fold it in halves with his fingers. His head rises above those of his suite and the Russian costumes which he wears make him look even taller than he is. When I saw him the other day at Gatchina he had a visorless Russian cap on his head and his massive frame was clad in a long overcoat and his trousers were thrust into a pair of top boots. His uniform was that of one of his regiments, and he wears different uniforms from time to time in compliment to such companies

of his soldiers as most see him. A regiment considers it a great flattery to have the czar wear its uniform, and this is one of the ways in which he shows his approval of the drill of his soldiers. He is very fond of his soldiers. He addresses them as his children, and they call him the "father czar." The daily life of the czar is simple in the extreme. He keeps his great frame in good condition by regular exercise, and like Gladstone, he often goes out and cuts down trees in his forests. He sometimes saws these trees into lengths with a cross-cut saw and he does all sorts of manual work. He is an athlete of the first order and he is fond of playing with his children, and during his stay at Denmark he had a number of wrestling matches at the palace there, in each of which, I am told, he came out victorious. He is fond of horseback riding and he has 150 saddle-horses in his stables here. His stud contains some of the finest horses in the world, and he knows all about horses and is very careful as to the character of the horses which are brought into the army. He often drives himself, with his wife beside him, in a phaeton about Gatchina, and he holds his reins with his arms stiff, in the Russian fashion. I visited the museum in which the imperial carriages are kept the other day and spent hours wandering about through the hundreds of golden coaches and gorgeous landaus, each of which is worth many, many thousand dollars. I handled harness which was inlaid with precious stones, and the metal work of which was of solid gold or silver. I saw harness cloth embroidered with pearls, and the total value of those trappings and coaches runs high into the millions of dollars. As I looked at them I could not but think of the simple carriages which the czar really uses and how far his spirit is removed from that of ostentation. He leads a more simple life, in fact, than many of his nobles, and he cares nothing whatever for style.

He is one of the hardest-worked men of his empire. He rises at daybreak and takes a cup of coffee, says his prayers and then begins work, looking over his state papers. At one o'clock he takes breakfast with his wife, and after breakfast he exercises for a while before going back to work. He has his dinner at six o'clock, but, like many big men, he eats little, and his drink is confined to a glass of Burgundy. He always dines with his family, and his family relations are most beautiful.

A WOLF-HUNTING CONTEST

Frank Leslie's Weekly

A wolf-hunting contest took place recently in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Paul Hacke, a well-known resident of Pittsburg, while travelling in Russia, witnessed several wolf-killing contests by Siberian wolf-hounds, or *psowie*, as they are called there, and upon his return to this country brought quite a number of these handsome dogs with him. They have since attracted much attention at the bench shows throughout the country. Wishing to demonstrate their usefulness he issued a challenge to match a pair of them against any pair or breed of dogs for a wolf-killing contest. His challenge was accepted by Mr. George McDougal, of Butte, Montana, the owner of a kennel of Scotch deer-hounds. Hardin, Colorado, was agreed upon as the best place in which to find fierce gray timber wolves, and the hunting party of thirty-five were side-tracked there in a "sleeper." Wolves were found in abundance, and after three days' hunting the match was declared a draw by the judges, Messrs. H. C. Lowe and Roger D. Williams, as it was evident that a pair of neither breed could kill a full-grown wolf without assistance. As the pair of *psowie* engaged in the match had won medals in St. Petersburg, the result demonstrates that the Rocky Mountain wolf is a much more formidable foe when run down to a

death finish than the wolves of Siberia. The result of this match was quite a disappointment to many in England, where the *psowie* has become a "fad" of late.

TWO BEASTS

John Burroughs.....*The Denver Republican*

I have often had occasion to notice how much more intelligence the bird carries in its eye than does the animal or quadruped. The animal will see you, too, if you are moving, but if you stand quite still even the wary fox will pass within a few yards of you and not know you from a stump, unless the wind brings him your scent. But a crow or a hawk will discern you when you think yourself quite hidden. His eye is as keen as the fox's sense of smell and seems fairly to penetrate veils and screens. The chief reliance of the animals for their safety, as well as for their food, is upon the keenness of their scent, while the fowls of the air depend mainly upon the eye. A hunter out in Missouri relates how closely a deer approached him one day in the woods. The hunter was standing on the top of a log about four feet from the ground, when the deer bounded playfully into a glade in the forest a couple of hundred yards away. The animal began feeding and to move slowly toward the hunter. He was on the alert, but did not see or scent his enemy. He never took a bite of grass, says the sportsman, without first putting his nose to it, and then instantly raising his head and looking about. In about ten minutes the deer had approached within fifty yards of the gunner; then the murderous instinct of the latter began to assert itself. His gun was loaded with fine shot, but he dared not make a move to change his shells lest the deer see him. He had one shell loaded with No. 4 shot in his pocket. Oh! if he could only get that shell in his gun! The unsuspecting deer kept approaching; presently he passed behind a big tree, and his head was for a moment

hidden. The hunter sprang to his work; he got one of the No. 8 shells out of his gun and got his hand into his pocket and hold of the No. 4. Then the shining eyes of the deer were in view again. The hunter stood in this attitude five minutes. How we wish he had been compelled to stand five hundred! Then another tree shut off the buck's gaze for a moment; in went the No. 4 shell into the barrel and the gun was closed quickly, but there was no time to bring it to the shoulder. The animal was now only thirty yards away. His hair was smooth and glossy, his eyes were bright and happy, and every movement was full of grace and beauty. Time after time he seemed to look straight at the hunter, and once or twice a look of suspicion seemed to cross his face. The man began to realize how painful it was to stand perfectly still on the top of a log for fifteen minutes. Every muscle ached and seemed about to rebel against his will. If the buck held to his course he would pass not more than fifteen feet to one side of the gun and the man that held it thought he might almost blow his heart out. There was one more tree for him to pass behind, when the gun could be raised. He approached the tree, rubs his nose against it, and for a moment is half hidden behind it. When his head appeared on the other side the gun was pointed straight at his eye—and with only No. 4 shot, which could only wound him but could not kill him. The deer stops; he does not expose his body back of the fore leg as the hunter had wished. The latter begins to be ashamed of himself and has about made up his mind to let the beautiful creature pass unharmed, when the buck suddenly gets his scent, his head goes up, his nostrils expand, and a look of terror comes over his face. This is too much for the good resolutions of the hunter. Bang! goes the gun, the deer leaps into the air, wheels around a couple of times, recovers himself, and is off

in a twinkling, no doubt carrying, the narrator says, a hundred No. 4 shot in his face and neck. The man says: "I've always regretted shooting at him." I should think he would. But a man in the woods, with a gun in his hand, is no longer a man—he is a brute. The devil is in the gun to make brutes of us all. If the game on this occasion had been, say a wild turkey or a grouse, its discriminating eye would have figured out the hunter there on that log very quickly. This manly exploit of the Western hunter reminds me of an exploit of a Brooklyn man who last winter killed a bull moose in Maine. It was a more sportsman-like proceeding, but my sympathies were entirely with the moose. The hero tells his story in a New York paper. With his guides, all armed with Winchester rifles, he penetrated far into the wilderness till he found a moose yard. It was near the top of a mountain. They started one of the animals and then took up its trail. As soon as the moose found it was being followed it led right off in hopes of outwalking its enemies. But they had snow-shoes and he did not; they had food and he did not. On they went, pursued and pursuers, through the snow-clogged wilderness, day after day. The moose led them the most difficult route he could find. At night the men would make camp, build a fire, eat and smoke and roll themselves in their blankets and sleep. In the morning they would soon come up to the camping place of the poor moose, where the imprint of his great body showed in the snow, and where he had passed a cold, superlative night. On the fifth day the moose began to show signs of fatigue; he rested often, he also tried to get around and behind his pursuers and let them pass on. Think how inadequate his wit was to cope with the problem—he thought they would pass by him if he went to one side. On the morning of the sixth day he had made up his mind to travel no farther, but to face his enemies and have it

out with them. As he heard them approach, he rose up from his couch of snow, mane erect, his look fierce and determined. Poor creature, he did not know how unequal the contest was. How I wish he could at that moment have had a Winchester rifle too and had known how to use it. There would have been fair play then. With such weapons as God had given him he had determined to meet his foe, and if they had had only such weapons as God had given them, he would have been safe. But they had weapons which the devil had given them and their deadly bullets soon cut him down, and now probably his noble antlers decorate the hall of his murderer.

AN EXPLORER'S OUTFIT

R. L. Garner.....The New Review

I shall carry with me a good stock of photographic supplies, and two good cameras, with which I expect to secure some novel views. I shall endeavor to secure the photographs of various animals, wild in the forest, at a range of eight or ten feet. One simple method of doing so is to place my camera in such a way as to cover a certain field. Having set my shutter I shall require the animal to snap it himself, and take his own picture in my absence. This I shall do by attaching to a trigger a string of certain length, and to the string attach some seductive bait, so that any animal that takes the bait must pull the string, which will throw the trigger and take his picture. Of course I shall lose the string, bait, and trigger, but I shall know who got it. I shall carry among my supplies an armament which I presume will be equal to all demands upon it; as I am going on a mission of peace and not one of conquest, I shall not go escorted by an armed force. My carriers will be armed only with their native weapons, while I shall carry one magazine rifle, calibre 38, which has been presented me by General W. E. Webb, as a token of his faith

in my undertaking. For this weapon I carry a full supply of ammunition. I also carry a good 38 calibre revolver, which was presented by my son, Harry E. Garner, together with an ample store of cartridges. Besides these I shall carry with me a small, light, No. 22 rifle for birds and small game; but as the report of firearms will alarm and drive away the game, I shall use a far more deadly weapon at short range, which is noiseless but effective. I have devised a gun and missile for my own use; the gun barrel is a straight reed about four feet long, bored out quite smooth and uniform, and the missile is driven by the force imparted by two very strong rubber bands supplemented by two strong steel springs. The weapon is charged at the muzzle with an arrow or dart having a steel head of peculiar design. The head is composed of two pieces of steel, barbed and hollowed out in a manner something like a steel pen, and two of the pieces are joined together by a rivet passing through them, so that when the head is not mounted on the shaft the points stand open, but when mounted they are compressed compactly together. The shaft is held in such a manner that it is perfectly secure while in transit, but when it has driven the steel head into its quarry, the shaft is withdrawn by its own weight; while the steel head is held by the barbs. By the aid of a small rubber disc placed just forward of the rivets the points of the dart will be forced slightly apart. The forward chamber of this steel head is charged with prussic acid, carrying about ten drops, which discharged into the blood of any animal is absolutely fatal, or followed by such a state of paralysis as will render the victim quite harmless. I have been assured upon good authority that such a charge shot into the eye or near the heart of an elephant or a lion would result in instant death. The darts will only be charged as they may be needed, and may be used

with other poisons or without any at all, and other kinds of heads may be used on the same shafts if desired. Another weapon which I shall have with me is a short spear with steel head charged with the same poison. A peculiar but serviceable weapon is what I call my masked battery. It consists of a soft rubber canteen to which is attached a small rubber hose about two feet long, with a metallic nozzle provided with a ring to fit the fourth finger, and the hose may be passed through the coat sleeve if desired. The canteen will be worn close up under the arm, and the ring worn upon the finger so that the nozzle will be within easy reach at all times, and yet the hand may be used with but little obstruction. Within the nozzle is a valve operated by a key such as you find on a flute. When free from pressure the valve is perfectly closed to prevent the discharge of its contents, but the closing of the hand will open the valve and the weight of the arm will discharge the battery, which is charged with concentrated ammonia. In case of surprise this weapon may serve to stifle an assailant until he may be otherwise disposed of. It may also be an easy mode of capturing some prey without maiming it. The ammonia will only be kept in the canteen as it may be thought necessary, and the same battery be used to administer chloroform, camphor, and so forth when desired. The object of using the poison in the arrow is not so much for defence as to procure any certain specimen without alarming others, and without allowing it to escape after being wounded; nor is the ammonia battery intended alone as a weapon of defence, but will be used when available for securing small specimens by stifling them, or even large ones by administering chloroform. I have a medicine belt, which was presented me by Mrs. M. French Sheldon. It is a duplicate of one which she carried on her recent journey through East Africa. It is as compact and

complete as it is possible to be. It contains remedies and antidotes for almost everything which may be apprehended in a long journey through the jungles and dangers of Africa. In addition to these necessary purtenances I carry with me perhaps the most novel letter of introduction that any traveller has ever carried with him. It is a message to the chief of Lukalela in the Middle Congo country; it is a message dictated to a phonograph and carefully recorded. It is from Mr. E. J. Glave to Iuka and his people. Mr. Glave spent three years at this village, and was on intimate terms of friendship with the chief and his tribe, and with them he holds the important relation of the blood brotherhood. In the message he introduces me as his blood brother from the land of the white man, and commends me to the kindly offices of this great chief and all his tribe, many of whom he calls by name. He assures them that I will do them no harm, he tells them that I possess great power and can do many wonderful things, but everything that I shall do will be for the good of the chief and his people; he asks them to trust me implicitly and believe all that I shall tell them, to aid me in my work, to let his people go with me and fear no harm, to treat me kindly in all respects, and always to speak the truth to me.

IN THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY

J. W. White *The Nation*

Thomas Hardy thinks that the time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, "when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind." He adds that ultimately, even to the ordinary tourist, spots like Iceland may supplant the vineyards of Southern Europe, and "Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand-dunes of Scheveningen." But if one seeks a com-

bination of moor, sea, and cliffs almost deserving the name of mountains, he need not, if he is in England, travel far in search of it. If he is willing to sacrifice a little of the sublimity of the Alps, to avoid their overcrowded summer hotels, and will exchange the picturesque monotony of the beach of Scheveningen and the discomforts of Icelandic travel for the heaths and downs and cliffs of Dorsetshire, he can within five hours of London find himself in a spot which offers all the attractions enumerated by Hardy, and others in addition. It is so little known, even to Englishmen, that it is not likely to be familiar to their transatlantic cousins, and a brief summary of the experience of a couple of Americans who have selected it for their summer home may not at this time of year be uninteresting to those whose dog-day horizon is not bounded by the New Jersey or the Maine coast. The journey from New York to London in these days may be made to combine both comfort and economy. A train leaving London from Waterloo Station at 11:15 A.M., reaches Wool, in South Dorset, at 3:36, and in a few minutes rattles on toward Dorchester, leaving the passengers and their belongings on the little platform. To the properly informed visitor, one of the charms of the district begins immediately, if he is an admirer of Hardy's stories. To the north is seen a vine-clad, ivy-covered, many-chimneyed old manor-house, standing in a meadow through which runs the river Frome, crossed by a five-arched stone bridge with peculiar angular buttresses. The house is of great antiquity, and occupies the site of still older buildings, said to have belonged to a nunnery dating back to the time of Elfrida. Some unmistakable "herring-bone" masonry in the walls of one of the out-buildings fixes it as Saxon beyond a doubt, and fragments of stone chalices for holy water, narrow slits now filled up, on either side of the main entrance, through which alms could

be passed by holy hands to profane wayfarers, and subterranean passages caved in and impassable, but thought by the irreverent to have once communicated with a neighboring monastery, all seem to favor the tradition which places a nunnery on the spot. This, however, is legend. What is certain is that, about 1630, it passed into the hands of its present owners from those of the D'Urbervilles, who became extinct. Its actual history has been uneventful, but it has gained a living interest for the admirers of Hardy from the fact that it was to this house that poor Tess was taken by Clare on the night of their wedding. It was across the stone bridge that he afterward carried her in his sleep, and it was among the ruins of Bindon Abbey, hidden in the thick clump of trees an eighth of a mile to the eastward, that he laid her in the stone coffin.

A CLOSE CALL

Archibald Forbes.....*The Century*

On my way back from the Gare du Nord, I met with an experience which was near being tragical. Hearing firing in the direction of the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, I left the Rue Lafayette for the Rue Chateaudun. When I reached the Place, in the centre of which the church stands, I found myself inside an extraordinary triangle of barricades. There was a barricade across the end of the Rue St. Lazare, another across the end of the Rue Lorette, and a third between the church and in front of the Place, looking into the Rue Chateaudun. The peculiarity of the arrangement consisted in this, that each of these barricades could be either enfiladed or taken in reverse by fire directed against the others, so that the defenders were exposing themselves to fire from flank and rear, as well as from front. I took a protected position in the church porch, to watch the outcome of this curious state of things. But the officer in command happened to notice me, approached,

and ordered me to pick up the musket of a man who had just been bowled over, and to take a hand in the defence of the position. I refused, urging that I was a foreigner and a neutral. He would by no means accept the excuse, and gave me the choice of the cheerful alternative of complying or being forthwith shot. I did not believe him serious, and laughed at him; whereupon he called to four of his men to come and stick me up against the church wall, and then constitute themselves a firing-party. They had duly posted me, and were proceeding to carry out the programme, when suddenly a rush of Versaillists came upon and over the Rue St. Lazare barricade, whereupon the defenders precipitately evacuated the triangle, the firing-party accompanying their comrades. I remained, not caring for the society I should accompany if I fled; but I presently came to regard my fastidiousness as folly. For several shots from Versaillist rifles came too near to be pleasant, and in a twinkling I was in Versaillist grips, and instantly charged with being a Communard. The people in the red breeches set about sticking me up against the church wall again, when fortunately I saw a superior officer, and appealed to him. I was bidden to hold up my hands. They were not particularly clean, but there were no gunpowder stains on the thumb and forefinger. Those stains were, it seemed, the brand marking the militant Communard, and my freedom from them just pulled me through. It was a "close call," but then a miss is as good as a mile.

JAPANESE ENGLISH

Eli Perkins.....*The Inter-Ocean*

One day in Yokohama a Japanese sailor was arrested for assaulting a jinrikisha man. The English court-room was crowded, and desiring to hear the English language as spoken officially in the court-room by a wise magistrate, I crowded in with the rest. The polite old magistrate wore

sandals, a kimono, and silk hat. Putting on his glasses, he looked solemnly at the culprit and the examination commenced. "Why do you strike this jirinkisha man?" "He told me impolitely." "What does he told you impolitely?" "He insulted me, saying loudly, 'The sailor, the sailor!' when I am passing here." "Do you strike this man for that?" "Yes." "But do not strike him for it is forbidden." "I strike him no more." "Good," said the magistrate, "if he will strike or terrify the people with enormous voice he will himself be an object of fear for the people. Good-by. Do not continue here the other time." At Kyoto, the Athens of Japan, I met many of the professors. Professor Ladd, of Yale College, was there, delivering a course of lectures before the Imperial College on Rational Psychology. One day I met Professor Tenabe, a native professor. He was one of the Tenabes who entertained Commodore Perry in Yokohama in 1854. The Professor is called a fair English scholar, and I was anxious to see how he handled our idiom. "You speak English, Professor?" I said when I met him. "No, I do not fluently it speak, but I write very good English. I can parse it grammatically." Then he smiled, took his pencil and wrote: "Though I exercised English diligently, yet I'm very clumsiness for translation, dialogue, composition, and all other." "Why, you write it very well," I said. "No," wrote the Professor, "I learned it without a teacher. It is a great shamefulness, but I don't abandon English henceforth. I swear to learn it perseveringly even if in lucubration."

A NARROW ESCAPE

E. J. Glave.....The Century

Hidden away in the bushes we found a small Indian dugout, and Dalton and I decided to repair this and make a few days' exploring journey in it on the lake. We left our horses securely hobbled on a fine

patch of grass-land in the neighborhood, then loaded up our tiny craft, and pushed off. The water, which was perfectly calm when we started, became gradually ruffled; but we made good headway with the paddles until we were crossing a bight in making a short cut to a rocky bluff ahead. A stiff northerly breeze was springing up, and the water was getting rougher every minute, and began to tumble in over our slight bulwarks. Despite my greatest efforts at baling the water was gaining on us, the little craft was slowly settling, the breeze had grown to a squall, and high waves rolled on all sides. Our canoe was rapidly sinking, and was already below the surface when Dalton and I, realizing that to save our own lives was all we could hope for, jumped into the water and quickly overturned the craft, spilling the contents into the lake. The cottonwood, relieved of its weight, floated bottom upward to the surface again. Then Dalton clung to the bow, and I to the stern, and we kept above water in this way. We swam toward the shore. Angry waves rolled over our heads, flinging us about as if trying to wrench away from us the upturned dugout, which alone could save us. The wind blowing along shore denied us aid, and the icy waters had chilled us till we were almost speechless; but we doggedly fought our way, and at last were nearing the shore. The prospect of saving ourselves was still a feeble one. On shore a bare wall of stone caving in at the water-line bordered the lake. We were rapidly carried on to this by the rolling breakers, which flung us against the rocky wall, or carried us in a surging foam into the hideous cave beneath. Each time we struck we propelled ourselves violently along the wall. Soon we found an opening, and when abreast of this a big sea with a hissing crest swept us ashore, where, paralyzed with cold and battered almost senseless, we lay in a heap piled on the rocks with a splintered canoe.

LATTER-DAY PHILOSOPHY

ON THE ETHICS OF DESCENT

Louise Imogen Guiney.....*The Independent*

It would never do for a biographer to look too narrowly into his hero's genealogy; for speculation is at all times fatal to an accepted pedigree. Every man is presumably deduced from male and female, and from generation to generation, and from these only. There is more of superstition than of science in this mode of reckoning; it has no great philosophic bearing, and it is very illiberal. The truth is, we belong, from the beginning, to many masters, and are unspeakably beholden to the forming hands of the phenomena of the universe, rather than to the ties of blood. What really makes one live, gives him his chart of rights, and clinches for him the significance without which he might as well be unborn, is, often enough, no human agency at all. Where it happens to be human, it is glorious and attested. "Not more to Philip, my father, than to Aristotle, my preceptor." But it may be debated that the climbing spider was considerably more to her appointed observer, Robert Bruce, than his own father; inasmuch as she alone put heart into his body and revived him into the doer whose deeds we know. A moral relation like that at the critical moment establishes the ineffable bond; annuls, as it were, every cause but the first, by whose will the lesser causes a rise, and makes men over new. No mere soldiering Bruce, but the spider's Bruce, the victor of Scotland; no mere Newton, but the dedicated heir of the falling apple and her laws; no mere young rhetorician of Carthage, but Austin the saint, perfected by the *Tolle, lege*, from Heaven. Many a word, many an event, has so, in the fullest sense, started a career, and set up a sort of

paternity and authority over the soul. We are all "under the influence" both of the natural and the supernatural kingdom. Far from being the domestic product we take ourselves to be, we are strangely begotten of the unacknowledged, the fortuitous and the impossible; we lead lives of astonishing adventure, consort with eternity, and owe what we are to the most trivial things we touch.

"For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

We are poor relations of every conceivable circumstance—alike of our sister, the feudal system, and our sister, the rainbow. We are interwoven, ages before our birth, and again and again after, with what we are pleased to call our accidents and our fates. There is real piety in the recognition of all this by the science of heraldry; for heraldry exists but to commemorate some personal contact with things, and a generative occasion without which the race would not be itself; as if to reprove the boy who believes himself descended from Sir Magnifico, whose big shield hangs in the hall, and from nothing else in particular. Sir Magnifico's cat, may, in reality, account for the preservation of the house; and a spindle or a vesper bell come to the front in the history of its averted perils, and get handsomely quartered upon the baronial arms. But heraldry avails very little; for she was always limited to the minority, and being old, has ceased to watch to-day and design for to-morrow, as she was wont. The best she can do is to suggest how it depends upon trifles and interferences whether we get here at all or whether we cut a figure in the crowd; and how foolish it is in us to scorn anything that happens. The road is long

from Adam to his present estimable and innumerable brood, and our past has been full of preservative events. What has preserved us, under Providence, in the successive persons of our progenitors? Clearly, more things than are easily numbered, or could be set down in symbols and devices on an escutcheon; so that it is well to maintain an attitude of great and general deference toward creation at large, for fear of not honoring our father and our mother. Stradella, no doubt, has kinsfolk yet in Italy; and they may know, or may not know, the hymns that once saved his life. In one case, they may pass over the hymn itself as a tiresome affair, necessary on holy days, or they may look upon it as a lucky omen—how lucky!—for them. But what they ought to do is to pay it excessive ancestral honors; and Canon Law, the wide world over, would acquit them of the idolatry. Music, indeed, has been potent, first and last, in the crises of men. It becomes a factor of enormous importance in more than one history, if you search for it. Never do I hear that plaintive old song of Locke's, *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground*, without thinking of James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, who had apparently no connection with it, but whom I find myself regarding as its very harmony forwarded into another age, like Arethusa's stream returned from underground. Fresh from the composer's meditations, it was sung on the stage by the comely Moll Davies (said to be daughter to the Earl of Berkshire), before Charles the Second, the notorious Persian person who then graced the English throne, and who was struck immediately with an excellence new as Locke's, and hardly of a contrapuntal nature. Time conjured up, from the bold comedian and the bad king, the innocent figure of a girl, Mary, who duly married a great noble, and vanished into history as the early-dying mother of the most stainless

knight outside of a romance. Derwentwater was grandson, indeed, to vagabonds; but was he not great-grandson to the sweetest of the fine arts? His present representative, the Rev. Lord Petre, may not openly refer one branch of his lineage to an origin which might seem more frankly fabulous than any divine descent of the ancients. At any rate, here is music of the seventeenth century, going its operative channel through imperfect humanity, and upspringing in the wild days of the Jacobite, '15, into corporate beauty again; into a young life, dowered to the full with the strange, winning charm of the Stuarts, and with a halo about it which they can scarcely boast. And therefore, reverting to "the source and spring of things," one is free to cry: Well done, Master Matthew Locke, in *F flat minor*, which is indeed reputed, by tradition, the right heroic key! But who, writing of the darling of the legends of the North, will be bold enough to set *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground* in full song, on his genealogical tree? King Charles the First will be sure to show up there, and so will a number of other Britons not especially germane to the matter. That is how we forge pedigrees, in our blunt, literal way, skipping over the vital forces, and laboriously reckoning the mediums and the tools of our own species. Any hard-headed encyclopedia will accredit an advocate of Ajaccio and his wife Letitia with the introduction into the nineteenth century of its most amazing man; but to William Hazlitt, who was brought up upon saving paradoxes, Bonaparte was "the child and champion" of the Revolution.

WHAT IS FAME?

London Truth

It is wonderful how soon a public man whose name is a household word disappears if he withdraws into privacy or dies. We are such creatures of habit that we are prone to imagine

that the business of the world will come to a standstill when this or that eminent man is not regulating it. When I was a boy, Sir Robert Peel was the necessary man; then it was Lord Russell, then Lord Palmerston, and then Lord Beaconsfield. And yet each one of them, when extinguished, was soon forgotten—*nominis umbra*; and the world jogged on as heretofore. So it has been with Robert Lowe. What he said, what he thought, what he did, and what he would do, was for a time on every one's tongue. But who, beyond a few personal friends, has known during the last ten years whether he existed? At last he dies. Then his jokes are disinterred, his former services are recounted, and articles are written on him. A fortnight hence it will hardly be remembered that he ever lived. Napoleon on returning from Elba, took shelter in an old woman's cottage from a storm. She had never heard that he had been replaced by the Bourbons on the throne. "And this is fame!" said Napoleon. Pope, when dying, was amazed that the trees were green. He thought that nature ought to go into mourning. And we all, from the highest to the lowest, fancy ourselves far more important to the world's economy than we are. What is this world? An infinitesimal ball of stone and mud rolling about through space we know not whence, or where, of no greater size in comparison with the millions on millions of other worlds than an ant-hill on its surface—a mere, almost indistinguishable, spot in infinity, with a quantity of insignificant creatures on it, who flutter about for a few minutes, and then are resolved into the elements. Is it not, then, too absurd that these creatures should be ever seeking to lord it over each other, and that any human being should care for what he calls "fame"? I never look at an ants' nest without these thoughts occurring to me. How contemptuously we should feel for an ant hoping for eternal renown be-

cause he has slaughtered a lot of other ants; how ridiculous we should deem some ant, more silly than the others, believing himself to be a very superior creature, because some ancestor had either by good or evil deeds acquired the right to transmit some combination of letters to his descendants as a prefix to their names. With what huge laughter should we contemplate an ant, proud, haughty, and happy, because he has been permitted by another ant to wear a bit of straw round his loins. What should we think of an ants' nest in which half the ants are starving while the other half have more food in their cells than they could ever eat! And all these reflections occur to me on hearing of the death of Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke.

THE USE OF OLD COLLEGES

Charles F. Thwing.....Harper's

The college whose life goes back a thousand years, more or less, as Oxford's, or two hundred and fifty years, as Harvard's, may and should exert a different influence over a student from that exerted by a college founded in 1882. And in what does this influence consist? It consists, in part at least, in at once minimizing and enlarging the personality of the student. No boy can enroll himself as one among thousands of students who have preceded him without coming to feel how exceedingly small he himself is. This feeling is the same feeling which one has in Rome or in Athens, reflecting on the uselessness of human endeavor in general, and of his own endeavor in particular. Such a feeling, though bad enough for the ordinary man, is very good indeed for the ambitious boy to have. The feeling tends to convert his airy, cloudy sentiments, if he be a boy at all vigorous, into the power of hard, noble work. But if this entrance into the historic life of an old college minimizes personality, it also enlarges it. The boy comes to feel that all this long and rich life is a part of his life,

and he a part of it. He is a companion of the worthies who have wrought well. He sees a great cloud of witnesses, and is conscious that they see him. Such sentiments have worth. I suppose that many a student at Yale and Harvard would say that these sentiments were simply nonsense in their actual power over a student. But whether so or not, they are, I apprehend, the chief reasons which move parents to send their children to the Eastern colleges. For the teaching in the colleges of the West is excellent, the courses of study are broad, the spirit of work among the students is very hearty, the undergraduate life is democratic, and the downright simple discipline of intellect exceedingly vigorous. For the worth of a college, whether Eastern or Western, of the Old World or the New, consists not in its history or in its material equipment, but in the men who compose its teaching force. Cardinal Newman was right in saying that the university could be put into shanties or tents, but it should have great teachers.

THE INSPIRATION OF REPOSE

The Christian Union

Repose of spirit and manner is a great element of strength. It is astonishing how quickly impetuous or unruly souls yield to the spell of a deep and unbroken composure. Repose does not mean stagnation, insensibility, sluggishness; it means the resolute mastery of one's self and steadfast reliance upon the deepest sources of power. It is the final attainment of a great and noble nature. The river, when it issues, a shallow rivulet, from the hills, often runs turbulent and noisy; but when it becomes a wide, deep stream, the ear cannot detect its flow. It is quiet because it is deep. When men first take up the interests and pursuits which attract them, they are often noisy in their devotion and boisterous in their energy; but when they have measured their strength against

their tasks, and gained a real impression of the vast and sublime order of which they are a part, a quiet, calm, steady putting forth of power takes the place of the former impetuosity. The aims of life involve long periods of time; the goals of life are distant; and they who win must adjust themselves to the conditions of a prolonged and exhausting race. It is not the spurt at the start, but the continued, unrelenting, unrelaxing advance, that wins the day. The excited man is never master of the situation; the nervous, anxious worker is never master of himself. The nervous, irritable, restless man not only works at a great disadvantage to himself, but disturbs and demoralizes everybody who works with him. His manner is the frankest possible confession that he feels unequal to his task, and that the issue is doubtful. On the other hand, the man who takes his duties quietly and bears his burdens calmly gives his fellow-workers the sense of security, the feeling of competency. Such an one inspires others with confidence, and brings out the best that is in them. Life is too great, its tasks are too heavy, and its days of toil too long for the wasting of energy through agitation, nervous excitement, or that restless manner which betrays lack of self-control. A man must have repose of spirit to get the best out of himself and the most of life, and he must have repose of manner to inspire fruitful energy in others.

THE LITERATURE OF THE FUTURE

Pierre Loti.....The Forum

To give an impression of life, this is the whole secret of art, and this is the secret of the art of the future as it was the secret of the art of the past. But it is a great secret; that is to say, it is a mysterious, an elusive, an indefinite thing that cannot be formulated, that no explanation can succeed in explaining, that proves its own existence by evidence that overwhelms us in its force, the origin of which we know not and cannot resist.

Consequently, we do not resist this inexpressible and terrifying force which a presentiment tells us is the principle of our own life. To give an impression of life, with all the compelling charm which life carries with itself and which makes us throw ourselves with the same passion toward all joys and all sufferings—it is this that constitutes a creative work, and I can very well understand all the bold, and even absurdly arrogant, comparisons among really great artists that have been made as to what was or is the unfathomable principle from which all things emanate. A poet is for men a kind of god, linked to those that live the life he has created, just as the nameless power that was the origin of all things may itself be linked to the universe. It would be as absurd for us to attempt to explain the life of our own creations as to attempt to explain the life of the universe. But if we do not know what the essence of life is, we can at least study and note its manifestations, and I should like to try now to explain what, briefly it seems to me, cannot fail to be discovered every time a really living work of art is studied. To excite an emotion, it seems to me, ought to be the object of every work of art. Different arts produce their effects by different means, but sometimes the means are strangely confounded, and this serves admirably to prove the close, the mysterious, the unaccountable kinship that unites creative artists, whatever may be the art of which they are masters. But if you consider for a moment the literary art stripped of all those ingraftments it has had to suffer, if you wish to see it as a tree of natural growth, with all the purity of its essential and primordial perfume, you will, in my opinion, have to conclude that it must reach the common goal of all the arts precisely by the expression of emotion, that is to say, by exciting emotion. I must at once anticipate an objection here. It will perhaps be

said that one need not express anything directly, that it is necessary only to suggest. At bottom this is merely a quarrel of words; for as our feelings can be of infinite diversity, it is evident that not only thousands but an infinity of shades of expression will be sought for all these feelings, from the purely animal cry that suffering can wring from us, to the most elusive and almost indescribable emotions of the soul before the subtle melancholy of life, those vague, inexpressible emotions that ever tempt to exhaustion the efforts of the most marvellous and delicate of poets. As for the use of the symbol, it can be very effective if it be understood; and I know examples of its use in certain sacred books of the old religions. However, I find in these only a figure of speech, maintained for rather long time and in a rather veiled way, that, according to its nature and according to the natural genius of the poet that tries it, can acquire charm and grandeur, or indeed speedily become tiresome, but is, on the whole, only a form, and to me appears in every case useless and meaningless if it serve not to express an emotion that I can feel. As for the vague symbols that symbolize nothing, under the pretence that any part of nature can be used to symbolize anything, and in which I can find only a succession of figures—sometimes beautiful or pleasing in themselves, but incoherent and incapable of moving me—I acknowledge that I consider these useless too, and that my fancies can, of themselves, conjure up before my eyes and mind plenty of pictures that, having this superior merit of being united for me to an intense feeling of life, will lead me much more surely to the realms of pain or ecstasy. Ought, then, the function of literature to be, as some writers have maintained, to instruct us with regard to the manners and customs of a particular period? But the historians, the chroniclers, and the archæologists are amply sufficient for this work,

and in all probability they will do it with a better method, with more care, and with a greater appreciation of the value of their documents than the *littérateur* can do. Must literature confine itself to depicting the world and its changing aspects? The geographers, naturalists, and the scholars of all kinds will always do this in a far more thorough manner, and if, perchance, some rather picturesque phrases are missed from their books, we shall be fully repaid by the number, the force, and the precision of their information. Must literature be content to make a minute analysis of the mental condition of the characters it presents? Do we forget that to analyze is to dissect, consequently to destroy, to kill, or at least to work upon dead material? That is the work of a novice, and is good, if at all, in school-days, as it is perhaps good that a composer should have studied and dissected symphonies before giving himself up to his own inspiration; but this is not the work of an artist, of a creator. Is it the function of literature to defend a moral or a religious thesis? This is the work of priests, of directors of the conscience, and of reformers, who cut themselves off from the world in order to devote themselves to pure thought. Have we not plenty of philosophers, metaphysicians, and ideologists of all kinds? No, none of these things constitutes the function of literature. Let me add, however, that literature can contain them all, for it can contain everything; since everything in our lives and in the lives of other men as well as in nature, in the world of feeling

as well as in the world of ideas, can be to us a source of emotion. If the writer, the poet, have not first and foremost an acute perception of life, if his mind be not quick not only to see deeply into everything in his own life, but also to feel all the emotions of humanity, how will he be able to interest me when he describes events that he has experienced or the experiences and passions of others? If he depict for me a bit of nature, an ephemeral or an unchangeable aspect of life, and if he choose to tell me all that has touched his sensibility, taking pains not to omit even the finest shades, shall I not see in his words only a series of enumerations? What does it matter to me if his narratives are presented in harmonious phrases, with well-chosen words or beautiful figures of speech—with what is called "virtuosity in style"? All this remaining cold and lifeless will be incapable of creating in me an impression of life, incapable of moving me. I shall find that it is only a mosaic of words, in which I can see nothing but words. Whereas all my nature will thrill with the great thrill that living beings impart, if something has suddenly revealed to me all the emotion that the spectacle described to me—even every one of its most thrilling details—has excited in the mind of the poet. And if religion, morals, philosophy, or any subject whatsoever is discussed in a work of literature, what feelings of joy or of terror are aroused provided that this is to show me how a mind is moved by such thoughts, and that it is in order to re-create life for me and not merely to exhibit a system.

SOCIETY VERSE

A MATTER OF PREJUDICE

John Kendrick Bangs..... Harper's Young People

I heard you ask for bread to-day—I think you called it “bed”;
I heard you speak of rats also, but “wats” was what you said;
You wished a cracker too, and asked your nurse a “quacker” for;
You also thought you'd like to have a “wide” along the floor.

Now will you tell me, baby dear, in confidence, of course—
And in the reason that you'll give I'm sure there'll be much force—
Just why it is you have conceived, unknown to your papa,
Such prejudice against it that you drop the letter R?

“THE LAST LEAF”

Josie R. Nicholls.....Frank Leslie's Weekly

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It has proved his lot to be
“The last leaf upon the tree.”

Even so,
As he sang by happy chance,
Or by thought's prophetic glance,
Years ago.

Now the “Autocrat” at last
O'er his favorite repast
Sits alone,
With his calm, reflective smile
And the ring of playful guile
In his tone.

Friend of him whose vision whole
Viewed the present “over-soul”
Wise and calm,
Which with compensation sweet
Joy and sorrow doth complete
Like a psalm.

Loved of him who dwelt so near
Nature's heart that he might hear
Every throb;

And of him, the wizard sage,
 In whose solitude each page
 Was a sob,

As he fashioned tales of fear
 Filled with ghosts and witchcraft drear
 Night and morn;
 And of him whose fancy keen
 Saw the fair Evangeline
 All forlorn.

Last, by him whose sober dress
 Hid a heart of tenderness
 Deep and grand;
 Till the wintry blast of death,
 With its desolating breath
 Swept the land.

Oh, let him the last leaf be,
 Gentle Time, upon the tree
 Many springs;
 While we gaze with reverent brow
 At the quaint, familiar bough
 Where he clings.

THE GOLDEN AGE

Life

When Strephon's flocks were straying
 Upon the Grecian slopes,
 His happy thoughts kept playing
 With just the self-same hopes,
 As I, for months, have cherished
 About a girl I know;
 Yet Strephon lived and perished
 Two thousand years ago.

Ah, then love was a passion
 Within the reach of all—
 Before the car of fashion
 Drove poor men to the wall.
 The pipe of Strephon still is;
 But in those happy hours,
 He courted Amaryllis,
 At no expense for flowers!

THE SKETCH BOOK: EVERYDAY LIFE

A HOUSE OF ROSES

Katharine Tynan.....The Speaker

I know no lonelier spectacle than that of an old married couple without children. When youth and health and beauty are here it may matter less, according to temperament; the most lover-like husbands and wives among young married folk of my experience are childless. But when they are grown old, and bent, and withered, how lonely they are for want of a staff, of some one to close the eyes of that most lonely one—the survivor of the two. It must give an added pang to death, for the one who goes leaves the other desolate indeed. My old lover of roses and his wife were less unhappy than those who have never had a child, for somewhere, in earth or heaven, there was a son of theirs. For the old man there was a never-failing spring of hope; for the old woman there were memories of the child at her breast, the little one running between the well and the orchard, the dear school-boy, who, for all his talents, had kept the child's heart. It was twenty years since he had left them in tears. Eighteen of these had been a long, dreadful blank of silence. If he were living now he might be a bearded man, with his children about his knees. But he must have died long since. The old man was the most primitive of farmers—had been, I should say, for he farmed only the rose in days when I knew him. He had once possessed a small farm, half a hundred acres of thistly land, from which savor and strength had long departed. It was handicapped by a big mansion, of which the old couple inhabited a couple of bare rooms. The land grew its weak hay year after year. There was never any return made to it. The old man pot-

tered in the big garden, which was luxuriant, as old gardens are, with a wealth of fruit, and clusters of roses flapping in your face as you entered any gateway. Those old mansions with great gardens and shrubberies are thick in Ireland, especially near the metropolis. They were built long ago for lords, spiritual and temporal, to whose heirs London is now the town, and English shires the country. The day came when the lease fell in, and they had to leave the place where their son was born and they had lived their years of hope. If they had kept the boy with them, things might have been different; but they had been ambitious for him, and given him the best education within their reach. In the pride of his youth he had laughed at the idea of ever making anything of the exhausted land. There was gold to be had in abundance overseas, gold for the picking and mining, for some new bonanza had been discovered. What did they know of the world, of sin, and temptation when they let him go? Such things as gambling and wild living, bad women and quarrels for their sake, that make men murderers, were as far away from them as a legendary world, for they read little and the vice at their doors was of a harmless kind enough. At first, good news had come steadily, and money, and a small nugget that stands under a glass shade on the chimney-piece. Then the letters ceased suddenly. The woman suffered more than the man, for after a time of suspense that took out of him any possible spring or enterprise, he developed an irrational and joyful hopefulness. She had to put away her tears and motherly forebodings, because it made her husband so angry to see them. By-and-by it took some such

irritation to disturb his placidity. They had changed from the big house soon after the cessation of the letters. The house they went to had long enjoyed the reputation of being haunted. No one had lived in it within memory. It was a gaunt place, on the very edge of the road, narrow, with windows back and front, so that you could see straight through to the trees at the back. It is on the loveliest by-road, where every flower in its season appears first and vanishes last on the luxuriant hedges-rows. Far down one looks through an avenue of splendid old thorns to the blue walls of mountains. The hawthorn is succeeded there by woodbine and wild roses, the latter falling in close exquisite veils of pink and green down to the daisied grass that lines the ditches. The high road, with its shrieking steam-tram, runs at right-angles to it, but does not disturb the lane's quietness. By contrast it makes this sylvan world lovelier, for it is pleasant to reflect that one is a country mouse and yet on such easy visiting terms with the city. For all the surrounding beauty, the house looked irredeemably ugly when the old folk came to live there. Who could think it would ever wear the gracious aspect that it does now, when it is absolutely a stack of roses? Gloire de Dijon, Maréchal Niel, tea roses; roses in all colors, from tiny, close, white things, nine or ten on a spray, through all the gamut of yellow, pink, rose-red, and velvety darkness that is almost black. Never a one passes that way but stops in delight. The roses are over the house, and in the beds, but the house-ends are flanked by huge hollyhocks, and there are beds at the sides where huge daffodils and hyacinths flourish in spring; and for shelter there is a close hedge of sweetbrier, so ravishingly sweet that I have seen a very noble and intelligent St. Bernard dog pause with lifted nostrils to inhale the fragrance. Folk may be incredulous about this, but I should like them

to see this country-bred dog looking up with amazed interest when the leaves first opened in spring, or following a lark's flight with grave intentness till it is lost in the dazzle. Perhaps he has learnt his ways from humankind. Certainly he is the only dog I have ever known to display this kind of observation. It was through great love that the once hideous house came to be a rose-tree in full bearing. They were no sooner settled than the old man began to beautify against Patrick's return. At first he was half anxious lest he should come while the place was so ugly, before the green had covered it. Seasons waxed and waned. The roses thrived apace, being cared for as no roses ever have been, before or since. In the winter they were swathed in cocoanut fibre and sacking. In the spring and summer there was an incessant round of kindly tasks for the roses' benefit. I used to pass the house every evening, and winter or summer the old man was always there, with spade or watering-pot or big pruning scissors. No doubt the roses growing so beautiful, blooming every year in a superb plenty in June, throwing out a sparser second crop in autumn, comforted him. Yet he never ceased to listen for a foot, and when in time he grew very deaf, he would look up with a startled lightening of the face when a shadow fell on him at his work. Rover, the Irish terrier, that had been Patrick's, shared for a long time in this hopeful and hopeless vigil. He was a puppy when his young master went away, but I don't think he ever forgot him. He lived to a patriarchal age, a solitary dog, with the care of an old couple on his mind, as well as the strain of constantly listening for a long silent footstep. These things steadied him, even though the village and its temptations were not a quarter of a mile away. I used to see him, in his grizzled old age, lying on a sack, near the old man at his work, his nose on his outstretched paws, his melancholy brown eyes full

of wistful thoughts. He, too, grew deaf, listening for the step that never came. He died and was buried by the sweetbrier hedge, and they gave him no successor. Patrick's mother had no illusions about his coming back. With a woman's faith she thought of him ever smiling-eyed, sweet-lipped, under an aureole in Heaven. She prayed incessantly for him, and thought of Paradise as a place to be thirsted after, where her boy's arms should be forever clasped around her neck. She kept her thoughts to herself, however, as the years went on. If she cried it was when she was alone, and I think she must have cried a great deal, for she became in time more than half-blind, and her eyes have a pale look, as if the color were washed away. Her wound was never allowed to close. All those twenty years Patrick's place was set at every meal. His room in the roof, that was scented as with attar of roses from the great bush that draped the windows, was always kept ready. There were periodical airings and dustings, but everything was as though a traveller might come any hour of the day or night. The master of the roses died last year, in the full flush of the rose harvest. He sleeps in a very ancient churchyard close by, with a green, ivy-covered tower the haunt of martens and swallows, shadowing his grave; across the road is the garden of the Dominicans, where the figures of the white-cowled, white-robed novices give a touch of sanctity to the lovely peace. Sometimes a monk comes walking toward one, with the hills for a background, and in a day of serene blue skies and tremulous green boughs, one might dream it mediæval Italy. The church, which is in the centre of the graveyard, is a Protestant church, built long after saints had begun to lay their tired bones to rest there, but the Angelus bell rings its more intimate message to him lying there among his brethren of the old faith. This year the roses grew a little rank,

and with an over-abundance of leaves. They had to live through the fierce weather of last March without their swathings. They are often thirsty, dusty, and languid of evenings, when no shower comes silverly walking upon the hills. They will deteriorate year after year, returning gradually to wildness, or getting too weak to open leafy buds. Already they are the prey of the green fly. Since that brown old face, with more wrinkles than I have ever seen, was covered by the coffin-lid, the widow only appears, stealing, a melancholy, black figure, to the church of the Dominicans, or to the graveyard. I often wonder if Patrick's place is still set and his room ready. It was so much a habit with the lonely old woman that it might well continue. But no one now listens for a springing footstep on the road, and if Patrick is yet in this world, he had better come, or no one will be left to welcome him.

PAULINE DE GRANDPRÉ

Saint Lazare, in Paris, is a prison for women who are sentenced for comparatively short terms, and for misdemeanors rather than crime. They are from the lowest classes, classes whose misfortunes and misdeeds seem to form an endless chain, which they can only break, and thus free themselves, with the assistance of a strong and wisely directed helping hand. The problem of aiding and redeeming the inmates of Saint Lazare was difficult. No one had met with much success in the work until Pauline de Grandpré, and her uncle, the Abbé de Grandpré, who was appointed chaplain, went to the prison some years ago. Pauline's first feeling of horror at the degradation of many of the inmates of the prison gave place to profound pity. She studied them, their past, and their probable future with all the force of her mind, seeking a plan by which she could help them. The administration of the prison was faulty; she could hardly hope to bring about a

change in it. Her personal influence during the day could do little good while the women slept in large dormitories, which gave opportunity for the older and more hardened women to demoralize and discourage by their conversation the younger women, and those who were there for the first time. One winter night a poor woman came to Mlle. Grandpré and begged for food and shelter. She had left the prison a few days before, her money was gone, she could not get work. Without help she must die or steal to live. While the woman was eating Pauline discovered that she had no underclothing. What hopelessness and misery and torture of all feminine instincts that spoke of! How was a woman to take up the burden of life with any courage without decent clothing? Pauline now began to perceive what became the basis of her work afterward. The time to touch and help the women of Saint Lazare was when they were leaving the prison, when they felt some humiliation for the past and dread of the future. She clothed this poor creature comfortably, and from that time she clothed the women who were discharged from Saint Lazare. When her own wardrobe was exhausted she asked help from other women, who since then have never allowed the supply of clothing to fall short. From this beginning developed the "Work for the Prisoners Discharged from Saint Lazare," an institution which provides suitable clothing and temporary lodging for its beneficiaries, finds work for them, or homes if they are too old or too ill to work, and sometimes reconciles them with their families in the country and sends them home. It is also able sometimes to avert imprisonment when a woman is arrested for a first offence, and by providing careful legal advice it prevents unjust sentences which sometimes formerly resulted from the carelessness of these lawyers. For many years Pauline de Grandpré devoted her heart and her

best energies to superintending and developing this work, and her successors in it have followed her example with happy results.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS IN CAPE BRETON

Frank Gaylord Cook.....The Christian Union

In Cape Breton Presbyterianism has no Professor Briggs, and Catholicism no Dr. McGlynn. Though usually dwelling apart, either on opposite shores of a lake or on divergent slopes of a mountain, the sects live in peace, with mutual tolerance and respect. One could well believe their souls filled with the peacefulness of their charming lochs, the gentleness of their lovely intervalles, and the dignity and serenity of their mountains. To a large extent the people are shut in among themselves, and are isolated from the rest of the world. Situated almost at the eastern extremity of the continent, and separated from the rest of Nova Scotia by the Strait of Canso, Cape Breton has an area of but three thousand one hundred and twenty-five square miles, and is divided lengthwise in two by St. Peter's Canal and the Bras d'Or Lakes. The interior, especially between Baddeck and Cape North, consists chiefly of barrens—broad plateaus, about twelve hundred feet above the sea, where roam the bear, moose, and caribou, undisturbed save by an occasional hunter. The total population is hardly eighty-seven thousand, and is scattered mainly along the sea and lake shore, and beside the rivers in the intervalles. For the most part the people are occupied as were their fathers. They till the soil and fish in the waters—and they worship God. In fact, they take to worship more kindly than to farming. They are mostly of Scotch blood. They or their fathers were formerly herdsmen, fishermen, or free mountaineers, who early in this century emigrated from the Highlands and the western islands of Scotland, Barra, Lewis, Harris, Uist, and Skye. The greater part of

the people are Presbyterians. Large districts contain hardly any others. And nearly all are church-goers. It is almost an indispensable requisite to ministers in Cape Breton that they speak Gaelic. A few of the old people, who were themselves immigrants, can speak and understand no other language. Most of the families habitually read it in their Bibles, speak it in their homes, and teach it to their children. All alike are devoted to it, and insist on its use in public worship. Another unique feature of Cape Breton Presbyterianism is the annual open-air sacrament. While passing alone the north shore by the beautiful St. Ann's Bay, between Baddeck and Englishtown, I observed in the centre of a broad open space, by a clear stream that emerged from a dark recess or divide in the mountain, a queer little house about eight feet high and perhaps four feet square, with a hip roof, and a window, closed by a slide, across the upper part of one side. Unable to guess its object, I inquired of a native, and was told that it was an improvised pulpit; that it sheltered the minister as he preached or prayed before the multitude assembled before him in the open air on rude benches at the time of the annual sacrament. This occasion somewhat resembles the Methodist camp-meeting, but has marked differences. At one of these meeting-places, once each year, in August, the Presbyterians of several adjoining parishes, with their ministers, assemble from far and near, sometimes to the number of thousands, and hold a series of religious services lasting from three to five days. Many remain from the beginning to the end, and are quartered at the neighboring farm-houses. But the greater number attend the Sabbath services, when the sacrament is celebrated. Next to the Presbyterians in numbers, and scarcely less con-

servative, are the Catholics. To the latter faith belonged many of the Scotch emigrants to Cape Breton, especially of those from the islands of Barra and Uish; and these or their children are found to-day in groups along the Bras d'Or Lakes, and in the valleys of the Margaree. This church prevails among the French also, along the west shore on the Gulf of St. Lawrence; while among the Indians it has almost exclusive sway. The Micmacs of Cape Breton are Catholic almost to a man. Converted by the early missionaries, they have cherished their faith almost as a tribal inheritance. This fact is observed particularly in their annual religious festival of St. Anne, which is held the latter part of July on Indian Island, near St. Peter's, in the great Bras d'Or Lake. On this island, centrally located and accessible by water, the Micmacs have erected a large church and support services at their own expense, and hither, once a year, with their chief and captains, their aged men, their women and children, they come together, mostly in boats, in large numbers, many from a long distance, for their great religious festival. They bring with them their food and large rolls of birch-bark for their wigwams. These they erect on the cleared space about the church, reaching down to the water's edge, placing in a central position a large wigwam for a council house and hall of justice. They remain encamped for ten days, participating in a round of devotions. The festival culminates upon the Sabbath in a procession that is as curious to the observer as it is serious to the participant. The procession is formed within the church, and proceeds thence up the slope of the island beneath a tall green arch and between two parallel rows of short trees cut and set up for the occasion.

FADS AND FANCIES: QUAIN AND CURIOUS

A WAGON BOAT

The Christian Union

Down in Maine is a farmer who was separated from some of his customers by an unbridged stream. Here was a difficulty that is only paralleled by the conundrum of the jackass and the load of hay. This farmer did not parallel the answer to that conundrum. He built a flat wagon that resembled a float on small wheels. He trained a bull to draw this wagon in a harness that is principally a ring through the nose, by which the bull is guided by a use of reins. When the stream is reached, the farmer, keeping his seat in his cart, drives into the water; as soon as the bull goes beyond his depth he swims, pulling the cart after him, walks as soon as he can touch bottom, and comes ashore after apparently enjoying his swim. The farmer makes his rounds, the peculiar wagon and horse being a first-class advertisement for him, and returns the same way he came. This trip is taken three times a week. Here is another proof that necessity is the mother of invention.

FEMALE IZAAK WALTONS

E. A. Thackray.....The Chicago Times

There is a subtle fascination about fishing, especially trout fishing, that makes it very dear to the feminine heart. Hundreds of years ago Dame Juliana Berners in England, a noble lady and nun, wrote a quaint little book, *Fysshynge with the Angle*, that is very rare and valuable. It is notable as being the first work upon fishing in the English language. Today fishing is very fashionable, especially among English women and their Canadian sisters, who accompany their fathers and their brothers to the noted lakes and streams in the wilds of Scotland and the lake country of

England, and the still wilder waters of the Restigouche, the Cascapedia, the Miramichi, and other rivers and lakes in the Canadian dominion and in New Brunswick. One of the most expert fisherwomen in America to-day is Mrs. Grover Cleveland. On the first anniversary of her wedding day, instead of celebrating it in the usual orthodox fashion, she and her husband hied off in the early spring to the Adirondacks. There, under the guidance of Jake Cronk, the noted Adirondack guide, Mrs. Cleveland made some wonderful catches, landing one trout that weighed over six pounds. To the anxious question of her husband, "Frances, shall I take your rod and land him for you?" she laughingly replied, "Many thanks, sir! but I guess I'm quite capable of landing him myself!" and so she proved. The Marquis of Lorne is a great fisherman, and his wife, Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, is equally expert with a double-handed salmon rod. We all remember how William Black's heroines, from Sheila down to Madcap Violet, went fishing for salmon in the Highland lochs. Patti, too, is an expert fisherwoman, and delights to haunt the trout brooks near her castle, Craig-y-Nos, which is situated in a most romantic region in Wales. But we need not leave our own country to find expert fishermen and women. It goes without saying that in the gallant governor of Massachusetts we have a man passionately fond of the sport. Almost every spring he leaves the cares of his office and hies up to Rangeley lakes. He is frequently accompanied by members of his family, who enjoy the sport as much as he does himself. He has been spending the early part of July bluefishing in Buzzard's Bay, together with Grover Cleveland. One

of the most expert guides on the Rangeley lakes, who knows the whereabouts of the trout, the land-locked salmon, and the rarer blue-back trout, is Captain Barker, whose Camp Bemis is a resort for many lovers of trouting. His wife is as fond as himself of the sport, and frequently lands a six-pound trout on a slender fly rod with as much ease and grace as her husband. There is no more healthy or delightful sport. There is no sport that brings you so closely into contact with nature at her best, that leads you into pine woods full of ozone, that gives you ample exercise for every muscle of your body, that demands a costume as easy as a gymnasium suit, fitted to allow the greatest freedom to every movement of the wearer, that can for a moment compare with trout fishing. The music of a mountain brook, the cool air from mossy cascade, the scent of wild flowers and rare ferns, and the most perfect picture of woodland beauty are all the fortunate heritage of that happy woman who goes a-fishing. But in order to be a fisherwoman with any kind of success your costume must be especially adapted to the sport. Your dress should be very short, not much below your knees, and the blouse waist should be easy, with sleeves that will roll up to the shoulders. This costume should be all woollen that will stand rain and sun. Good serge or flannel of a dark blue or gray color is the most serviceable. No underskirts should be worn, but instead a pair of full Turkish knickerbockers of the same material as the dress. Long woollen stockings and hobnail boots of calfskin, together with a felt hat that can be trimmed with leaders and multi-colored trout flies, or a jaunty Tam O'Shanter, comprise a sensible costume. If you object to getting your feet wet or to wading the streams to any great extent a pair of waterproof leggings or rubber boots may be worn, and in some of the rapid streams where the water is quite deep a pair of waders made of rubber which come

to the waist may be necessary. These inclose all the outer garments, but as a rule it is not necessary to wade in a stream much above the knees. Around the waist should be a comfortable belt from which may be suspended a little satchel containing extra fish-hooks, lines, etc., a drinking cup should also be added, and a wicker fish-basket suspended on the fair fisherwoman's back may contain a frugal lunch, the place of which is later on to be filled with slender, speckled trout. It is hardly worth while to go fishing for less than a day, especially brook-trout fishing, for trout are just like poets—elusive creatures that hide in beautiful retired spots away from the noise and confusion of the crowd. If you want to find a trout you have to go where he is, and generally that means a walk from six to eight miles at least through mossy woods shaded by white birches, decorated by ferns, and made sweet by the scent of balsam and hemlock. Finally you may reach a trout brook running rapidly over mossy stones, leaping over cliffs of gray granite, and dancing into emerald pools covered with froth. Just under the spot where the yellow froth lies thickest, like whipped cream, throw your scarlet ibis or your grizzly king. If the day is very dark you might try a white miller, although that is usually best toward eventide. Gently at first throw your fly out so as not to snap off the leader or not to land your favorite fly upon the lofty top of an overhanging maple, a feat I once saw performed by a charming young fisherwoman. Rather than lose the fly she climbed the tree, not being aware of the fact that she had a spectator. With every throw increase your length of cast, dropping your flies as lightly as the first snow flies. If there is a big, old trout lurking beneath the froth—and that is their favorite hiding place—if you have kept yourself well concealed, kneeling if need be, or sheltered so that your shadow is not cast upon the pool,

you may have a tug that will make your heart leap into your mouth. But keep cool! don't get too excited, for that is the great trouble with most women when they go fishing. When the first big trout bites they give their slender split-bamboo rod such a jerk that the top is splintered into fragments and off goes master trout and your best bamboo tip down stream. Keep your finger on the line. Let the trout play out the line slowly from the reel. Keep his head as much as possible up stream, for if you know how to do it, you can drown a fish as readily as you can a man. Play him until he is tired out and then you can reel him in slowly and surely.

THE HAWTHORNE CORNER

The Publishers' Circular of London concludes an article on the firm of Henry Young & Sons, booksellers, of Liverpool, with the following bit of Hawthorneana: "Another and more famous visitor who used to look in upon Mr. Young in the old days was the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. It will be remembered that for some years Hawthorne was American consul at Liverpool. He was shy and had not many friends, but Mr. Young was one of the honored few. Not long ago Mr. Young gave an interviewer some reminiscences of the famous writer, part of which we reproduce. 'My first recollection of Mr. Hawthorne,' said Mr. Young, 'is of a dark-haired, retiring, and gentlemanly looking man, who walked into my shop and without a word to anybody or from any one to him, proceeded to investigate the books. In a little while he took from the shelf an uncut copy of *Don Quixote*, in two volumes, illustrated by Johannot, asked me the price, paid the money, and requested that the books be sent to "Mr. Hawthorne at the American Consulate." Then he began coming almost daily, after a long time growing somewhat familiar. He would inquire much about books, but usually more for information than for

purchase. The late Henry A. Bright of Liverpool, a wealthy dilettante, author of *The English Flower Garden* and the intimate friend of the late Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), to whom he introduced Hawthorne, was his single warm friend and confidant in England. They frequently called together and made use of a little nook in the rear of the shop in which to examine and discuss books; and this soon came to be known as the "Hawthorne corner." Mr. Hawthorne gave Bright the complete manuscript of *Transformation* (*Marble Fawn*). He had it very richly bound, and it remains in the possession of the Bright family to this day. When the family finally left England Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne and, I think, Miss Una Hawthorne, called to shake hands and say good-by. Hawthorne's personal appearance and demeanor very strongly reminded me of Dr. Martineau, and Mrs. Hawthorne's sprightliness was a delightful set-off to her husband's extreme diffidence and quietude.'"

PERSIAN LADIES

R. B. Karib.....*The Cosmopolitan*

We say "as thick as the yashmak"—so high are they respected; and it seems to me that that is the best way to keep the ladies quiet, because it is very difficult to keep many ladies from talking when they are in one room. I think more respect is given to women in Persia than in any other land, and we say it is the result of the teachings of our prophet, and the high respect which is given to a wife by her husband. The wife receives many privileges, as a married lady should. They have servants, carriages, and saddle-horses. Many of them will have from half a dozen to two dozen horses. Nearly all of our Persian ladies are well trained to the saddle, and are very fine riders, like the Englishwomen. When they go out to make calls they appear as if they were frightened, but it is a mark of respect. While they are riding

the servants go before them and clear the streets. If a man does not move from their way he will be punished by the servants, and he can have no reason to complain to the authorities. This veiling of the face protects her also from any attack of wild men. All Persians look upon a lady as most noble and delicate in nature, and she must be respected. Again, she must not allow every person to have the privilege of seeing her beauty. The public has a wrong idea in thinking that the women of our country are to be pitied because they are obliged to wear the yashmak. I have travelled through many countries, but have never seen more respect and care given to women than is given to my countrywomen. Their lives and reputations are better protected than in any other country in the world.

THE SUSPENDED GIRL

Harper's Weekly

A few sporadic cases of the suspended girl, we are told by one learned in the lore of fashion, were reported in America last year, but it was not till the beginning of this summer that the suspended girl became epidemic. When the warm weather came and the protecting jacket was cast aside, the girl with suspenders that did not suspend anything was regnant everywhere. On ferry-boats and cars, at picnics and in the streets, and even at church, the girl with her "galluses" was conspicuous. To show that she had a full appreciation of the many uses to which this article could be put, one young girl in the West hanged herself with hers. Some cruel humorist adduced this sad incident as proof that women were entirely worthy to wear suspenders if they choose. But the saddest news comes from Paris, for we learn from the fashion papers that the great Worth has heard of the decorative value of suspenders, and is using them to ornament even the finest of his creations. Meantime,

in these sultry days, when men cast waistcoats aside and try to be comfortable despite the weather, they have substituted leather belts for suspenders, and thus girded up, they plod along without envy of those who have appropriated what was heretofore an exclusively masculine appendage. A visitor from Mr. Chase's Shinnecock Art School reports that he looked in vain among all the hundred girls and young women in the classes there for a single one who fastened up her belt with suspenders. What do these facts portend? On the one hand, the great majority of girls in America have adopted suspenders, and the great Worth has set the seal of his approval on them; on the other hand, many men have suspended their use, and the girls in Mr. Chase's school—girls who should know what good art was, if any ever did—have never adopted them at all. What does this portend? We do not know, but can only trust that it is nothing serious, and that with the autumn this disturbance of normal conditions will cease, and those who are wrong will see the error of their ways. It is probable, in the language of the sand lots, that "the suspended girl must go."

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY GIRL

Mrs. Burton Harrison..... The Ladies' Home Journal

Nearly a score of years have passed since Lawrence Oliphant pictured "the bouncers" of Irene Macgillcuddy's set. The type of the girl of to-day is simple almost to brusquerie in speech, given to athletic sports, connoisseur in horses and dogs, virtuoso in the use of fire-arms, loving out-of-door exercise in any shape, ambitious to be at home in literature, languages, art, and music, one or all of them. One is tempted to wish to see in the maiden of our society some of the small coquetties of budding womanhood; but no, she is serious as a cherub, and rather painfully practical than the reverse. Until the

age of eighteen she is brought up in comparative seclusion from the world in which her mother takes conspicuous part; she is trained by experts in every detail of the accomplishments specified. One is often ignorant of the existence of young girls in the houses of one's friends until by chance they are revealed at a *matinée* of the opera, sitting demurely in the family box, or at their summer homes, on horseback, or playing at tennis on the lawn. The dancing class, controlled by a bevy of matrons who carefully select the names sent out upon invitations to belong to it, is her training ground for polite society. At these classes, meeting in the afternoon or evening once a week, the mothers sit around the halls while the boys and girls go through the exact forms to be observed in the ball-room of the future. When the young person is ready to be introduced into society, the mother, as often as not, issues cards for a general afternoon reception of her friends. Gowned in simplest home dress, high at the throat and of pure white, the debutante stands beyond her mother at the chief entrance of the drawing-room. Behind her, piled upon tables or the piano, is seen a veritable hecatomb of flowers sent in by friends to celebrate the hour. Each guest, after speaking to the mother or chaperone, is then mentioned by name to the debutante, who bows or curtsies as she has been taught to do. Later in the afternoon, when the crowd thins out, the girl, surrounded by her particular set of friends, displays her flowers, her gown, her new ring or the string of pearls presented by a good papa.

THE BITTERNESS OF BED

The National Observer

To drink and play the night through, and become, with no interval of oblivion, a sober and respectable unit in the morning had its charms for boyhood. To reconcile

yourself to sleeplessness and read or write till they call you to breakfast has a tolerably sustaining air of manly determination and triumph over the brute. But to go to the longed-for bed stupid with sleep, feel sleep coming over you speedily, and never sleep at all—that is the torture of the gods. You light the gas and open the book you took to bed from habit. But fatigue has deprived you of emotional appreciation; you have no sympathetic terror as you read De Quincey's dreams, or, if you go to the other pole, no delighted chuckle for Jane Austen's irony. The more commonplace matter is, however, your better friend, and you close your eyes and have a brief half dream of yourself snubbing the colossal snobbery of Emma. Encouraged, you turn out the gas, compose yourself carefully, and are fully conscious once more. . . . At this stage you fancy for yourself a superiority over the healthy, snoring boors you imagine at rest elsewhere. Then questioning if the unwholesomely abnormal be finer than the common state, you are led to philosophizing on the relation of genius to madness, until you feel that a devil in your head has tied a rope round your brain and is pulling steadily. Will your constant sleeplessness end in madness or an early death? You take a dose, but your mind is stronger than that amount of chloral the doctor allows you, and the conviction is despair. But gradually you begin again to entertain dreams, hundreds of them in maddening succession. One moment you are dreaming, the next you are reasoning on the dream's history. The growing light through the curtains serenely reproaches you. At last you sleep for an hour, then healthy humanity is on your nerves again, and you join it with a dazed understanding and dimmed perceptions. Your mother, and your sisters, and your wife, they are people in a dream country, until the gods cease their torture and will you sleep.

LITERARY DISCUSSION

ADVICE TO GIRL-WRITERS

Amelia E. Barr.....The Youth's Companion

There is one great mistake into which young writers are apt to fall—because they write with apparent ease, they therefore imagine they have more talent than they really have. To write well, there must be not only a natural facility, but an acquired difficulty. Insight, or imagination, only needs a moment to perceive what it may take days to express properly. If it be necessary, every sentence should be gone over and over until it has clothed the idea in the best possible language. For though genius may begin a book, only hard, prosaic labor will finish it. Joubert says that young writers give their minds much exercise and little food. To do this is a great mistake, for as soon as a girl begins to write, study and reading become doubly imperative. Good books must not, then, be only read through; they ought to be thought through and assimilated. The spider who spins her web from her own body is quickly exhausted; but the bee, who gathers honey from every flower, is never at a loss for material. To make a good book there must first be the natural ability to conceive and to create. Then there must be the industry to gather materials. I would hesitate to say, lest it should appear improbable, how many books I have read on certain subjects in order to produce one book on that subject. But experience has taught me that enough material may be gathered for at least twelve books in order to write one good volume. Finally, there must be that facility that comes only through the discipline of constant practice. If money, and not reputation, is the object the girl-writer has in view, then let her remember that the majority of readers

are mediocre, and that to them mediocrity is excellent—the life which they understand, the agreeable prattle that does not tire them. But I do not praise this motive, however profitable. The best books are those adapted to the mind and feelings of humanity, and not to any particular state of society. Above all, keep the pages unsoiled. The fame that comes through sensual books is infamous; the money they earn is unblest. There is no reason to fear humanity; it has always loved good books best; it always will love them best, and the writer capable of producing a good or great thought may be sure that there are hundreds of other minds capable of comprehending and admiring it. If any young girl feels within herself the ability, the application, and above all, the patience necessary for a true literary career, I for one will give her the heartiest God-speed; but if literature is to be pursued only as a make-shift, or a cloak, or to earn a little money, or to add a passing *éclat*, I tell her, surely, she is a candidate for disappointment and heartache. She is taking a wrong step at the very beginning of her life, and I beg her to remember that no one can possibly foresee where one wrong step may lead her.

THE ROMANCE AND THE NOVEL

Maurice Thompson.....The Chautauquan

There has been a vague, filmy line of division between the novel and the romance; but it has existed only in criticism, not in fiction itself. We can demonstrate the difference between art and artisanship; for the artist and the artisan bear the relation of master and slave to each other. The artist controls the artisan. The design of a temple is the work of art; the building of the tem-

ple is mere artisanship. We may carry this truth over into our study of fiction; and it cannot be too well remembered that all art is fiction—that the product of artisanship is concrete fact. For instance, in designing a poem I am an artist—in making it I am an artisan. The design is a fiction, the product is a fact. Miss Emily Dickinson designed strangely striking and beautiful poems; but her execution, her artisanship, was curiously imperfect. In sculpture the artist designs while the artisan does the chiselling. The architect makes the abstract temple, the mere contractor builds it in the concrete. Turning to *Ivanhoe*, the greatest romance ever written, we find it quite as near the mark of truth to the life it represents as *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is true to current American life. Mr. Howells' story has *vraisemblance*, but it is no more a real photograph of the commonplace in our experience than Scott's romance is a mere transcript from English history in the time of Richard I. It is the style, the manner, the method of Howells that make his story less a romance than Scott's. As a matter of fact, Silas Lapham is just as much an imaginary and unusual character in life, manners, and speech in Boston as *Front de Bœuf* and *Ivanhoe* were unusual in their day in England. The difference is twofold: Scott chose interesting characters, Mr. Howells did not; but Howells by his manner of telling made his story seem real, while to a critical reader Scott sometimes shows too plainly that he is telling a mere tale. Mr. Howells is a defter artisan than Scott was; Scott, however, was immeasurably the greatest artist who ever wrote fiction. If Mr. Howells would sit down and conscientiously write out *Ivanhoe* precisely in Scott's lines but with the diction and the literary workmanship of his own choosing, the book would be far more highly finished as a piece of concrete fiction; but it would be not one whit changed as an abstract

artistic conception. The genius of Scott invented the story and formed it in the mould of greatness, but the master designer did not know or care about the effect of sandpaper and varnish. His was not woodwork; it was bush-hammered masonry; rough, but enduring as the pyramids.

THE POETRY OF WHITTIER

R. H. Stoddard *The Independent*

What was most significant in the personality of Whittier first exercised itself in a spiritual direction in his twenty-third year, when he began to write religious poems, and in a militant direction in his twenty-sixth year, when he began to write anti-slavery poems. That, writing at all, he would write religious verse, might have been predicted from the reading to which he was chiefly restricted in his youth; and that, continuing to write, he would write anti-slavery verse, might have been predicted from his ancestry. It was in his Quaker blood to hate every kind of oppression; and of all the kinds with which he was acquainted, the meanest in those who practised it, as well as the most disgraceful to those who allowed it, was slavery. It was the greatest wrong that could be inflicted upon the black race and the greatest sin that could be committed by the white race, and it must be abolished. Impelled by these convictions, which were as much a part of his manhood as his religion, he cast his lot with the Abolitionists, sharing the obloquy which was cast upon them and partaking their personal perils. To do this demanded more courage than was possessed by many worthy souls in New England, who, thinking as he did, concealed their thoughts and held their tongues and pens. He could do neither; so he spoke what he thought and wrote what he felt, and very indignant writing it was. What effect it produced outside of the small circles in which it first saw the light, the historians of our literature have not yet told us. But it could not have been great; for

an evil that flourished for years in spite of all the attacks that were made upon it, and was exterminated only after four years of sanguinary civil war, was not to be put down by poetry, even by the poetry of Whittier. What it was at this period those of us who are familiar with his work know, and estimate from the point of view at which we look at it. That it was vigorous—more vigorous, perhaps, than anything of the kind in English speech—was as certain as that the impulse which created it was the imperative expression of the soul of Whittier as a man and a poet. As an American poet he had to write it, concerning as it did the country which he loved, and connected as it was with the history of human freedom. That it was not, except at intervals, poetical poetry, those of us who most clearly understand and most heartily admire his genius have to admit, basing the admission on the fact that it is not of the rare kind that refuses to be forgotten. We remember the spirit, but not the letter. We have noted so far only one element in the poetry of Whittier, in whom it was stronger than in any of his contemporaries—the human element; but there is another element there which must not be overlooked, since it is equally strong—the element of nature. To say that love of nature was a more profound feeling with him than with other American poets would not be true, for we know, or ought to know, what nature was to Bryant all his life; nor would it be true to say that his knowledge of nature was more accurate than that possessed by other American poets, Bryant's knowledge of nature being perfect. What it is safe to say is that knowledge of and love of nature is conspicuous in his poetry—so conspicuous, indeed, that it is seldom absent from it. What man was to his inward, nature was to his outward sense, each being the workmanship of God, and each, for what it was, being dear. There were seasons when nature

seemed more to him than man, more necessary for his enjoyment. The fields and streams which he saw were not as beautiful as the mountains and lakes which Wordsworth saw, but they were consecrated in his eyes through the emotions they inspired. What the Wye and the Duddon were to Wordsworth, the Devon and the Afton were to Burns, the Powow and the Merrimac were to him. He loved them, and he painted them with a loving hand, creating loveliness where it did not exist and heightening it where it did, making them lucent as the rivers of life that flowed through the garden of God! Whittier's poems of nature are characterized by poetic elements which are not common among descriptive poets. They are not enumerative, like the landscapes that form the backgrounds of Scott's metrical romances, but suggestive; for though there is an abundance of form and color in them, their value does not depend upon these qualities so much as upon the luminous atmosphere in which they are steeped. They are more than picturesque, in that they reveal the personality of their painter—a personality that, changing with the moods they awaken, is always tender and thoughtful—grateful for the glimpses of loveliness they disclose, and consoled with the spiritual truth they teach. What this truth and this loveliness is—for they are inseparable here—the readers of Whittier know much better than we can tell them; or, if they do not know, they will after reading *Hampton Beach*, *A Dream of Summer*, *On Receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior*, *The Last Walk in Autumn*, or, indeed, almost any of Whittier's poems of nature. The genius of Whittier was manifested in many ways, as we have sought to show in these imperfect words; but in what way, if in any one way, he was most himself, posterity alone can determine. It may be that he will be remembered for his legendary ballads, which preserve passages in our early

history that should be borne in mind. It may be that he will be remembered for his homely ballads about the people of his own time. Or it may be that he will be remembered for his grave, meditative poems, which, penetrated with the profoundest religious feeling, have quickened the lives of thousands, whose hopes they have increased and whose sorrows they have consoled. But whoever may be forgotten, he will be remembered.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

James Russell Lowell.....Harper's

I am inclined to think Fletcher the more poet of the two. Where there is pathos or humor, I am in doubt whether they belong to him or his partner, for I find these qualities both in the plays they wrote together and in those which are wholly his. In the expression of sentiment going far enough to excite a painless æsthetic sympathy, but stopping short of tragic passion, Beaumont is quite the equal of his friend. In the art of heightening and enriching such a sentiment by poetical associations and pictorial accessories, Fletcher seems to me the superior. Both, as I have said, have the art of being pathetic and of conceiving pathetic situations; but neither of them had depth enough of character for that tragic pathos which is too terrible for tears; for those passionate convulsions when our human nature, like the sea in earthquake, is sucked away deep down from its habitual shores, leaving bare for a moment slimy beds stirring with loathsome life, and weedy tangles before undreamed of, and instantly hidden again under the rush of its reaction. There are no sudden revelations, flashes out of the very tempest itself, and born of its own collisions; but much rather a melancholy Ovidian grace like that of the Heroic Epistles, conscious of itself, yet not so conscious as to beget distrust, and make us feel as if we had been cheated of our tenderness. If they open the sacred source of sympathetic tears, it

is not without due warning and ceremonious preparation. I do not mean to say that their sentiment is not real because it is pensive, and not passionate. It is real, but it is never heart-rending. I say it all in saying that their region is that of fancy. Fancy and imagination may be of one substance, as the northern lights and lightning are supposed to be; but the one plays and flickers in harmless flashes and streamers over the vault of the brain, the other condenses all its thought-executing fires into a single stab of flame. And so of their humor. It is playful, intellectual, elaborate, like that of Charles Lamb when he trifles with it, pleasing itself with artificial dislocations of thought, and never glancing at those essential incongruities in the nature of things at sight of which humor shakes its bells, and mocks that it may not shudder.

GOOD NOVEL-WRITING

The New York Tribune

One of the most accomplished critics in the range of English literature has paid *The Tribune* a fine compliment. He has characterized the stories which have been published in the Sunday issues as among the best work that is now done in American fiction. Few readers who have followed from week to week the chapters of *That Carolina Gal*, *Roweny*, *Mrs. Keats Bradford*, and *Katharine North* will consider this tribute to be overwrought or misjudged. Miss Pool's stories have been recognized from the first as fiction of a rare quality. Thousands of our readers spend their most pleasurable hour on Sunday over her chapters. When *Roweny's* course seemed to have been run prematurely, appeals poured in upon us from all sides to have the story continued. The same hearty appreciation has been displayed respecting the charming story now in course of publication. Moreover, the life of these novels does not end with the closing instalments in our columns. When

reprinted the books have a large and constantly increasing circulation, even among the most critical readers. If we were asked to explain the secret of Miss Pool's remarkable success as a novelist—and it must be conceded to be very great—we would ascribe it in a large degree to the distinctive American character of her stories. Her stories smack of the soil and have all its racy qualities and homely traits. When Mr. Lowell died a younger poet gave an illuminating reminiscence of his critical faculty and sound judgment. In his earlier youth Mr. Stedman had written a volume of American lyrics coupled with more labored pieces on classical themes. The older poet's preference was shown for the home product. Keats, Landor, and Tennyson, he thought, could not be outrivalled in ambitious antiques. "When you write American ballads," he said, "you are on your own ground, breathing your own air, and have a touch of your own." Miss Pool's novels have the characteristic qualities of American life. They have an indigenous flavor. The author is on her own ground, instinct with American feelings and purpose, and "breathing her own air." The strongest qualities of her work come from close contact with American soil. Then there is another explanation of Miss Pool's popularity as a writer and of the prompt recognition which her genius has received from critical judges. Her style is free from some of the faults of labored analysis and undue elaboration into which leaders of the new school of fiction have fallen. *Romola* was a splendid product of George Eliot's art, but the mannerisms and analytical methods which she acquired in writing it marred and weakened all her subsequent work. These faults have been imitated and exaggerated by recent writers until the exposition of character has come to resemble the processes of the dissecting-room. The modern novel too often is an exhausting and tedi-

ous study of motive and intellectual processes. Every act, word, glance, and change of facial expression is subjected to analysis and commentary. Characters are not allowed to reveal themselves by word or deed. The patient reader is not even suffered to draw his own inferences in peace and quiet from what they say and do. The authors insist upon supplying him even with intuitions.

THE FACULTY DIVINE

E. C. Stedman.....The Century

As it is, we hear much talk, on the part of those observers whose business it is to record the movement of a single day, about the decline of ideality. Whenever one of the elder luminaries goes out, the cry is raised, Who will there be to take his place? What lights will be left when the constellation of which he was a star shall have vanished? The same cry has gone up from every generation in all eras. Those who utter it are like water-beetles perceiving only the ripples, comprehending little of the great waves of thought and expression, upon which we are borne along. The truth is that, alike in savagery and civilization, there never is a change from stagnation to life, from bondage to freedom, from apathy to feeling and passion, that does not beget its poets. At such a period we have the making of new names in song, as surely as deeds and fame in great wars come to men unknown before. It is true that the greatest compositions in all the arts are usually produced at culminating epochs of national development. But the period of that eminent group, the "elder American poets," surely has not been that of our full development. Theirs has been the first inspiring rise of the foot-hills, above which—after a stretch of mesa, or even a slight descent—range upon range are still to rise before we reach that culminating sierra-top whose height none yet can measure. Throughout this mountain-climbing, every time that a glowing

and original poet appears, his art will be in vogue again. Now, is such a poet the child of his period, or does he come as if by warrant and create an environment for himself? From the first it seemed to me a flaw in the armor of Taine, otherwise our most catholic exponent of the principles of art, that he did not allow for the irrepressibility of genius, for the historic evidence that now and then "God lets loose a man in the world." Such a man, it is true, must be of ingrained power to overcome an adverse situation; his very originality will for a long time, as in the recent cases of Wordsworth and Browning, stand in his way, even if in the end it secures for him a far more exceeding crown of glory. If the situation is ripe for him, then his course is smooth, his work is instantly recognizable. First, then, the poet is needed. He must possess, besides imaginative and emotional endowments, the special gifts which, however cultivable, come only at birth—"the vision and the faculty divine," and a certain strong compulsion to their exercise. But these gifts, under such compulsion, constitute what we mean by the poet's genius. In our age of distributed culture it has become a matter of doubt—even among men reared upon the Shorter Catechism—whether there is any predestination and foreordination of the elect in art, literature, or action. Many deem this a superstition that has too long prevailed. That it has impressed mankind everywhere and always is a matter of record. I have much faith in a universal instinct; and I believe that I still have with me the majority even of modern realists, and that the majority is right, in refusing to discredit the gift of high and exceptional qualities to individuals predestined by heredity

or otherwise, and I believe that without this gift—traditionally called genius—no poet has afforded notable delight and service. I know that men of genius often waive their claim; that Buffon said genius was "but long-continued patience;" that Carlyle wrote, it "means transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all;" that one eminent modern writer, though in a passing mood, announced: "there is no 'genius,' there is only the mastery which comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science." But these are the surmises of men whose most original work comes from them so easily that they do not recognize the value of the gift that makes it natural. They honestly lay more stress upon the merit of the hard labor which genius unconsciously drives them to undertake. I say "drives them," and call to mind Lowell's acute distinction: "Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." Carlyle's whole career proves that he simply wished to recognize the office laid upon genius of taking "infinite trouble." His prevailing tone is unmistakable: "Genius," he says, "is the inspired gift of God." "It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man;" and again, "Genius, poet, do we know what those words mean? An inspired soul once more vouchsafed to us, direct from nature's own fire-heat, to see the truth, and speak it, or do it." His whole philosophy of sway by divine right is a genius-worship. Even Mr. Howells' phrase, "natural aptitude," if raised to the highest power, is a recognition of something behind mere industry. It is what forces the hero, the artist, the poet, to be absorbed in a special office and decides his choice of it.



Marie Caroline

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS

A ROYAL LOVE TALE

The love story of the Duchess of Berry is graphically told in the first of these volumes by Imbert de Saint-Amand, which is translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. It follows her through the scenes of her early life up to the time of her husband's assassination and the end of Louis XVIII.'s reign. Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise de Bourbon was born in 1798, and was the daughter of the Duke of Calabria, hereditary prince of the Two Sicilies. The following is

her portrait as she grew up: "She was not regularly handsome, her features were not at all remarkable, her glance was wavering, her lips thick and almost always open. She carried herself badly, and the best-disposed observer could not call her bearing noble. But this blonde Neapolitan had her own charm, a marvellous splendor of coloring, silky fair hair, the loveliest arms in the world, and feet which, in spite of being pigeon-toed, were nice to look at, so small and well-made were they. In mind

she was still more charming than in body. Engaging and benevolent, kindly to every one, pious, but not aggressively so, proud of her origin, yet as polite, as amiable to a poor man as to a great lord, easily amused, and always disposed to see the good side of things, a southern nature, enlightened and vivified by the brilliant sun of Italy, she enjoyed mere living, and looked toward the future with confident and joyous eyes. From a political point of view, her infancy had been a sort of prologue to her destiny. She, who was to be the victim of revolutions at every period of her life, had been condemned from her cradle to a series of portentous misfortunes. But, far from being affected by them, she had always felt persuaded that a brilliant destiny was reserved for her. Her romantic imagination was excited by the recital of the glories and the misfortunes of the House of Bourbon. As valiant as her ancestor, Henri IV., she was to live in an epoch as troublous as that of the Béarnais, and, like him, to preserve a truly prodigious ardor, boldness, and gayety in the midst of the most terrible crises and the greatest dangers."

The courtship, carried on mostly by letter, was a brief one, including a demand for her fair hand, a betrothal and a marriage by proxy, the young girl never having seen her husband. His first letter to her, full of dignity and formality, was the beginning of a genuine attachment which made their union later an ideal one in the eyes of the French. His formal proposal to her is an interesting document and is as follows:

"MADAME, MY SISTER AND COUSIN—
I have long desired to obtain the consent of the king, your grandfather, and the prince, your father, to make a request on which hangs the happiness of my life; but, before obtaining their approval, I come to Your Royal Highness to entreat that you will deign to confide the happiness of your life to me by consenting to our

union. I dare flatter myself that age, experience, and long adversity have disciplined me sufficiently to render me worthy to be your husband, guide, and friend. On leaving parents so worthy of your love, you will find here a family which will remind you of patriarchal times. What can I tell you about the king, my father, my brother, and above all, about that angel madame, the Duchess of Angoulême, that you have not heard already, unless it be that their virtues and goodness are above all possible praise? The most intimate union prevails amongst us, and is never disturbed; all my relatives impatiently desire that Your Royal Highness should crown my wishes and consent to augment the number of the children of our family. Deign, madame, to yield to my prayers and to hasten the moment when I can lay at your feet the homage of the respectful and tender sentiments with which I am,

"Madame, my sister, and cousin,
of Your Royal Highness the very affectionate brother and cousin,

"CHARLES FERDINAND."

This proposal she accepted through the proper channels. She left Naples for her future home in France after her marriage by proxy had been celebrated. She then indicted to her husband the following brief letter, a model of simplicity and duty, and the key to her charming character:

"*Naples*, April 24, 1816. I have just taken at the altar, monseigneur, a solemn engagement to be your faithful and tender spouse. This dear title imposes duties on me which I most willingly commence to fulfil from this moment by assuring you of the sentiments my heart has already vowed to you for life; its sole occupation shall be to seek means of pleasing you, conciliating your friendship, and meriting your confidence. Yes, you will have all my affections, all that is mine; you will be my guide and my friend; you will teach me how to please your august family; you will (I doubt not) lessen the keen

regret I shall feel in leaving my own. It is on you, in a word, that I cast all the care of my conduct in order that it may be guided to all that may procure your happiness. That shall be my habitual study. I hope I may be successful in it, and prove to you how highly I value the privilege of being your companion! In these sentiments I am, for life,

"Your affectionate spouse,

"CAROLINE."

In return the duke regrets his inability to meet her on her journey, for she is detained in quarantine at Marseilles, adding "All that I hear of your qualities, your goodness and your grace, charms me and kindles my desire to see you and embrace you, as I love you." The French themselves shared some of the duke's enthusiasm. They were eminently pleased with the alliance, and the picture of her royal entry into Marseilles on May 30, 1816, is herewith reproduced: "Never has the Phœcean city presented a more grandiose appearance. The sky, whose azure rivals that of the sea, is illumined by a splendid sun whose golden reflections make the waves sparkle like diamonds. The gardens of numberless bastides, as the pleasure houses which surround the city with a belt of foliage are called, are filled with orange, citron, and myrtle trees. It is a festival of spring-time, light, and flowers. When the people of Southern France set out to be enthusiastic, their enthusiasm becomes a sort of madness. They are intoxicated with noise, shouting, and racket of all sorts. Do you see the windows adorned with women, flags, garlands, the National Guards and troops of the line drawn up in double rows on the wharves and in the streets, the flat roofs crowded with innumerable spectators? Do you hear the bells ringing, the cannon roaring, the vivas splitting the air? Do you see the magnificent roadstead where the whole fleet rides at anchor, the hill where rises the poetic chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, patroness of sail-

ors, the mountains on the horizon which frame the magical picture? What a display, what a spectacle! Truly it is fairy-like, enchanting, dazzling. It is nine o'clock in the morning. The Duchess of Berry, coming out of the lazaretto, embarks on a boat belonging to the royal marine commanded by M. de Damas, captain of a ship of the line, for the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, where she is to land. On entering the port, she is saluted by thirty-six guns from the forts and the king's vessels. Every craft in the harbor is hung with flags. As she lands, one hundred and fifty National Guards and as many of the Royal Guard form a double line. The troops present arms. The flags are lowered, the officers bow, and the drums beat a salute. A detachment of Sicilian troops escort the princess to the Hôtel de Ville, where the ceremony of delivery is to take place. The same ceremonial is observed as had been followed on May 6, 1770, for the Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, in the larger island in the Rhine, near Strasbourg, and on March 16, 1810, for the Empress Marie Louise at Braunau. Conformably to diplomatic usage, the Hôtel de Ville has been declared neutral ground by special act. The apartments on the right of the principal hall have been arranged for the reception of the princess, her Neapolitan household, and the Prince of San Nicandro, ambassador of her grandfather, the King of the Two Sicilies. On this side the Neapolitan colors are raised. The apartments on the left remain the property of the King of France. Here are stationed the Duke of Havré, ambassador of Louis XVIII.; the Duchess of Reggio, lady of honor to the Duchess of Berry; the Countess of La Ferronnays, lady of the bedchamber; the Countess of Bouillé and the Viscountess of Gontaut, ladies-in-waiting; the Duke of Lévis, gentleman-in-waiting; and the Count of Mesnard, first equerry. The Sicilian body-guards

draw up in line in the great hall, beneath their national standard. The French body-guards do the same, on the opposite side. In the middle of the hall stands a table covered with green velvet fringed with gold. Here the delivery is to be effected according to the protocol of royal marriages. The princess comes forward through the great hall and sits down at the middle of the table, on the Neapolitan side, with the Prince of San Nicandro on her right, and behind her the Countess of La Tour, her lady of honor, as well as the Prince of Ruffo-Scilla and General de La Tour, both of whom were witnesses of the marriage by proxy at Naples. On the other side of the table the French household remain standing. After the reading of the official documents, and an exchange of speeches, thirty-six discharges of artillery announce that the delivery has been effected. The Prince of San Nicandro has just presented the Princess to the Duke of Havré, representative of Louis XVIII. She has said farewell to the members of her Neapolitan household, who fling themselves on their knees, weeping as they kiss her hands. Then she crosses over to the other side of the table. She is a Frenchwoman now. Her new lady of honor, the Duchess of Reggio, comes forward. The princess embraces her. Then the duchess presents the Countess of La Ferronnays, the Countess of Bouillé, the Viscountess of Gontaut, the Duke of Lévis, the Count of Mesnard; and the Countess of La Ferronnays, in her capacity as lady of the bedchamber, offers her the trousseau and the corbeille presented by the king. Afterward she enters a chamber, where, according to usage, she lays aside her Neapolitan garments for others exclusively French. This change of dress is symbolical of the change of country. It is a farewell to the past, a greeting to the future. On the one hand regret on the other hope. One might apply to the prin-

cess, who thus begins a new existence, Victor Hugo's famous line:

" Depart with a tear, enter with a smile."

Resplendent in her French toilet the Duchess of Berry goes down into the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, where she receives the compliments of General Baron de Damas, commander of the 8th Military Division, and of the prefect of the Bouches du Rhône department. She re-embarks afterward in order to make a formal entry at Monsieur's quay, in front of the Cannebière. This time she does not take a boat belonging to the royal marine, but a gilded long boat belonging to the Marseilles merchant service, which is manned by twenty-four oarsmen dressed in white satin, with blue and gold scarfs. Sheltered by the royal standard bearing the arms of France and Navarre, and seated beneath a crimson velvet canopy surmounted by a crown of colossal proportions, the young princess advances through a forest of masts draped with greenery and pennants. One might think her the Queen of the Mediterranean. She lands on Monsieur's quay. The mayor pays his homage. The troops are in battle array. Again a salvo of thirty-six guns is fired, and all the church bells ring. The princess goes by way of the Cannebière and the Cours to the church of Saint Martin, where the clergy offer her holy water and conduct her processionally into the sanctuary, where she hears Mass and a Te Deum. Then she goes to her palace, where thirty young girls salute her and offer flowers. She dines alone in grand state. After dinner she goes to the theatre, where her presence calls forth great applause. The whole city is illuminated. Enjoy your triumph, madame. Look well at these festive shores where a magnificent reception greets you, where everybody swears devotion and fidelity, where you make your appearance like a queen, almost like a divinity. You will return to them

again in less than sixteen years. You will return, but in what different attire! A proscrip, when it becomes a question how you shall vindicate the rights of a son despoiled of his inheritance, you will say to yourself: 'I must begin on the shores of Provence. Can Marseilles, which gave me such a brilliant reception, fail to recognize me?' But this time you will find no triumphal arches; your road will not be strewn with flowers. You will be obliged to hide in an obscure house in the suburbs, awaiting with feverish impatience through a cruelly long night the pretended movement in your favor. In the morning you will learn that this movement has wretchedly miscarried. And in your distress you will say: 'Alas! where are they who made me such splendid promises, and shouted so for me? I am sad, I am alone, I am deserted, and I shall soon have no place to lay my head.' And then you will begin that campaign so full of danger, so full of anguish, which will end by the treachery of a Judas and the captivity of Blaye. How the bells, how the trumpets, how the shouts resound to-day! Why think of the future? Young and brilliant princess, be happy while you may." The duchess then meets her husband at Fontainebleau. She is eminently pleased with him and he with her. He turns aside during the interview to say to Madame de la Ferronnays, "I shall love her," and he kept his promise. The entry of the bride into Paris was a regal one, and after the performance of the religious ceremony the duke and duchess settled down to reside in the Elysée palace, now the home of the Presidents of Republican France. Their life here is that of two young lovers. They live *en bourgeois*, walk the avenues unattended, though in the direct line of succession to the French throne. They mingle with the people and spend their time free from care and in the pursuit of pleasure. They were universally adored, and the

heart and soul of life at the gay capital. The Duke of Berry himself was a comely man, noted particularly for his charities. In six years of his married life these amounted to over a million and a quarter of francs. The duchess encouraged him in these things and won the hearts of all about her. The anxiety of the royalists was taxed, however, by her failure to have a son, though she bore numerous children. France to all exterior appearances was united in its vivas for the life of the monarchy. It entered the mind of a half-crazy fanatic named Louvel, that a serious blow would be struck at royalty by the assassination of the Duke of Berry before the well-known desires of the royalists should be granted. For four years he sought his opportunity. Louvel was a saddler, and while practising his calling in the stables of royalty kept watch of his victim. Many times he was about to strike. But his courage failed him, until one night after the opera he plunged a poniard into the duke's side. The Duchess of Berry was with child at the time. The Duke de Bordeaux was born four months later, but from that moment the duchess's life no longer was the roseate air of its earlier years. She was but twenty-one years of age at the time of her husband's death. She had walked on a bed of roses till then. Her later years, still to be described in other volumes by the same author, were full of thorns. She was one of the most interesting of the famous women of the French court described in this series—full of sweetness and yet a miracle of courage and strength.

DOWN THE DANUBE

The trip down the Danube (Harper's) made by Frank Millet the artist-author, Alfred Parsons the English illustrator, and Poultney Bigelow, the American mentor of a foreign monarch, forms a volume of surpassing interest and beauty. To the readers of Harper's Magazine



From "The Danube."

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the now completed story needs no introduction. Profusely illustrated by Millet and Parsons it is one of the notable books of the season. As may well be imagined, a river which courses through plains and hills made picturesque not only by its varied relics of the past but by the primitive customs still prevailing among the people along its banks, offers the sight-seer abundant invitation to loiter slowly down its course. The trio in this case were of one accord in this. Seeking the head-waters of the Danube, the author of the volume relates how, embarked in that most comfortable of modern inventions, the canoe, they paddled lazily along from head-waters to the sea. Armed with baggage and provisions and with three pairs of keen observant eyes, the account of such a trip is something of a romance—a thing indeed to be dreamed of in our leisure hours like the building of castles in Spain. "The three canoes were as nearly alike in dimensions, lines, weight, and fittings as the skill of an old famous builder on the banks of the East River, New York, could make them. They measured 15 feet in length, 30 inches in width, and about 18 inches in extreme depth. A deck of thin mahogany covered the whole with the exception of an oval opening about 6 feet long and 20 inches wide, which

was surrounded by an oak coaming about 2 inches high. A series of hatches were fitted to this coaming, and these could be adjusted in various ways, so that the canoe could be converted in a moment from an open boat into a modified Rob Roy, or entirely covered up and locked as securely as a jewel-box. Like all similar craft, a good strong oaken keel made the backbone, and a great many small ribs of riven heart-of-oak were copper-riveted to this keel, forming, with the stem and stern-post and a few cross-timbers, a light, strong, and not too rigid skeleton. The sheer-strake was of mahogany, and the others of selected white cedar. All the fastenings were of the best copper, and the fittings and trimmings of nickel-plated brass. One peculiarity of the construction was that the deck-boards and all the strakes ran from stem to stern without a splice. The weight of each canoe, empty, was about eighty pounds, but with the nickel-plated drop rudder, heavy brass folding centre-board, two sails with masts and spars, paddles, and general outfit, the whole weight in cruising trim must have been fully two hundred pounds, but we never verified this estimate, judging only by the fact that at no time during the trip were they too heavy to be lifted easily by

two of us." Of the varied sights and adventures encountered the volume itself must tell. The shooting of rapids and weirs, encounters with ignorance, superstition, and official red-tape were matters of daily occurrence. At night the travellers encamped, as canoeists do, upon the shore of the river.

"The question of choosing camp was, as we now fully understood, a more or less difficult one, for, as the three canoes were seldom very near together on the river, it would be practically impossible to fix on a desirable place by common agreement at the time of camping. We therefore appointed the most experienced camper

wanted to sketch and to enjoy the scenery. Then they must be so situated that the canoes could be drawn up readily and prepared for the night without carrying the traps too far. On the other hand, sand, turf, or smooth surface of the ground, though desirable, was fortunately not an absolute necessity, as they would have been if we had not slept in our canoes. Further, as we used spirits for cooking, we did not have to consider the question of wood, and the absence of fire made our camps very little objectionable to the farmers. Indeed, we were made welcome to temporary occupation in every instance but one, and on that occasion the farmer evi-



From "The Danube."

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a committee of one to choose the camp in the future, and agreed to abide by his decision. A special instinct, or at least an accurate and ready judgment, must be the absolute qualification of the one who chooses halting-places along a river like the Danube, for the current, running as it does from three to six miles an hour, makes it impossible to make the selection at leisure. Before there is time to weigh the reasons for and against the spot the stream has carried the canoe past the landing-place, and return is practically out of the question. We demanded of our camp grounds more and at the same time less than the ordinary cruiser. First, they must be in as agreeable a landscape as possible, for as we spent several hours of daylight there we

dently thought we intended to remain all summer long, for he began to talk about the second crop of grass. A largess of German coin of the value of ten cents made him waive all objections and give us the freedom of his meadow."

The illustrations which we reproduce indicate the varied character of the book's illumination. Millet is a faithful student of customs and costumes, and has pictured the life with admirable fidelity, while Mr. Parsons has turned his pencil and note-book to the picturesque landscape.

A PAGAN FANDANGO

The republication of Melville's *Omoo* and *Typee* (Lovell) will be welcomed. It is the renewal of an acquaintance to be cherished among

the most delightful in American literature. We cannot refrain from reproducing a brief and characteristic chapter from *Omoo*, a "real romance of the South Seas" as it has now been called. It gives a taste of Melville's graphic prose and describes a picturesque scene on one of the Marquesas islands.

The people of Tamai were nominally Christians; but being so remote from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, their religion sat lightly upon them. We have been told, even, that many heathenish games and dances still secretly lingered in their valley. Now the prospect of seeing an old-fashioned "hevar," or Tahitian reel, was one of the inducements which brought us here; and so, finding Rartoo rather liberal in his religious ideas, we disclosed our desire. At first, he demurred; and, shrugging his shoulders like a Frenchman, declared it could not be brought about—was a dangerous matter to attempt, and might bring all concerned into trouble. But we overcame all this, convinced him that the thing could be done, and a "hevar," a genuine pagan fandango, was arranged for that very night. There were some ill-natured people—tell-tales—it seemed, in Tamai; and hence there was deal of mystery about getting up the dance. An hour or two before midnight, Rartoo entered the house, and, throwing robes of tappa over us, bade us follow at a distance behind him; and, until out of the village, hood our faces. Keenly alive to the adventure, we obeyed. At last, after taking a wide circuit, we came out upon the farthest shore of the lake. It was a wide, dewy space; lighted up by a full moon, and carpeted with a minute species of fern, growing closely together. It swept right down to the water, showing the village opposite, glistening among the groves. Near the trees, on one side of the clear space, was a curious pile of stones, many rods in extent, upon which had formerly stood a temple of Oro. At present

there was nothing but a rude hut, planted on the lowermost terrace. It seemed to have been used as a "tappa herree;" or house for making the native cloth. Here we saw lights gleaming from between the bamboos, and casting long, rod-like shadows upon the ground without. Voices also were heard. We went up, and had a peep at the dancers, who were getting ready for the ballet. They were some twenty in number; waited upon by hideous old crones, who might have been duennas. Long Ghost proposed to send the latter packing; but Rartoo said it would never do, and so they were permitted to remain. We tried to effect an entrance at the door, which was fastened; but, after a noisy discussion with one of the old witches within, our guide became fidgety, and, at last, told us to desist, or we would spoil all. He then led us off to a distance, to await the performance; as the girls, he said, did not wish to be recognized. He, furthermore, made us promise to remain where we were until all was over and the dancers had retired. We waited impatiently; and at last they came forth. They were arrayed in short tunics of white tappa, with garlands of flowers on their heads. Following them were the duennas, who remained clustering about the house, while the girls advanced a few paces; and, in an instant, two of them, taller than their companions, were standing side by side, in the middle of a ring, formed by the clasped hands of the rest. This movement was made in perfect silence. Presently, the two girls join hands over head; and, crying out, "Ahloo! ahloo!" wave them to and fro. Upon which the ring begins to circle slowly; the dancers move sideways, with their arms a little drooping. Soon they quicken their pace; and, at last, fly round and round; bosoms heaving, hair streaming, flowers dropping, and every sparkling eye circling in what seemed a line of light. Meanwhile, the pair

within are passing and repassing each other incessantly. Inclining sideways, so that their long hair falls far over, they glide this way and that; one foot continually in the air, and their fingers thrown forth, and twirling in the moonbeams. "Ahloo! ahloo!" again cry the dance queens; and, coming together in the middle of the ring, they once more lift up the arch, and stand motionless. "Ahloo! ahloo!" Every link of the circle is broken; and the girls, deeply breathing, stand perfectly still. They pant hard and fast, a moment or two; and then, just as the deep flush is dying away from their faces, slowly recede, all round; thus enlarging the ring. Again the two leaders wave their hands, when the rest pause; and now, far apart, stand in the still moonlight, like a circle of fairies. Presently, raising a strange chant, they softly sway themselves, gradually quickening the movements, until at length, for a few passionate moments, with throbbing bosoms, and glowing cheeks, they abandon themselves to all the spirit of the dance, apparently lost to everything around. But soon subsiding again into the same languid measure as before, they become motionless; and then, reeling forward on all sides, their eyes swimming in their heads, join in one wild chorus, and sink into each other's arms. Such is the Lory-Lory, I think they call it; the dance of the backsliding girls of Tamai. While it was going on, we had as much as we could do to keep the doctor from rushing forward and seizing a partner. They would give us no more "hevars" that night; and Rartoo fairly dragged us away to a canoe, hauled up on the lake shore; when we reluctantly embarked, and paddling over to the village, arrived there in time for a good nap before sunrise. The next day the doctor went about trying to hunt up the over-night dancers. He thought to detect them by their late rising; but never was man more mistaken; for,

on first sallying out, the whole village was asleep, waking up in concert about an hour after. But, in the course of the day he came across several whom he at once charged with taking part in the "hevar." There were some prim-looking fellows standing by (visiting elders from Afrehitoo, perhaps), and the girls looked embarrassed; but parried the charge most skilfully. Though soft as doves, in general, the ladies of Tamai are, nevertheless, flavored with a slight tincture of what we very queerly enough call the "devil;" and they showed it on the present occasion. For when the doctor pressed one rather hard, she all at once turned round upon him, and, giving him a box on the ear, told him to "hanree perrar!" (be off with himself).

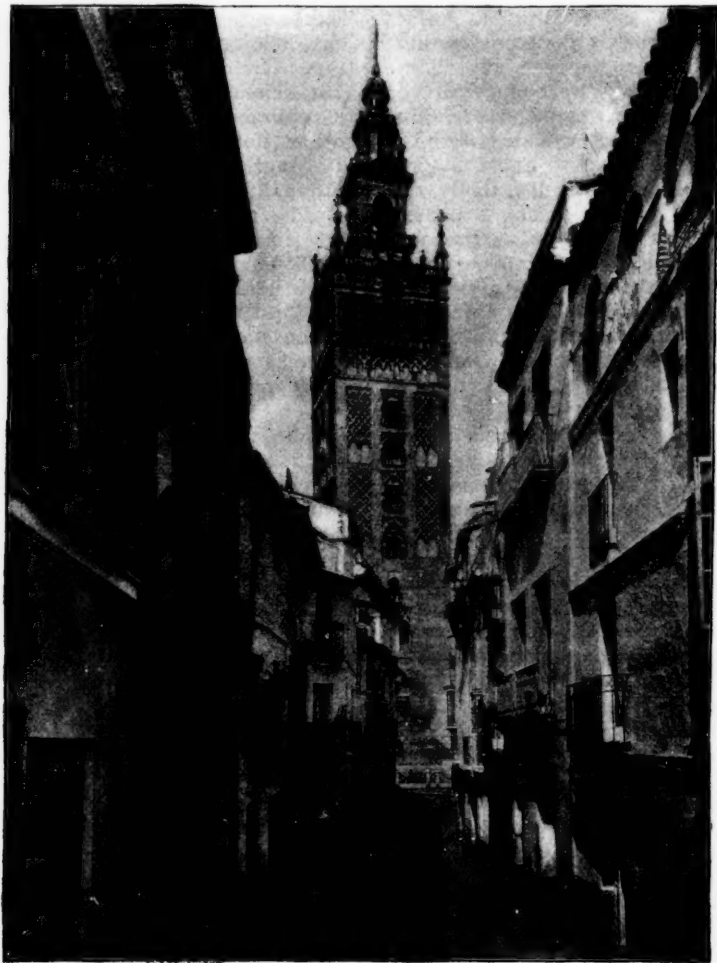
THE GIRALDA

Spain has come to the front in the last dozen years as a country to be written about. The food and inconveniences of travel have proved a barrier to travellers. Nowadays, however, the grand tour is incomplete without it, and the season which does not add something new to the literature of Spanish travel is equally rare. Since Washington Irving wrote nothing has been added to the romance of the subject. Nowadays though, we look for facts. Of these we get an abundance in the latest volume on the subject, Charles Augustus Stoddard's *Spanish Cities* (Scribners). We reproduce from it a brief account of the Giralda of Seville, made doubly interesting to Americans since the building of a similar tower on an amusement palace in New York.

In all our walks and drives we passed and repassed the Giralda. This is the feature of Seville. It rises three hundred and fifty feet into the air, and is surmounted by a bronze figure of Faith, fourteen feet high and weighing twenty-eight hundred pounds, which with strange though unintended sarcasm forms the revolving weather-vane. The tower takes

its name from the vane, *girar* meaning to revolve. It was built in 1196 by Abu Jusuf Jacob as a muezzin tower for the mosque erected by his father. The lower portion is of

brick connect these landings, and the angle is so slight that the ascent to the belfry is easy and could be made on horseback. From the platform, at the height of one hundred and



SEVILLE—THE GIRALDA.

stone, and the walls are nine feet thick near the base. There is an inner wall in the centre, which supports thirty-five landing-places built upon brick arches between the outer and inner walls. Inclined planes of

fifty feet, which was the top of the Moorish tower, once rose a spire with four enormous gilt balls which could be seen for miles away. This was thrown down by an earthquake in 1395, and the upper stories of the

structure were built nearly two hundred years later. This upper part of the tower contains the belfry with its thirty-five bells, which are rung by a blind man. He was ringing very frequently on the day when I went up, for it was a festival; and I asked him if he never missed the time. He seemed surprised at the question, and said in reply, "How can I when I've nothing else to do?" The belfry is girdled with this motto, "Nomen Domini fortissima turris." Above the belfry is a balustrade, and above that a cupola, and the whole is crowned by the revolving statue. The copy in New York, on the corner of the Madison Square Garden, differs slightly in detail from the original and has a statue of Diana for its weather-vane. The Giralda is at once imposing and beautiful. Its surface is plain and bare, up to a certain point, and of a pink color; but there is nothing remarkable except the exactness of its angles. At the height of about sixty feet, beautiful *agimes* windows of different styles and richly decorated panels of Moorish work adorn the sides; then comes a cornice of arched work in exquisite designs. There is something very noble and impressive about the Giralda, and the view from the top is superb. Seville, a mass of white houses amid gardens of green and gold, lies beneath; the Guadalquivir bends gracefully along the edge of the city and bears its commerce in many varied craft; then, in the distance, it sweeps away through verdant plains to Cadiz and the sea. The towers of the Alcazar, the domes of many churches, covered with red and green tiles, the mighty cathedral at the foot of the tower, the Montpensier palace of St. Elmo, and the mass of verdure in its gardens, in the distance little villages nestling on the hills, further on the peaks and ranges of the Sierra Morena, and over all the deep azure of the sky, cloudless and pure, form a scene to delight the eye and fill the memory with visions of beauty that can never fade.

THOREAU'S AUTUMN

The new volume of selections from Thoreau's journal will be a treasure for lovers of his racy work. The style and substance are of the character long ago made familiar in *Walden*.

Sept. 24, 1859, P.M.—Great works of art have endless leisure for a background, as the universe has space. Time stands still while they are created. The artist cannot be in a hurry. The earth moves round the sun with inconceivable rapidity, and yet the surface of the lake is not ruffled by it. It is not by compromise, it is not by a timid and feeble repentance, that a man will save his soul, and live at last. He must conquer a clear field, letting Repentance & Co. go, that well-meaning but weak firm that has assumed the debts of an old and worthless one. You are to fight in a field where no allowances will be made, no courteous bowing to one-handed knights. You are expected to do your duty, not in spite of everything but *one*, but in spite of *everything*.

Sept. 26, 1840.—The day, for the most part, is heroic only when it breaks. Every author writes in the faith that his book is to be the final resting-place, and sets up his fixtures as for a more than Oriental permanence; but it is only a caravansary, which we soon leave without ceremony. We read on his sign only refreshment for man and beast, and a drawn hand directs to Ispahan or Bagdad.

Sept. 29, 1840.—Wisdom is a sort of mongrel between instinct and prudence, which, however, inclining to the side of the father, will finally assert its pure blood again, as the white race at length prevails over the black. It is minister plenipotentiary from earth to heaven, but occasionally instinct, like a born celestial, comes to earth and adjusts the controversy. All fair action in man is the product of enthusiasm. There is enthusiasm in the sunset. The shell on the shore

takes new layers and new tints from year to year with such rapture as the bard writes his poem. There is a thrill in the spring when it buds and blossoms. There is a happiness in the summer, a contentedness in the autumn, a patient repose in the winter. All the birds and blossoms and fruits are the products of enthusiasm. Nature does nothing in the prose mood, though she acts sometimes grimly, with poetic fury, as in earthquakes, etc., and at other times humorously.

Oct. 1, 1851, 5 P.M.—Just put a fugitive slave, who has taken the name of Henry Williams, into the cars for Canada. He escaped from Stafford County, Virginia, to Boston last October. Has been in Shad-rack's place at the Cornhill Coffee House; had been corresponding through an agent with his master, who is his father, about buying himself, his master asking \$600, but he having been able to raise but \$500; heard that there were writs out for two Williamses, fugitives, and was informed by his fellow-servants and employer that Augerhole Burns and others of the police had called for him when he was out. Accordingly he fled to Concord last night on foot, bringing a letter to our family from Mr. Lovejoy, of Cambridge, and another which Garrison had formerly given him on another occasion. He lodged with us and waited in the house till funds were collected with which to forward him. Intended to dispatch him at noon through to Burlington, but when I went to buy his ticket saw one at the station who looked and behaved so much like a Boston policeman that I did not venture that time. He was an intelligent and very well-behaved man, a mulatto; said he could guide himself by many other stars than the north star, knowing their rising and setting. They steered for the north star even when it appeared to have got round to the south. They frequently followed the telegraph when there was no railroad.

Oct. 3, 1859, P.M.—Looking from the hog pasture over the valley of Spencer Brook westward, we see the smoke rising from a huge chimney above a gray roof and the woods at a distance, where some family is preparing its evening meal. There are few more agreeable sights than this to the pedestrian traveller. No cloud is fairer to him than that little bluish one which arises from the chimney. It suggests all of domestic felicity beneath. There we imagine that life is lived of which we have only dreamed. In our minds we clothe each unseen inhabitant with all the success, all the serenity, we can conceive of. If old, we imagine him serene; if young, hopeful. We have only to see a gray roof with its plume of smoke curling up, to have this faith. There we suspect no coarse haste or bustle, but serene labors which proceed at the same pace with the declining day. There is no hiring in the barn nor in the kitchen. Why are distant valleys, why lakes, why mountains in the horizon, ever fair to us? Because we imagine for a moment that they may be the home of man, and that man's life may be in harmony with them. The sky and clouds and earth itself, with their beauty, forever preach to us, saying, "Such an abode we offer you, to such a life we encourage you."

Oct. 5, 1840.—A part of me, which has reposed in silence all day, goes abroad at night like the owl, and has its day. At night we recline and nestle, and infold ourselves in our being. Each night I go home to rest. Each night I am gathered to my fathers. The soul departs out of the body, and sleeps in God, a divine slumber. As she withdraws herself the limbs droop and the eyelids fall, and nature reclaims her clay again. Man has always regarded the night as ambrosial or divine. The air is then peopled, fairies come out.

Nov. 9, 1858.—The newspaper tells me that Uncanoonuc was white with snow for a short time on the morning

of the 7th. Thus steadily but unobserved the winter steals down from the north till from our highest hills we can discern its vanguard. Next week perchance our own hills will be white. Little did we think how near the winter was. It is as if a scout had brought us word that an enemy was approaching in force, only a day's march distant. Manchester was the spy this time, who has a camp at the base of that hill. We had not thought seriously of winter, we dwelt in fancied security yet. It is of no use to plough deeper than the soil is, unless

it sticks fast in the furrow. It is a great art in the writer to improve from day to day just that soil and fertility which he has, to harvest that crop which his life yields, whatever it may be, not be straining as if to reach apples and oranges when he yields only ground nuts. He should be digging, not soaring. Just as earnest as your life is, so deep is your soil. If strong and deep, you will sow wheat and raise bread of life in it.

Dec. 20, 1840. My home is as much of nature as my heart embraces. If I only warm my house, then is that



you mean to follow up that mode of cultivation persistently, manuring highly and carting in muck, at each ploughing making a soil, in short. Yet many a man likes to tackle weighty themes like immortality, but in his discourse he turns up nothing but yellow sand, under which what little fertile and available surface soil he may have is quite buried and lost. He should teach frugality rather, how to postpone the fatal hour; should plant a crop of beans. He might have raised enough of them to make a deacon of him, though never a preacher. Many a man runs his plough so deep in heavy or strong soil that

only my home. But if I sympathize with the heats and colds, the sounds and silence of nature, and share the repose and equanimity that reign around me in the fields, then are they my house, as much as if the kettle sang and fagots crackled, and the clock ticked on the wall.

THE BULL CALF

No illustrator has at once combined so much of humor with life as Mr. A. B. Frost, whose *Bull Calf* and other Tales are now collected by the Scribners into book form. Mr. Frost is a portrait painter of the first rank. The art of genuine cari-

cature knows no better exponent, and whether it be the bull calf, or Vi'let, the inimitable mule who tries to kick a cast-iron image into smithereens, the fiery bull-dog or the lone editor of the Weekly Whoop, the portraits are irresistibly droll, and accompanied by a vigor of action little short of miraculous. The illustrations which we have chosen from the story itself of the Bull Calf and the Humane Man will serve as an introduction to the volume.

off upon his under jerkin. "Which man of you is Earl Roderic of Gigha?" repeated Kenric. The three looked one to the other with evil smiles. Roderic drank off what remained in his wine-cup. "I am he," he said coolly as he again folded his arms. "And who, then, are you who demand to know?" "Then if you be he," said Kenric, "you are the vilest man that ever breathed within these walls. O Roderic MacAlpin, unworthy son of a noble and good



THE THIRSTY SWORD

The reader who is attracted by this stirring title will not be disappointed. The book (Scribner's) is a boy's book, but we shall be surprised if it does not find older readers as well. The following extracts are a fair sample of the vivid interest of the tale:

Erland the Old, with an empty drinking-horn in his bony hand, sat by the hearth looking vacantly into the dead embers of the fire. Sweyn the Silent stood beside him with his thumbs stuck in his leathern girdle; while Roderic of Gigha sat upon the table facing the door and swinging his legs to and fro. The light of the hanging cruse-lamp shone upon his long red hair and beard. His strong bare arms were folded, one within the other, across his broad chest, and the back of his right hand was splashed with blood that had been partly wiped

prince, you have brought the guilt of blood upon your father's name! You have slain your own brother, our dear lord and master; you have shed his life's blood within his own hall. Deceitful traitor that you are, you came to this peaceful island in the semblance of a friend. But, by all that I hold sacred, you shall not leave it again ere you have been duly judged for your foul crime." A burst of mocking laughter from Roderic greeted this speech. "And now," added Kenric, turning to the guard, "take me this man as prisoner to the deepest dungeon. For though he were King Hakon himself he should not longer remain as a guest in the castle whose shelter he has abused." "Let one of those varlets but touch me with his hand," said Roderic, "and I will break his back across my knee. And you, who are you, my

young knave, that dares to threaten his betters? By St. Olaf, but you are passing bold to speak of prisoning me in the walls wherein I was born.

the stripling of whom we heard. He barks passing well; let us see if he can bite. A few ells of cold steel will speedily settle him, I warrant



RODERIC TRIES TO STRANGLE KENRIC.

Away with you to your couch; this is no hour for bairns to be awake." Then turning to the lord of Colonsay he said: "Slip you out behind the young whelp, Sweyn, and bring me the knife you wot of. This is surely

me." Earl Sweyn stepped toward the door, but one of the men of Roth-esay bounded forward and caught him in his strong arms, struggled with him for a moment, and then flung him heavily to the floor. Rod-

eric, seeing this and waxing wrathful, sprang lightly from his seat, and ere Kenric could well understand his intention he had caught hold of the youth and gripped him by his sword hand. He wreathed his other strong arm round the lad's lithe body. Long he wrestled with him, but at last he drew him down by main force with his back across his thigh and his right hand set hard at his throat. With his left hand he again gripped Kenric's sword hand and tried to wrest the weapon from his grasp. But Kenric's wrist was of mighty strength and he held with a grip of iron to the handle of his sword. Then Roderic dragged the lad's hand forward and got it between his teeth, that by biting it he might force him to loosen his hold of the weapon. And now Kenric must surely have been overcome had not Duncan of the long arm at that moment come behind Earl Roderic and rushed upon him and caught him in his arms. With all the force of his giant strength the Highlander lifted the man high in the air and shook him fiercely. Kenric, freeing himself, drew back to the door, and he saw Duncan fling Earl Roderic upon the table and grip him by the throat. "Spare him!" cried Kenric as the seneschal drew his dirk. Then Duncan, thrusting his knife in his garter, turned Roderic over with his face downward, and holding him there with his bare knee on his back, he took off his great plaid and twisting it ropewise he bound the earl's arms tightly together, so that he could no longer move them.

TYPES OF WOMANHOOD

It would be difficult to decide upon a half-dozen women as pre-eminently those to be selected as typical of womanhood. If the noblest attribute of the sex is in the bearing and rearing of worthy children, such a selection must be confined to mothers. In an entertaining volume upon *Famous Types of Womanhood* by Sarah Knowles Bolton, this distinction is

hardly made, for she includes in the list a number of spinsters. The author's selection of eight famous "types" includes first of all Queen Louise of Prussia, daughter of Prince Charles and mother of the emperor William I. of Germany. She was a model mother. The second is Mme. Récamier. She married at the age of fifteen a man who was twenty-seven years her senior. She was a type of personal beauty. Her married life was an unfortunate as well as an unhappy one. She never knew the joys of motherhood, but her influence gained through her surpass-



JENNY LIND.

ing loveliness was a type of womanhood never to be forgotten. The third in the list is Susanna Wesley, the mother of famous John Wesley. The fourth, Harriet Martineau, was disappointed in her love, but gave her life to political and social reforms. The next, Jenny Lind, married, when thirty-one, a man of twenty-three, Otto Goldschmidt, of Hamburg. Her influence upon the world at large had been exerted before this time. Her charities were unceasing and never has a woman captivated a whole nation as she did by the wonderful beauty of her voice and art, while her domestic purity was exemplary.

GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

With new editions of Charles Warren Stoddard's *South Sea Idyls* and of Herman Melville's *Omoo* and *Typee* following close upon Stevenson's volume upon Samoa, the isles of the Pacific Ocean claim no small amount of attention in the literature of the day. To Melville must always be accorded the honor of a pioneer's work, however, in this field. It is hardly more than a year since his death. He passed away, with little of the glamour of his early popularity about him. For a generation almost Melville has been out of people's thoughts. He produced little of any literary value in recent years, but spent his declining days in the closest seclusion. Some insight into this period of his life is given in an introductory article to the new edition of his works by Arthur Stedman. It appears that he was sensitive of his waning popularity, which began shortly after the publishing of *Moby Dick*. Melville's interest had exhausted the field for which he was best fitted, that of romantic adventure. *Omoo* and *Typee* had taken the world by storm. Regarded as pure figments of the author's imagination they were classed as fiction rather than fact. This impression was heightened by his sensuous descriptions, whether of events or of scenery encountered by him. In later years his mind turned to philosophical studies, but the public did not want them, and the author retired to chew the cud of disappointment. This he did without a murmur. At Pittsfield he lived upon a farm where he was intensely interested in the rural occupations of a gentleman farmer. Though born in New York he could have little love for it, for he wrote of it to Hawthorne as a "Babylonish brick-kiln," whose dust

and smoke disgusted him. At Pittsfield he was surrounded by numerous men of literary attainment whose association he sometimes sought. Otherwise from the time of the war to that of his death little or nothing was heard of him. It is only now that the truthful character of his portrayals of the Marquesas Islands as depicted in *Omoo* and *Typee* are understood. It has not been generally known also that his characters were anything but fanciful creations. Yet only a few weeks ago the newspapers recorded the death of one Richard T. Green. He was the original of Toby, in whom has centred great popular interest, and whose actual existence has often been questioned. Mr. Green, through the publication of *Typee*, was able to renew his acquaintance with Melville, who, however, lost trace of him again in recent years. Melville died in September of last year—Toby in September of this.

Dr. Conan Doyle is a man of thirty-three years of age, but one of the most prolific of English writers of short stories. The medical prefix to his name is not clerical. A look at his sleek, well-rounded face would lead one to infer that he held a "living" in some small English village. On the contrary he is a doctor of medicine, and an author by predilection. His stories, better known in England than America, are of the detective order—not precisely sensational, not very matter of fact. In an interesting article which recently appeared in the *Strand Magazine*, Dr. Conan Doyle is quoted as giving credit for his peculiar method to one of his former medical instructors, Dr. Joseph Bell. It was Dr. Bell's habit in his clinics to prove to his students the necessity of close per-

sonal observation of his subject. When patients were brought in to him he would seem to tell them intuitively their nationality, ailments, occupations, and so on. "Cobbler, I see," he would say to the shoemaker, observing the mark of the lapstone on his breeches. This remarkable perception so influenced Conan Doyle that in after years it led him practically to forsake medicine for story-writing, and Dr. Bell became the "Sherlock Holmes" of Dr. Conan Doyle's stories. He places before this hero apparently impossible problems, which are astonishingly unfolded by the method of intuitive reasoning from insignificant details taught him by Dr. Bell. Conan Doyle lives in the village of South Norwood. He was born in Edinburgh in 1859, his father having been an artist of some reputation. He is particularly fond of out-of-door sports; is a great cricketer, and a passionate devotee of tricycle riding. His wife often accompanies him in his outings on the wheel. Dr. Doyle had written fifty or sixty stories before he became at all known. Some of these early sketches were collected under the title of *A Captain of the Polestar*. His first notable success was *Micah Clarke*, a story dealing with the Monmouth Rebellion. Since then his story *The White Company*, in which the English archer of the 14th century is closely studied and portrayed, and *The Doings of Raffle Haws*, are among the more conspicuous. With the writing of the latter he moved to London, where he is now living with his wife and daughter, and forsook the practice of medicine altogether. His latest story, *Lot No. 249*, appears in the September number of *Harper's Magazine*.

Those who pursue fads in literature with assiduity are not necessarily cranks, nor are they necessarily unsuccessful men. Indeed the pursuit of a fad, or, to be more dignified, of a "speciality," often gives value to

writings which are devoid of the most ordinary literary merit. Nowadays it is no longer the literary men who write, but every person is in danger of becoming famous as an author. People want information, and want it at first hand, so that we have the sight of railway presidents blossoming out as authors, and even pugilists retiring from the ring to take up the pen and discourse upon the *finesse* of their art. These people know their subjects intimately, but as a rule are quite unable to express themselves in any but the most bungling of prose. The professional literary hack here comes in, polishes up this phrase, cuts out that, crosses the t's, dots the i's, paragraphs and punctuates the sentences, and gives needed grace to the article. There his function ends. Even his name does not appear, and, all the resources of his art expended, he is content to have earned a meagre competency as a sort of a literary hair-dresser, one to whose remains the dignity of a monumental shaft is unnecessary. Those writers by profession who have mastered a speciality are, however, often in great demand. Professor Garner, whose experiments with the speech of monkeys are well known, is a case in point. He is, we may presume, one of the few men in the world who are able to speak authoritatively on the subject. As a consequence his writings are in great demand. He writes interestingly; although, as an English critic has discovered, ungrammatically. Another specialist writer whose name is frequently seen is Eben E. Rexford. Far more literary than Professor Garner, his passion for flowers is what interests the reading world. Mr. Rexford is about to become the editor of a floral magazine called *Success with Flowers*. He also edits departments relating to flowers in various periodicals. He lives in Wisconsin, though born at Johnsbury, New York, in 1848. He was educated at Lawrence University in Wisconsin, and has devoted all his time since graduation to

literary matters. Besides writing on the wonders and beauties of the flower world, Mr. Rexford is the author of a serial story now running in the *New England Magazine*, and has published a poem, *Brother and Lover*, which has the rare merit for a poem of "selling well."

Miss Mary M. Scott, of Mobile, Ala., furnishes us with the following short account of an interesting personage, Mr. K. T. Takahashi, the author of a quaint and picturesque story called *Love in Nippon*, which appeared in the September number of *Short Stories*: "It was in the art-rooms of Deakin Bros., Yokohama, that I had the pleasure of meeting the author of that exquisite love-story in the September number of *Short Stories*, entitled *Love in Nippon*. He is the highest Japanese official employed in this great establishment, and it was my enthusiastic appreciation of their curios that first drew us together. He is a man of medium size, with a small, noble head, and eyes which contain more latent fire than is usually given to the gentle denizens of the Sunrise Kingdom. His features are modelled after the old Roman heroes, only the cruelty which sometimes mars their finest outlines is softened into poetry in his face. His age might be anywhere from twenty-five to forty; the Japanese are very puzzling as to appearance of age, with their beardless chins and satin complexions. In our many conversations he expressed the greatest admiration for America and Americans, and told me that he was to attend the Columbian Exposition in charge of some of the priceless works of art to be sent by his firm. He is an indefatigable student of English, and an ardent reader of American newspapers. The one Englishman of whom he spoke with pride and affection was Sir Edwin Arnold. He told me, with beaming eyes, that Sir Edwin was his true *heart* friend, and had assisted him greatly in his composition

of English. They had agreed to write, some day, a long book together. When I read of the forthcoming play *Adzomia's Wife*, I wondered if Takahashi's hand was not in it; and it was with a sense of personal delight that I dwelt upon his quaint, poetic phrases in *Love in Nippon*. It seems to me that any intelligent American who reads this story, must see as by a flash-light, that intangible something which makes Japan and her people so subtly fascinating."

A surprise in the literary world, hardly suspected when the October number of *Current Literature* went to press wondering how the twin editorship of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* suited Mr. Howells, was the sudden announcement that it did not suit him at all and that he had resigned from the "arduous" labors of the editorial desk. A curious by-play which accompanied his connection has amused the readers of the magazine. The former editor had caused foot-notes to be appended to each of the articles in which a brief biography of the writer of the article was accompanied by a diminutive portrait—a little vignette head of the literary perpetrator. In the first number which Mr. Howells edited, all the little men and their appropriate foot-notes were marshalled together and placed in funeral line one above the other on the last page of the magazine. In the next number there were fewer of them. They were no longer ranged in line but scattered about the page. In the third number the little men had disappeared altogether. In the October number they suddenly came back again, each with his appropriate foot-note. It was the first intimation to many of the change which had taken place. Mr. Howells had evidently retired—not altogether from the magazine, though, for he will contribute a series of articles from month to month. Meanwhile the effect of his editorship was noticeable not alone in a change in the

character of the articles, but in the elevation of the whole artistic standard of the publication. The highest art is not always the most popular; people understand better the plain and the practical, and we may doubt whether Mr. Howells' editorship proved an actual financial success. Artistically it was a period of undoubted prosperity.

There is no end to the new magazines, the new periodicals, and new newspapers which are placed before the public annually. In daily journalism, the statistician who keeps the death-watch over their fortunes estimates that not one in ten survives the first year of publication. It means in many instances the loss of fortunes, for of all things in the world the running of an unsuccessful daily newspaper is the most ruinous. The magazine field does not offer such allurements. A few have reached a phenomenal success, notably Harper's, The Century, and Scribner's magazine. It has been at the cost of years of hard work or the expenditure of endless thousands of dollars. The oldest living magazine in America is Godey's *Lady's Book*, which has just been revived and which will make an effort to take a place in the front rank. At one time Godey's had a popularity which was remarkable. All the more notable men of the day contributed to its pages. Edgar Allan Poe, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Catherine Sedgwick, James T. Field, James Russell Lowell, and many more whose names brighten the earlier years of American literary life. The magazine was addressed particularly to women. It was established in 1830 by Louis A. Godey, and with its elaborate cover ornamented with old-fashioned garlands of fruits and flowers and with medallions representing the seasons it was a familiar sight in every household. With the rise of modern methods, new men, and new needs the publication gradually faded away and others took its place.

During the heyday of its prosperity it attained the then phenomenal circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand—a limit since surpassed by others, but at that time something undreamed of. The magazine is now completely transformed. The colored plate, a feature of its early days, is revived; it is well illustrated, handsomely printed, drops all of its title excepting the word Godey's, and makes a strong appeal to the interest of the women readers of America.

The name of Theodore Child is seen so frequently in American publications that he is generally supposed to be a native of this country. The fact is that Mr. Child was born in Liverpool nearly forty years ago, and was educated at Oxford University, where he was graduated with honors in 1877. Since leaving the University he has lived in Paris, where he was first employed a short time as one of the correspondents of the London Telegraph. In the mean time he contributed to English periodicals, and eventually began writing for American magazines and for the New York Sun, whose Paris correspondent he has been for about ten years. Mr. Child's connection with the Harpers began by contributions on French subjects to the magazine, and this connection soon became a closer one by his appointment as Paris representative of this important house. Mr. Child is a most industrious worker and, gifted with a remarkable power of assimilation, is able to write intelligently upon a wide variety of subjects. Art, however, is his favorite province, and if we do not always accept his theories we cannot help admiring the clear, elegant, and vigorous way in which he expounds them. Mr. Child is fond of travel and has visited many parts of the world; he hopes, before he dies, to see those not already visited. A keen and careful observer, as his recent book on South America shows, he will doubtless give us another readable

volume of travel in the near future. Mr. Child was for many years the Paris correspondent of the London World, and his weekly letter was a feature that is now wanting in Mr. Yates' journal. Mr. Child occupies a very comfortable bachelor's apartment in the Monceau quarter of Paris. Although, as we have said, he enjoys travelling, he is like most Parisians, native or adopted, who believe that *on voyage partout, mais on n'arrive qu'à Paris*.

Katherine Lee Bates, known to the world at large for her lyrics, is a teacher of English literature at Wellesley College. Like Miss Wilkins her first literary successes were won in prize competitions. She was born in Falmouth, Mass., in 1859 (August 12), and is of good New England stock. Her father was the Rev. William Bates, a Congregationalist minister and also the President of Middlebury College in Vermont. Her home surroundings, literary in themselves, were supplemented by a very thorough education, which began in the primary school of Falmouth and ended with a very honorable graduation from Wellesley in 1880. Miss Bates had been President of her class throughout her course at the college. She afterward became instructor in the Natick High School. In 1885 she was called to Wellesley College as an instructor, became an associate professor in 1888, and in 1891 professor in charge. Her literary career has naturally been subordinated to her educational work. Nevertheless Miss Bates has published a number of stories, particularly for the young. She received a college prize for a Latin boat song and has also served as Commencement poet of her class. A friend of hers, writing to Current Literature of her, says: "Miss Bates is recognized at Wellesley as the leading graduate of her Alma Mater; and her progressive relation to the college as student, alumna, instructor, and professor, has identified her closely with

its growing life. She is as rare a teacher as she is a writer, and is too faithful to the duties of her position to take much time for general authorship. She is, however, working for several publishing houses in professional lines, her especial interest being in fourteenth-century English. But her best friends know that she finds her most natural expression in lyric verse. Her busy life has blossomed from time to time into songs that are a prophecy as well as a revelation, from the noteworthy poem on Sleep, which in her undergraduate days found a welcome place in The Atlantic Monthly, to the noble hymn to The Ideal, which will be recalled by many readers of The Century.

The posthumous literary fame of Sir Richard Wallace was short-lived, and he is no longer credited with having enjoyed all the amusing and entertaining experiences chronicled in An Englishman in Paris. At present no one can be found who ever did believe that Wallace wrote the book, or who is ignorant of the fact that it is from the pen of the Honorable Denis Bingham, the amiable and gifted Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. Mr. Bingham is the son of the third baron Clanmorris of Newbrook, County Mayo, Ireland, and uncle of the present Lord Clanmorris. He is something over sixty years of age and his home is in Paris, where he has lived from boyhood. Few foreigners, or natives for that matter, know Paris, its ins and outs, its nooks and corners, its cafés and music-halls, Paris of the Boulevards, Paris behind the scenes, or appreciate the aroma of its peculiar foibles in the same degree as this Bohemian of the Bohemians. The doors of the Faubourg St. Germain are of course open to one of aristocratic birth and connections, and for such an one access is easy to the inner circles of the government, the diplomatic body, and the French nobility. The newspaper man must cultivate such privi-

leges, and readers of the *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *News*, as the case may be, have profited by the accomplished correspondent's ability to do so; but friends of *The Englishman* in Paris represent him as more than willing to relinquish a society to which he is driven by business requirements for the more congenial atmosphere of the studios and the green-room. Here he made acquaintance with those undiscovered geniuses too insignificant to be respectable, whose sayings and doings form such a valuable part of his reminiscences. The frankness of the book is the frankness of a cynic and a man of the world, but it is not of one spoiled by success or sated

by enjoyment. The name of Mr. Bingham's brother, the Honorable Albert Yelverton Bingham, is familiar as the illustrator of the *Sunbeam* cruises written by the first Lady Brassey, who was connected with the Bingham by marriage. Sir Richard Wallace owned one of the finest private collections of art in existence, he had palatial residences in London and Paris, and died in the odor of millions. He probably enjoyed a life that gave him so much and doubtless could have left memoirs of more than passing merit, but any one can see now that he was not the man to leave behind him the breezy record of *The Englishman* in Paris.

BRIEF COMMENT

—"Within a comparatively recent time," says the *Chicago Graphic*, "in every part of the United States, there has grown up a class of writers peculiar to certain sections who are earnestly striving to create a national literature. The American reader is tired of the great mass of themes that the old world furnishes. To be sure, Dickens and Thackeray are of no age or country; they are universal, because they have selected passions and emotions and have incarnated them in individuals, rather than tried to make an individual represent, in spite of conflicting elements, certain types. It will be long before America equals them, for Howells is but milk and water compared with them, and James is but a weak imitator of a greater man."

—There is justice in the stricture of *Town Topics* on the action of some of our newspaper editors during the threatened cholera invasion: "Is it not strange that among all the editors of the big daily newspapers there has not been one that could look at the cholera question like a sane man and denounce the gang of newspaper fools that tried to use it in creating a panic through the country? Sometimes, in studying our Bennetts, our Pulitzers,

our Danas, and our Reids, I am forced to believe them extremely small men, or else very malicious and selfish ones, when they all drive in a single direction in a scare like the one of the present, using it merely as newspaper capital, magnifying it into absurd proportions, disregarding any effect that their windy stories may produce among the excitable masses, and never taking into account the injury they are needlessly inflicting upon the general business of the country. I should like to find one editor in New York with a little sincerity and some common sense. In their treatment of the cholera scare the whole drove of newspaper men here have shown themselves rattleheaded ninnyes, and have behaved like a lot of amateurs."

—A reliable contemporary weekly is the authority for the report that, "Stephen Bonsal, the young American newspaper man, whose story of the quarrel at Fez between the British Minister and the Sultan was recently the sensation of the day in England, has an extensive rod in pickle for F. Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Bonsal says that he met Mr. Smith on the Bulgarian frontier, and sat up all night telling him stories of travel and adventures in the interior of the coun-

try. Great was his surprise when he found that the author had made these incidents the basis of a magazine article, written as if from the standpoint of Mr. Smith's personal experience and observation."

—The National Observer has this estimate of Mr. W. B. Yeats' new volume: "Mr. Yeats' little sheaf of verse, *The Countess Kathleen* (London: Unwin), is composed of very different stuff from the wooden rhapsodies of Michael Field. Mr. Yeats has fancy and melody, intensity of vision, felicity, and charm of phrase; and though he not seldom fails to write poetry—fails, that is, to convince you that here, indeed, are the best words in the inevitable order—it is seldom indeed that he does not succeed in convincing you that he is—or ought to be—a poet. One likes him least in his drama—for all the old-world freshness of its fancies, its strange suggestions of romance as from the horns of elf-land, the sense it leaves with you of things remote and startling—things of another, older, frailer world. For his drama is written in unrhymed, heroic verse, and Mr. Yeats is very far indeed from being a master of that most difficult of metres. But such exquisite lyrics as the *Fairy Song* and the *Lake Isle of Innisfail*, with their artfully artless music, their fulness and intensity of effect, their admirable simplicity of form; such direct and moving ballad-work as *Father Gilligan*; such strange and haunting stuff as *The Man who Dreamed of Fairyland*, and *The White Birds*—with these, as we think, it were hard to be discontent, for each in its way is poetry, and each in its way is made to be read and remembered with delight."

—Of Dr. Lyman Abbott's *Evolution of Christianity*, the Westminster Review says: "This work is an attempt to show that Christianity has followed the law of evolution, as understood by the author, and that therefore the changes and developments in theology and in ecclesiasti-

cal institutions are in accordance with the universal tendencies of all other things. As in all works of this kind there is a great deal of ambiguity, as there must be when a writer attempts to reconcile new ideas with old ones—liberalism in theology with conservatism in religion. One thing theologians seem incapable of admitting, and that is that their predecessors were ignorant and in error. They have not the courage to say, they were wrong and we are right; but they try to make out that they were right then, and we are right now. Apart from the general theory there are many sensible things in the book, one of the best, perhaps, being the following: 'It has been said that Jesus Christ was the first Socialist. This is certainly an incorrect, if not an absolutely erroneous, statement. It would be more nearly correct to say that he was the first individualist. The Socialist assumes that the prolific cause of misery in the world is bad social organization, and that the first duty of the philanthropist is to reform social organizations. Christ assumed that the prolific cause of misery in the world is individual wrong-doing, and he set himself to the work of curing the individual.' This should give the Christian Socialists occasion to reconsider their doctrines. The book is full of thought, though it is not always consistent."

—Whittier had, of course, died after this estimate of him was written by Mr. Stedman for his lectures on poetry: "Taken for all in all, Whittier, 'our bard and prophet best beloved,' that purely American minstrel, so virginal and so impassioned, at once the man of peace and the poet militant, is the Sir Galahad of American song. He has read the hearts of his own people, and chanted their emotions, and powerfully affected their convictions. His lyrics of freedom and reform, in his own justified language, were 'words wrung from the nation's heart, forged at white heat.' Longfellow's national

poems, with all their finish, cannot rival the natural art of Whittier's; they lack the glow, the earnestness, the intense characterization, of such pieces as *Randolph of Roanoke*, *Ichabod*, and *The Lost Occasion*. The Quaker bard, besides, no less than Longfellow, is a poet of sympathy. Human feeling, derived from real life and environment, is the charm of *Snow-Bound*, even more than its absolute transcript of nature. Years enough have passed since it was written for us to see that, within its range, it is not inferior to *The Deserted Village*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and *Tam O'Shanter*."

—Mr. Stedman in his final essay on the *Nature and Elements of Poetry*, on *The Faculty Divine*, has this criticism of Swinburne which we might remember to advantage: "A few of Swinburne's early lyrics, usually classed as erotic, with all their rhythmic beauty, are not impassioned. His true genius, his sacred rage, break forth in measures burning with devotion to art, to knowledge, or to liberty. There is more real passion in one of the resonant Songs before Sunrise than in all the studiously erotic verse of the period, his own included."

—Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, in his essay on Whittier in *The Independent*, estimates the value of the American Indian in literature. "A recollection of the Hebrew Scriptures, as seen through the glorifying spectacles of Willis, suggested Judith at the Tent of Holofernes, and recollections of colonial history suggested Metacom. Prominent among the literary beliefs of Whittier's boyhood was the delusion that an important element in American poetry existed in the lives of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, and that an American poet must needs celebrate the aborigines. Campbell shared it when he wrote his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, an elegant but impossible poem; and Bryant, Halleck, and Longfellow shared it in their early years. It

was the inspiration of Cooper, who evolved from his inner consciousness the 'noble savage' of his *Leather-Stocking Tales*, and made his own name a household word the world over. That Whittier shared this delusion was natural, was inevitable, one may say, it was so widely accepted; and that it retarded rather than advanced his poetical progress was also natural and inevitable, for the American Indian was not, and cannot be, a factor in poetry. He did not discover this fact, however, until after he had written *Mogg Megone* (1834), and *The Bridal of Pennacook* (1844), two pieces of abortive narrative verse for which he soon ceased to care, and of the first of which he wrote in his later life: 'Looking at it at the present time, it suggests the idea of a big Indian in his war-paint strutting about in Sir Walter Scott's plaid.'"

—Mr. Laurence Hutton, in his paper on *Death Masks* in *Harper's* for October, says of Thackeray's head: "Thackeray, like most Anglo-Indian infants, was sent when he was about five years of age, to the mother country for mental and physical nourishment. An aunt, with whom he lived, discovered the child one morning parading about in his uncle's hat, which exactly fitted him. Fearing some abnormal and dangerous development of the brain, she carried him at once to a famous physician of the day, who is reported to have said, 'Don't be afraid, madam; he has a large head, but there's a good deal in it!' His brain, when he died, fifty-three years later, weighed fifty-eight and a half ounces. In 1849 or 1850, Charlotte Brontë wrote of Thackeray: 'To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and cynic; the mouth indicates a childlike simplicity—perhaps even a degree of irresoluteness in consistency—weakness, in short, but a weakness not unamiable.' And Mr. Motley, writing to his wife in

1858, said: 'I believe you have never seen Thackeray; he has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shining ringlety hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years; a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles.' This broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself; he caricatured it in his drawings, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son—'Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!'"

—Our always delightful friend, The Lounger, in a recent number of *The Critic* describes an editor's workshop. "Those editors who must have quiet 'dens' to work in, and whose desks are disorder gone mad, should see the working office of an editor that I know. He is one of those fortunate beings who can spend the summer away from the madding town, running up only once a fortnight or so, to give personal supervision to the 'make-up,' just before his magazine goes to press. He has a big house within a few hundred feet of the ocean, and could have a retired room to work in if he desired it; but he doesn't. His desk occupies a corner of the big front hall, and there he reads manuscripts, corrects proofs, and carries on an enormous correspondence. Not only is this hall the main entrance to the house, but it is the general reception room as well. Every one who calls stops there, and the wife and children spend most of their time in its deep window-seat or before the dancing flames of the wood fire; and the editor works on undisturbed. But you should see his desk! It is as tidy as the captain's cabin on a man-of-war; and the system with which business is conducted there is something that one seldom sees outside of a big financial house. Neat pasteboard boxes hold manuscripts

in various degrees of consideration, or accepted articles labelled for certain months; while the letter-files are arranged no less systematically. This is very different from the general conception of an editor's workroom; and it shows that to be a successful editor a man need not be unmethodical or nerve-ridden."

—There is suggestion in the following paragraph from *The Critic*: "The world Mr. Davis is happiest in describing is the rather elastic and not over-anxious world of Van Bibber, and that gilded youth himself is a distinct contribution to American fiction, being whole-souled, sunny-tempered, delightfully entertaining, and capitally portrayed. After Van Bibber comes Gallegher of course, of which real jewel we get only a glimpse in the present volume. As to women, Mr. Davis has not yet given us a portrait that seems enduring. That may come in time. In regard to the literary form that has been chosen to present Van Bibber in, it is another example of what is proving an effective instrument of fiction—the series of short stories grouped about a common character. This story-sequence is admirably adapted to reveal a single character from different points of view, or in various unrelated situations which might not fuse readily in a novel. By this use of the form, Kipling has succeeded beyond compare in his Mulvaney series; but neither Mr. Kipling nor Mr. Davis has come near to exhausting the scope of the story-novel, if we may so term it. Its best possibilities indeed, seem to lie in an untried direction: the development of the character. Van Bibber is the same throughout; his nature neither recedes nor advances. There is, of course, no reason why it should, Van Bibber being perfect in his way. But if some writer wishes to push the form to its greatest effectiveness, he will choose, not a stationary character, but a changing one, and exhibit its development in a series of stories, each an artistic unit,

yet having each its definite place as an essential part of the whole. Whether M. Davis chooses to undertake such a work or not, we hope he will keep on writing his stories. They are worth reading."

—"By the death of Mr. Whittier," says *The Speaker*, "the American Quaker poet, one of the great historic figures of the Abolition Movement is removed from the scene. We condole with the people of the United States on the loss of one of their most eminent citizens. Sweet singer as Whittier was, the people of to-day must think of him rather as one of the Fathers of American freedom than as one of the Elder Brothers of American song. The younger generation on both sides of the Atlantic can hardly realize how terrible and how heroic was the struggle in which men like Whittier and Lloyd Garrison were engaged forty or fifty years ago. The present century has not seen more truly heroic figures than those of the earlier American Abolitionists. In time to come it will be as a poet, full of fine sentiment and graceful fancy, that Whittier will be remembered. But to-day it is the man who helped to remove from the great Republic its greatest curse that must be honored and mourned."

—This is James Russell Lowell's definition of poetry, as given in a conversation with Mr. R. H. Stoddard, reported by the latter in *Lippincott's* for October. "Poetry, as I understand it, is the recognition of something new and true in thought or feeling, the recollection of some profound experience, the conception of some heroic action, the creation of something beautiful and pathetic. There are things in verse which may be questioned, but they are not the poetical things, are not the things which are poetry. There can be no doubt about that, for it authenticates itself, and so absolutely that it seems not to have been written, but always to have been. We are not conscious of Shakespeare in his great plays, but

of nature, whose pen and instrument he was. The poetry of Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists, in other words the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, was greater than any that has been written since, because the Englishman of the age of Elizabeth was greater than any Englishman that has lived since. He was more hardy and adventurous than his descendants, more resolute and reckless, more given to action and less to speculation, of strong natural parts, and no learning to speak of, clear-sighted, hearty in his manners, and plain, blunt, and idiomatic in his speech. If he had been other than he was, he could not have been the bulwark of Protestantism, could not have destroyed the Spanish Armada, and could not have had the Shakespearian drama."

—From the *Chicago Times* we clip this. "Just why so much pity has been expended upon Millet is something of a puzzle to me. True, pictures for which he could not find a buyer now sell for prices that would have made a rich man of him. True, only since his death has he been recognized as one of the mightiest in the realm of art. True, he endured poverty all his days, and lived the life of the French peasants he painted. But would any other life have suited him as well? The very spirit of the fields was in his blood. He worked hard in his modest home at Barbizon, he and the splendid band of brother painters who have made the little Fontainebleau illustrious for all time. Pupils gathered increasingly around him. He must have known he was doing great things. It is not all of life to lie soft by night and to fare daintily by day. And be it remembered he was not altogether neglected. Three medals, one the highest that could be given, were awarded him."

—Pierre Loti's essay on *The Literature of the Future* in the *Forum* last month is one of the most suggestive, living, and interesting contributions to the discussion of that subject

ever published. "It seems to me," he says, "that to understand another fully is equivalent to making one's self another's equal, that is, to entering into all that constitutes another's life. This is perhaps why all our admiration or our love is often so brief, so imperfect. You have had a thrill of joy or your heart has been torn with pity, and during the instant this has lasted you have truly lived the life of another. You have admired, you have loved; and that is often all. Like two clouds that blend, which a thousand influences rend apart, you harmonize with another, you give yourself up; you have understood another being, you have been the other being for an instant, and then, perhaps, a thousand new influences come and carry you away toward destinies and loves that you yourself could not have foreseen."

—Mrs. Crosse, among some Old Memories in Temple Bar, says of the author of the Imaginary Conversations: "Landor was a man who delighted to talk about his friends to his friends. Of Southey, I remember, he had much to say; things such as one loving brother might say of another. The name of Julius Hare was very frequently on his lips, while in his heart the memory of that pure-minded man was canonized. Liberal

and free in speech on religion and politics, before it was the vogue to be thus free, yet might Landor's friendships have been shared by an archbishop. It is reported of him that he said: 'I enjoy no society that makes too free with God or the ladies.' "

—In an Essay on Homer in Scribner's Mr. Andrew Lang gives us some very sensible thoughts for our consideration. His conclusion is happy: "To a mere 'belletristic trifler' the chief of the modern Homeric controversy seems at once sad and ludicrous. The owl-like gravity of men who pick to pieces the great webs of Homer's weaving; their honest but misapplied industry; their total misconception of what poetry is, of what art is, of what heroic human nature is; their innocent conceit in deciding, all differently, on questions which Wolf knew were incapable of solution—these things are enough to make one despair of the Higher Criticism. But Homer, could he hear them, would only smile, as of old with Lucian he smiled at his ancient critics in the Islands of the Blessed. 'Which of the pieces considered unauthentic did you write?' asked Lucian in this interview. 'All of them!' answered the happy spirit of Homer."

THE NEWEST BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

Autobiographia, or the story of a life, by Walt Whitman. (Charles L. Webster & Co., 75c.)

The Career of Columbus, by Charles Elton, M.P. With map. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.25.)

A Life of Grover Cleveland, with a sketch of Adlai E. Stevenson, by George F. Parker, editor of Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland. (Cassell Publishing Co., 50c.)

The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII., by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. With portrait. (Scribner's Sons, \$1.25.)

Famous Types of Womanhood, by Sarah Knowles Bolton. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., \$1.50.)

CRITICISM

Writings of Christopher Columbus, edited by Paul Leicester Ford. This is one of the useful and attractive little volumes of the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series, which Mr. Arthur Stedman edits; it contains several of the letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella, and others, his will and other documents. Mr. Ford's introduction is thoughtful and well written. (Charles L. Webster & Co., 75c.)

Autumn: from the journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

The Art of Poetry. The poetical treatises of Horace, Vida, and Boileau, with the translations by Howes, Pitt, and Soame. With introduction and notes by Albert S. Cook. (Ginn & Co., \$1.25.)

The Schoolmaster in Literature: a selection from the greatest writers about pedagogy, prefixed by an introduction by Edward Eggleston. It presents the ideal of the schoolmaster in the literature of divers ages, by means of readings from Thackeray, Dickens, Hughes, Pestalozzi, Molière, Rousseau, and a dozen more. (American Book Co., \$1.40.)

FICTION

A Blue Stocking. A novel by Mrs. Annie Edwards. (G. W. Dillingham, 25c.)

An Erring Woman's Love, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Lovell, Coryell & Co., \$1.00.)

A King of Rubies, by L. T. Meade. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.50.)

A Soul from Pudge's Corners, by Jessie F. O'Donnell. (G. W. Dillingham, 50c.)

A Woman's Webb: a novel by Christal V. Maitland. (G. W. Dillingham, 25c.)

Catmur's Cave, by Richard Dowling. (National Book Co.)

Characteristics, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, is miscalled by the publishers a romance; for the characters are too erudite to figure in ideal romance. There is a scholar, a sculptor, a poet, and a scientist, who live in an intensely intellectual atmosphere, and wherever they meet, proceed at once to discuss learned topics. The dialogue encumbers the text with unnecessary words, making it a labor for the reader to grasp the meaning, and causing him to wish that the author had given his views in essay form. And yet the style is not more prolix than is conversation generally; in many places, indeed, it is the extreme of concise—not unlike even the abrupt style of Maupassant. Its metaphysical treatment suggests Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and some parts are as weird as any tale of Poe's. The book might be called Human Nature. All the motives, passions, and impulses which make up human nature and which govern human conduct are discoursed upon—the whole being the result of the writer's life-long study of character in man. Many scientific subjects, particularly on physiology and medicine, are treated; but happily, unlike George Eliot in *Middlemarch*, Dr. Mitchell uses no technical terms. With a profound knowledge of the subjects—love, hate, art, music, literature, health, sickness, death, are all disposed of in a manner that will deeply interest thoughtful readers. The effect of the memory upon the conduct of life, especially, is treated at great length. Altogether, the book is mystic and strangely fascinating. It has just finished its course as a serial in the *Century Magazine*. (\$1.25.)

Diana: The History of a Great Mistake, by Mrs. Oliphant. The reader will perhaps wonder that a strong gift of narrative aided by a facile and pleasing style should have

been employed upon so uncongenial a theme. The cheerful aspects of English life or the life of English people, whether at home or on the continent, afford abundant material for powers such as hers, yet in the present instance the most obvious advantages seem to have been thrown away in the search for novelty of plot. The great mistake hinges upon a most unnecessary and artificial misunderstanding, brought about by the intermeddling of a busybody and made possible by the stupidity of nearly all concerned, whereby a marriage is consummated contrary to all sense and in defiance of the author's obvious views of fitness. Yet so factitious are the surroundings of these poor people that an opposite result would have been no more agreeable to the reader, whose chief satisfaction will be found in individual scenes. (United States Book Co., \$1.25.)

Dora Darling, the Daughter of the Regiment, by Jane G. Austin. (Lee & Shepard, 50c.)

East and West: a story of new-born Ohio, by Edward E. Hale. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.00.)

Fairy Tales in Other Lands, by Julia Goddard. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.25.)

Four Destinies, by Theophile Gautier, with its delightful impossibilities and charm of style, appears in an excellent translation by Miss Lucy Arrington. It is one of the series of handsomely printed and tastefully bound translations published by the Worthington Company.

Four on an Island: a book for little folks, by L. T. Meade. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.50.)

From the Throttle to the President's Chair: a story of American Railway Life, by Edward S. Ellis. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.50.)

In Greek Waters: a story of the Grecian war of independence (1821-1827), by G. A. Henty. (Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

Jack's Father, and other stories, by W. E. Norris, form a volume of the Westminster Series. The other stories are *The Romance of Paulilatio* and *The Wingham Case*, and though the subjects are sombre, displaying the author's art of engaging and retaining the reader's attention.

Joshua Wray: a novel by Hans Stevenson Beattie. (U. S. Book Co., \$1.25.)

Leona, by Mrs. Molesworth. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.00.)

Mr. Witt's Widow: a frivolous tale, by Anthony Hope. (U. S. Book Co., \$1.00.)

Nelly Kinnard's Kingdom, by Amanda M. Douglas. (Lee & Shepard, 50c.)

Nor Wife, Nor Maid, by Mrs. Hungerford. (Hovendon Co., \$1.00.)

Omoo: a narrative of adventures in the South Seas. A Sequel to *Typee*, by Herman Melville. (United States Book Co., \$1.50.)

Out of the Jaws of Death, by Frank Barrett. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.00.)

Strange Tales of a Nihilist, by William Le Queux. (Cassell Publishing Co., 50c.)

Strikers, Communists, Tramps and Detectives, by Allan Pinkerton. (G. W. Dillingham, 25c.)

Suggestion, by Mabel Collins. (Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., \$1.25.)

The River Park Rebellion, by Horner Greene. The story of a revolt among the cadets of a military academy. The characters are, many of them, from life, the River Park Academy being in reality the Riverhead Academy at Peekskill. Illustrated. (Crowell, \$1.00.)

Mixed Pickles, by Evelyn Raymond. An amusing story of some young Germans brought to visit their American grandmother. Illustrated. (Crowell, \$1.25.)

The Cadets of Fleming Hall, by Anna Chapin Ray. Special interest is given to the volume by the publication in the story of a famous Harrow song, with the music. Illustrated. (Crowell, \$1.25.)

The Snare of the Fowler, by Mrs. Alexander, is a story of commonplace English people, with little to commend it to American readers. Filled with tiresome and endless dialogue, it is the height of artificiality in construction. (Cassell, \$1.00.)

Northanger Abbey and *Persuasion*, by Jane Austen. This new edition of Miss Austen's works is attractive in every way. Paper, type, and make-up are all one could wish for in a handy volume of a classic. (Roberts Brothers, \$1.25 each.)

Under the Water-Oaks, by Marian Brewster, is a story, or rather a series of stories, for young folks. The scenes are southern and the sketches of life are light and readable. (Roberts Brothers, \$1.25.)

The Captain of the Kittiewink, by Herbert D. Ward, author of *The New Senior* at Andover, and other stories. (Roberts Bros., \$1.25.)

The End of a Rainbow: an American story, by Rossiter Johnson, author of *Phaeton* Rogers. Illustrated. (Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

The Next-Door House, by Mrs. Molesworth, author of *Little Mother Bunch*, *The Palace in the Garden*, *Carrots*, etc. (Cassell Publishing Co., \$1.50.)

The Other House: a study of human nature, by Kate Jordan. (Lovell, Coryell & Co., \$1.25.)

The Wee Widow's Cruise in Quiet Waters, by an Idle Exile, author of *In Tent and Bungalow*, *Indian Idyls*, *By a Himalayan Lake*, etc. (Cassell Publishing Co., 50c.)

The Woman Who Dares, by Ursula N. Gestefeld. (Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., \$1.25.)

'Tween Snow and Fire: a tale of the Last Kafir War, by Bertram Mitford, author of *A Romance of the Cape Frontier*, *The Weird of Deadly Hollow*, *Golden Face*, *Through the Zulu Country*, etc. (Cassell Publishing Co., 50c.)

Typee: a real romance of the South Seas, by Herman Melville. With biographical and critical introduction by Arthur Stedman and portrait of author. (U. S. Book Co., \$1.50.)

Army Tales, by John Strange Winter, includes the following short stories: *Bootles' Baby*, *A Siege Baby*, *In Quarters with the 25th Dragoons*, *Cavalry Life*, and *Regimental Legends*. (Lovell, \$1.00.)

The Rovings of a Restless Boy, by Katherine B. Foote, is the narrative of a boy who ran away. It is designed to show boys that the realities of life are not what the imagination paints them and that happiness is not always to be found in adventure. (Cassell, \$1.50.)

HISTORY

The Byzantine Empire, by C. W. C. Oman, is the latest of *The Story of the Nations* series. It covers thus far all the earlier civilized nations of the Old World—Assyria, Greece, Egypt, the Saracens, the story of the Jews, the Persians, Carthaginians, etc.

History of the New World called America, by Edward John Payne, Fellow of University College, Oxford. This work, of which only a single volume has been published, would seem to be cast in colossal proportions, for having in hand the history of a hemisphere, the author has scarcely more than discovered his new world and has not yet completed a discussion of the conditions existing before its history properly begins. History, he asserts, is no longer a narration of facts, but has become an inquiry into causes, which the student will classify and appraise for the purpose of examining their

effects. The Columbian discovery is treated at length with a view to showing its relation to the age in which it took place and its inevitable consequence from known conditions. Three great natural highways pointed from Europe to America, and three separate historical processes had long been in operation when their culmination was achieved in the discovery of the New World. The national highways are the great arctic current sweeping southward along the American shore, the trade winds and the great equatorial current accompanying them from Africa to Brazil. The historical processes were the general inquiry that followed the belief, broached two thousand years before Columbus, that the earth was a sphere, the gradual extension of northern discovery by way of Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, and the gradual extension of southern discovery among the island groups of the Atlantic. The author brings wide reading to bear on the gradual growth of belief in a spherical earth, tracing its development as shown in the writings of Aristotle, Strabo, Seneca, and the ancients, until its reappearance in the early renaissance and the writings of the first great travellers. The discoveries of the Norsemen traversing the arctic highway was accepted as indubitable and logical, and the rediscovery of the Canaries and Madeira and Azores (the latter in 1432) was a distinct encouragement to further effort. A succinct and natural chain of events is thus provided, all of which made the great achievement of the Genoese navigator almost inevitable. The various voyages of Columbus and of the explorers of other nations are briefly summed up with an eye to the general perspective. In the unfinished second book of his work the author discusses the physical conditions under which the most advanced aboriginal communities were developed and propounds as a test of civilization the substitution of an artificial for a natural basis of subsistence. The worship of food commodities is adverted to, and the modification of religious ideas incident to the artificial production and preparation of food is traced. The design of the work is ambitious, and in the scientific presentation of historical facts there is much of doubtless permanent value. The general reader is apt to be puzzled, if not repelled, by a certain grandiosity of style appearing in vague and large statements and by a suspicion of pedantry in the search for exactness, which leads to the use of countless Mexican and Peruvian words instead of their nearest English equivalents, and of the Greek term *oikoumenē* and its plural form in place of the "inexact expression" habitable world. Such scrupulous exactness would suggest

equal discretion in the presentation of facts. Yet we find the writer solving in a complacent foot-note puzzles that have divided or baffled the world of scholars for centuries. Thus, to take a few examples at random, we are told Sebastian Cabot's own statement "confirms the belief that he never saw the shore of North America;" but Dr. Charles Deane has been at some pains to show in *The Narrative and Critical History* that Sebastian "without doubt" accompanied John Cabot at least on his second expedition across the Atlantic. The year 1456 is unhesitatingly accepted on Peschel's authority as that of Columbus' birth, though according to Winsor, HARRISSE, MUÑOZ, BOSSI, SPOTORNO, D'AVEZAC, and Major he was probably born ten years earlier; while Irving and other investigators believe he saw the light a decade before that. In like manner, following Varnhagen, the writer pronounces Mariгуana the scene of Columbus' land-fall, though the weight of authority seems to favor Watling's Island. The derivation of the name Patagonia from Spanish words signifying "big feet" was long ago discredited by Markham, who declared the word to be simply the name of the country. Again, we are told that Magellan left the Portuguese service out of pique because his pay was not raised, and that his celebrated voyage had a "miserable origin" in a desire to take revenge by robbing Portugal of the Moluccas. Magellan's latest biographer gives an entirely different version of the affair, stating that "by a clause in his agreement with the Emperor of Spain, he [Magellan] pledged himself to make no discoveries within the boundaries of the King of Portugal and to do nothing prejudicial to his interests." (Macmillan, \$3.00.)

POETRY

Songs of Sunrise Lands, by Clinton Scollard. This little volume takes its name from the character of the verse, which is the result of Mr. Scollard's sojourn in the East a few years ago. The first impression we get is one of pleasure at so fair a piece of book-making. Title-page, type, and make-up have evidently been thought out with care, and we suspect Mr. Scollard himself of having had a finger in the typographical arrangements. The taste shown is excellent. The second and dominant impression that one carries away is quite as satisfactory in its way. It is this; that the book is a book, and not a mere jumble of incongruous verse. The impulse is one from the first page to the last. The poems blend and run one into the other. Such scrupulous care is praiseworthy and just what we would expect from this writer. As

for the substance of the work, it is in lyrics like A Reed that Mr. Scollard is at his best. It is there that he proves himself the kin of such exquisite lyricists as Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Maurice Thompson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Merrimack River Hellenics and other Poems, by Benj. W. Ball. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.00.)

PHILOSOPHY

The Making of a Man, by J. W. Lee, is a psychologic study which attempts to determine the relation existing between mind and matter, and to answer the question whether mind or matter is the fundamental creation. The author determines in an elaborate introduction that mind is the primal creation, and matter only what mind has made it. He then applies this philosophy to morality and the method of our life. (Cassell & Co.)

Taxation and Work, a series of treatises on the tariff and the currency. By Edward Atkinson, LL.D., Ph.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.)

Christian Ethics, by Newman Smyth. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.50.)

SCIENCE

The Free-Trade Struggle in England, by Mr. M. Trumbull, has been revised and enlarged in a second edition. The first was printed in 1882. Since then the issue has come very prominently before, the people, and to-day forms the chief difference characterizing the two great parties of the nation. John Bright wrote when the book was first published that our tariff having been made more reasonable, "it will be as easy to persuade the United States to go back to the time of slavery as to the days and the mischiefs of protection." That time has not come, but a period has arrived when all Americans are giving serious thought to the subject. The advocacy of the daily press is biased by entangling political alliances and the general irresponsibility of anonymous authorship. To give just consideration to our political economy, no better reference can be had than to a class of books which has heretofore had little general sale. (The Open Court, 75c.)

By Seaside, Wood and Woodland, by Edward Step. National history is made popular in the "peeps at nature" given by the author. The volume is written for the young and is profusely illustrated. (Thomas Whitaker, \$1.25.)

The Farmer's Tariff Manual, by Daniel Strange. One of the Questions of the Day

series which will be eagerly perused at the present moment. Prepared by a farmer, the question of tariffs, their benefits to the farmer and to industry are considered in a series of propositions which the author proceeds to combat. The method is graphic and should prove highly popular as campaign literature. There are endless sophistries scattered abroad for political and other purposes. These the author takes, prefaces them one by one to a short chapter, and meets them with facts, quotations, and reasoning of his own. (Putnam's, \$1.25.)

TEXT-BOOKS

Rhythmical Gymnastics: Vocal and Physical, by Mary S. Thompson. (Edgar S. Werner, 50c.)

Elementary Classics, Caesar's Helvetic War, by W. Welch, M.A., and C. G. Duffield, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., 40c.)

Macmillan's Shorter Latin Course, by A. M. Cook, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., 40c.)

Table Book and Test Problems in Mathematics, by J. K. Ellwood, A.M. (American Book Co., \$1.00.)

Book Collecting: a guide for amateurs, by J. H. Slater. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., 50c.)

Standard Arithmetic, by William J. Milne. (American Book Co., 65c.)

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

Field Farings, by Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams. A collection of pastoral essays, full of delightful interest. The observations of a lover of nature like Thoreau, drawing inspiration for the best of philosophies from a thousand generally unobserved happenings. The volume is of handy size and printed with elegance and good taste. (Harper's, \$1.00.)

Some Strange Corners of Our Country, by Charles F. Lummis, is a series of sketches on wonderful out-of-the-way places in the South-west. The new and important facts related about these almost unknown wonders, the simplicity of diction, and power of making the reader see the places described, are all consistent with the reputation which Mr. Lummis has acquired as traveller and author. He aims to arouse the interest of Americans in the natural wonders of their own land, and to induce them to see these before travelling abroad. To this end he says, "the South-west is the most remarkable area in the United States, and the most neglected;" and in the chapter on the Colorado Cañon declares "but few Americans see the Grand Cañon—disgracefully few." In this latter chapter, with which the book opens, he shows

that he is in earnest, venting his enthusiasm in frequent use of superlatives. "The sight," he says, "of the Grand Cañon is such a revelation that I have seen strong men sit down and weep in speechless awe." Other sketches are on the Great American Desert, Montezuma's Well, and the Great Natural Bridge of Arizona, which last is said to have twenty times the magnitude of the one in Virginia. Mr. Lummis has explored all the places which he describes; and of the horrible scenes enacted among the cliff dwellers and pueblos, which he relates, he was an eye-witness, his presence always attended by hardships, oftentimes risking his life. Means of transit, hotel accommodations and cost, which are mentioned, will be of service to intending travellers. The book is written for "young folks," but may be read with profit by all. Illustrated. (Century, \$1.50.)

Spanish Cities: with glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier, by Charles Stoddard, editor of the New York Observer. Illustrated. (Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

South Sea Idyls, by Charles Warren Stoddard. Published originally some years ago, Mr. Stoddard's volume met only with a moderate success. It is now brought out in a new edition, to which is prefixed an introductory letter by W. D. Howells, which commends the volume to the reading public. "You knew long ago," writes Mr. Howells to the author, "how I delighted in those things [the Idyls], the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." (Scribner's, \$1.50.)

The Foot-Path Way, by Bradford Torrey, is an attractive volume made up of half a score pleasantly written papers describing a naturalist's ramble in New England. The ways of birds and plants in that region are noted and set down without too great formality or forbidding use of technical terms, and through the eyes of a trained observer the reader may see something of the home life of denizens of wood and field and discover new beauties in familiar trees. A good deal of evidence is adduced to indicate that the habits of the male hummingbird are not marked by the domesticity expected in a model husband and father, but in ornithology so many exceptions are at hand to prove every rule that a fair loophole is left for the delinquent to hop through. Some of the papers have been published in the Atlantic: all are carefully written with a regard for literary appearance. The title is from a quatrain in Winter's Tale: "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)